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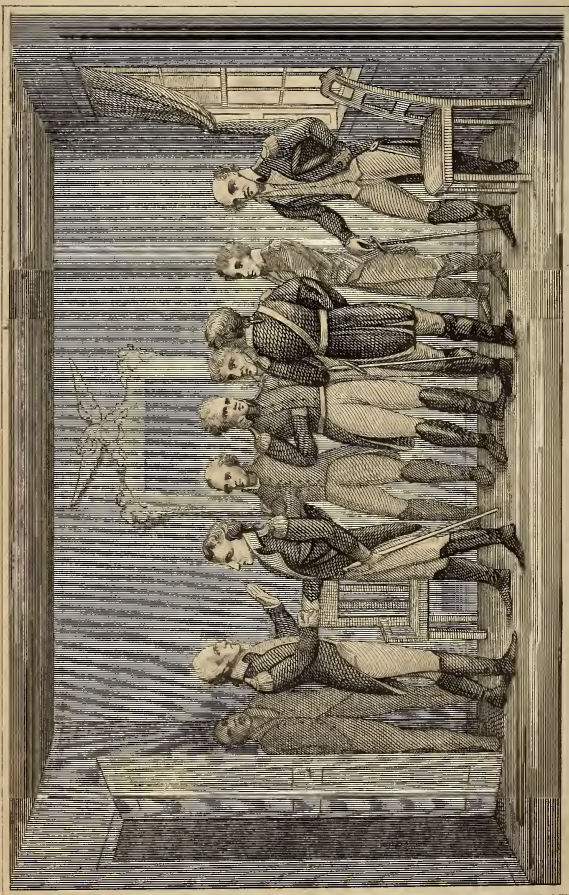




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*Copy of a View of the Interior of the House of Representatives, by J. B. B. del.*

GENERAL WASHINGTON TAKING LEAVE OF HIS COMRADES IN ARMS.

THE  
CLASSICAL READER;

A  
SELECTION OF LESSONS

IN  
PROSE AND VERSE.

FROM THE MOST ESTEEMED  
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WRITERS.

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF THE HIGHER CLASSES  
IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SEMINARIES.

By REV. F. W. P. GREENWOOD AND G. B. EMERSON  
OF BOSTON.

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Improved Stereotype Edition.

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

*District Clerk's Office.*

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the tenth day of October, A. D. 1826, in the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Lincoln & Edmands, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whercof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, *to wit* :

"The Classical Reader; a Selection of Lessons in Prose and Verse. From the most esteemed English and American Writers. Intended for the Use of the higher Classes in public and private Seminaries. By Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood and G. B. Emerson. of Boston."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS,

*Clerk of the District of Massachusetts*

## PREFACE.

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It will be thought by some, perhaps, on the appearance of this new collection of readings for schools, that books of a similar character have already been more than sufficiently multiplied, and that any addition to their number is something worse than a superfluity.

In answer to this, we would suggest, that the tastes and the wants of the various seminaries of instruction throughout our country, must necessarily be different from each other; and that it is more probable that all will be suited and gratified, when the field of choice is wide, than when there is but little room for the exercise of comparison and preference. As new authors come forward, new collections should be made, in order to embrace them, and to keep up an acquaintance in our schools with the progress of literature. As well might it be asserted that no more authors should write, as that no notice should afterwards be taken of their writings. Neither is it at all probable, that the beauties of old writers have yet been exhausted by public exhibition. The more they are drawn upon, the more generally will they be known and valued; and celebrated names will receive a worthier honour, than that which is conferred by their association with a limited set of threadbare and traditionary selections.

While a demand exists for new school-books, a spirit of improvement in our schools is denoted, and the great cause of education is in evident prosperity. We shall begin to despair of that cause when instructors, parents, and pupils, are content with the elements which have long been in use, and cease to call on the press for novelty and variety.

For the success of our own collection, we must, of course, depend on the public voice; but, as we are conscious of having devoted no common degree of care and pains to the work, we look forward with hope to a favourable sentence.

Our general rules in selection and arrangement have been these: to make our most copious draughts on the literature of the present age; to place the modern authors in the first portion of our book; to associate all the extracts from each author together; to intermix poetry with prose, but so that the latter should predominate in quantity; to give as great a variety of authors as possible; to introduce a good proportion of native American literature; and to offer a few specimens from writers, whose style is so antiquated that they seldom or never appear in school-books, but whose excellence ought to preserve them from neglect, and with whose compositions a little study and practice are alone necessary to render youth familiar.—In one or two instances, only, have we departed from either of these rules.

There is still another rule, to which we have endeavoured most rigidly to adhere. We have felt ourselves called upon by every sentiment of duty, and of regard to the happiness and well being of the rising generation, to admit no piece into our book, of the good tendency of which there could be the slightest doubt. Eloquence, wit, and fine writing, have been no apology with us, if any offence has been offered to morality or religion. We have rejected every composition which has come before us, whatever might have been its literary claims, if it has been thought deficient in the essentials of purity and a virtuous character.

Our table of contents exhibits the two general divisions only of prose and verse. We should have broken it up into the usual subdivisions

*a. M. P. June 13, 1913.*



of Narrative, Didactic, Pathetic, &c. if we had perceived any advantage in the practice. We doubted, indeed, whether we should not designate some pieces for *recitation*, but came to the conclusion that the choice might just as well be left to the master or the pupil; either of whom, when familiar with the book, may more easily select such lessons as appear suitable for that purpose, than we can do it for him. Almost the whole of the poetry, and a considerable portion of the prose, will be found proper for exercises in oratory.

It may be objected, that some of our selections are above the comprehension of young people, and should not, on that account, have been admitted.—That some of them are above the comprehension of the greater part of the inmates of a school, we allow; but we do not think that they should therefore have been excluded. Let it be considered, that our Reader is designed for the higher classes of academies and schools; and that in every class there is always a difference of talent and capacity among its members. If, then, there are no more than two or three, in a whole seminary, who are quicker of genius than their fellows, yet there should be some pieces in the book, from which they are accustomed to read, calculated not only to fill and gratify their apprehension, but to excite its powers, and stimulate it forward to increased efforts and victories. The wants of all should be attended to; and it is by no means desirable that every lesson should be brought down to the level of every understanding. In a collection, like ours, of more than two hundred extracts, it is merely proper that there should be a few, which may severely tax the genius of the most forward pupil. Beside this, we would ask, whether the most hackneyed pieces from Shakespeare and Young are not quite as unintelligible to the mass of youthful readers, as any compositions which can be named in the compass of our literature? What will at last be read in our schools, if nothing must be read there which is not understood by all?

We trust that our cabinet will be found to contain a large proportion of new specimens, and to be rich in the products of our native mines. Some of our friends will perhaps regret that we have brought nothing more from the old and long-deserted veins of Milton's prose, of Boyle, of Clarendon, of Jereny Taylor, and of Bacon.

We will venture to call the attention of the public to our collection, as a Family Reader, as well as a school-book. For the latter purpose, however, it was designed; and it is our sincere hope, that it may contribute, in some measure, to the instruction of that interesting portion of the community, who are preparing to enter upon the active scenes of life; and help to imbue them with a generous taste for an elevating, manly, and moral literature.

Boston, Oct. 7, 1826.

F. W. P. GREENWOOD.  
G. B. EMERSON.

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#### NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE rapid sale of the Classical Reader having induced the publishers to offer a stereotyped edition to the public, we have endeavoured to improve it, by substituting a few new lessons in the places of others which were thought to be less interesting. This has been done without changing the order of the lessons; and, as we have thus enabled ourselves to introduce several new authors into our collection, we believe that we have made it more useful, at the same time that we have given it increased variety.

Dec. 5, 1827.

F. W. P. G.  
G. B. E.

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THE  
CLASSICAL READER.

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LESSON I.

*Early Piety.*—THACHER.

“MY son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways.” This address of religious wisdom, though applicable, no doubt, to us all, seems, from its connexion, to have been designed by the preacher particularly for the young. It is intended chiefly for that interesting period of life, when the character is about to take its strongest and most decided direction. When the season of pupilage and discipline is expiring, and the mind is beginning to think, and to prepare to act for itself; when, untaught by experience to distrust the illusions of fancy, and to disbelieve the promises of hope, life seems, to the young enthusiast, to open nothing but a long and gay vista, lined on every side with pleasures and honours; at this ambiguous age it is, that religion is represented as lifting her mild and sacred voice:—

“My child, listen to my words, the words of your truest friend. You are about to decide the happiness of your life on earth—it may be of your life beyond the grave. Those happy days of careless innocence, when you could repose entirely on others, have now passed away. It was not to be expected that your path was always to be pointed out by a parent’s hand, its dangers foreseen for you by a parent’s wisdom, and its difficulties removed by a parent’s tenderness and care. It is the order of nature, that each one should, in due time, be called to act from his own mind; and consult for his own well-being. You do not wish it should be otherwise. I see your eye already kindling with hope, and your breast swelling with ardour, at the thought of grasping the reins of self-control, and becoming the arbiter of your own conduct. The world is, at length, all before you, and you see how lavish it is of its promises, to allure your affection, and captivate your young imagination. Life seems to you as a distant and unexplored landscape appears to the eye of one who views it from an eminence. All is beautiful and bright.

The forests wave their green and lofty tops in the western breeze; the streams glitter in the morning sun; the mountains tower in calm and solemn majesty; the valleys wind among them in luxuriant verdure; and, as far as the eye can stretch, to where the land seems to touch and mingle with the sky, there is nothing to lessen the delight with which you regard so fair a vision. Here, you say, peace and contentment must surely dwell! what but happiness can find a residence here?

“But a nearer approach will undeceive you. You will find that every thing has been softened and improved by distance. You will, no doubt, still see much to admire; much to vindicate the wisdom and goodness of the Creator and Disposer of all. But you will find, too, that the paths are rougher than you thought. You will meet with difficulties which you did not expect. Where you thought to find only security, you will see that innumerable dangers were lurking. You will find flowers blooming over the precipices which they conceal; and, unless you take heed to yourself, your feet will slide where you least imagined it, and you may fall never to rise. Do not, however, hastily arraign your Creator for calling you to pass through this scene of dangers. He has wisely, though mysteriously, ordered all things. He does not leave you to explore the dark and doubtful paths of life without a guide. He hath showed you, O man, what is good; and it rests with yourself to say whether you shall obtain it. He has sent me from his own right hand to direct your inexperienced steps, to lead you in ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace. My son, give me, then, thy heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways.”

Such is the invitation which religion makes to the young. And never, in the long annals of time, was there one human being, who, at the close of life, did not rejoice if he had listened to it, and lament, with bitter tears, if he had rejected it. Let us inquire, what is here meant by giving the heart to religion.

To give your heart to religion means, simply, to give to it the supreme control over your conduct and affections. It does not mean that nothing else is to engage your regard; that you can have no duties and no pleasures, which are not strictly and exclusively the duties and pleasures of religion. It means only, that you are to seek *first* and *chiefly* the kingdom of God; that every thing in life is to be made subordinate to this great object; that you are to do no actions, cherish no thoughts, indulge no feelings, gratify no desires, which religion cannot approve; that, in all your plans in life,

you are to have respect to the proper ends of your being, and are to reduce all the principles and affections of your nature under the guidance of conscience, enlightened by the Gospel.

In one word, to give your heart to religion must mean, that, since there is a God, you should reverence, worship, and love him; that, since Christ has come into the world to redeem you, he should always command your affectionate obedience and remembrance; that, since life has been given you in this world for some important end, you should diligently inquire for that end, and faithfully pursue it; that, since you are born for another world, you should seek to fit yourself for it; and that, since there is to be a day of judgment, you should seriously prepare for it.

The question is simply this; whether you shall pass through life with no aims that look beyond it; pursuing merely the pleasures, or riches, or honours, which open before you; and live and die as if you had no soul to be saved; or whether, remembering that your nature is immortal, and capable of exalted and imperishable attainments, and that your condition in another life is to be decided by your conduct in this, you should, by habitual benevolence, incorruptible integrity, and sincere and unaffected piety, springing from Christian principles, and proceeding on Christian maxims, make sure your calling and election to the favour of God, and to the happiness of eternity.



## LESSON II.

*Worldly Honour not a good Principle of Action.—IBID.*

HONOUR is a word of no very determinate meaning in the mouths of most of those who use it. It is so subtile and volatile as almost to escape the chains of definition, and it is not easy to assail an enemy so mutable in its form and aerial in its nature.

It is sometimes taken, in its best sense, to signify a certain refinement and delicacy of feeling, beyond what the law of strict rectitude might appear to exact; a sensibility, and, as it were, polish of principle, which cannot bear the slightest soil, and which would "feel a stain, like a wound." Now, so far as this sentiment of honour coincides with the laws of virtue, it is no doubt always innocent, and to some men valuable; though it teaches nothing, which is not taught with greater force by the genuine spirit of Christianity. But, when it is talked of as a law of conduct by itself,



and a substitute for all religious principle, it must be looked into more narrowly.

What, then, do we find it to be? As far as it is any thing definite, it seems to be a sort of tacit convention, among men in refined life, to observe certain points of morality, and certain particulars of manners, in their common intercourse, with peculiar strictness, and to compensate themselves with more than a proportionate relaxation of others. A man of honour, for example, must not cheat; and, except in some cases, to one greatly inferior, must not lie. In general, he must abstain from all those vices, which Fashion abandons to the vulgar and low, because she can make them neither elegant nor interesting. Within these limits, he is left at liberty to lay waste the happiness of society. Honour will permit a man to neglect every duty to his God. Honour will tolerate unbounded sensuality, and the licentious indulgence of every passion. Honour will permit him to lay in the dust the purity and peace of unguarded innocence. Honour will permit, nay, honour will command him, to take on himself the execution of the vengeance, which belongs to God alone, and bathe his hands in an offending brother's blood.

Need we ask, whether such a principle as this is a basis, on which to raise a character of exalted virtue? whether *this* is to be taken as the substitute for the eternal and unvarying rectitude of the commands of God?

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### LESSON III.

*Thanatopsis*.\*—BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds  
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
 A various language: for his gayer hours  
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
 And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
 Into his darker musings with a mild  
 And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
 Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts  
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
 Over thy spirit, and sad images  
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,—  
 Go forth under the open sky, and list

\* Formed from two Greek words, signifying *A Vision of Death*.

To Nature's teachings, while, from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix for ever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods; rivers, that move  
In majesty; and the complaining brooks,  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce;  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall  
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe



Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase  
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,—  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles  
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—  
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,  
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

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#### LESSON IV.

##### *The Murdered Traveller.—IBID.*

WHEN spring to woods and wastes around  
Brought bloom and joy again,  
The murdered traveller's bones were found,  
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung  
Her tassels in the sky;  
And many a vernal blossom sprung,  
And nodded, careless, by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought  
His hanging nest o'erhead,  
And, fearless, near the fatal spot,  
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,  
And gentle eyes, for him,  
With watching many an anxious day,  
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,  
The fearful death he met,  
When shouting o'er the desert snow,  
Unarmed, and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole  
The northern dawn was red,  
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole  
To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,  
They dressed the hasty bier,  
And marked his grave with nameless stones  
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,  
Within his distant home;  
And dreamed, and started as they slept,  
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked, but never spied  
His welcome step again,  
Nor knew the fearful death he died  
Far down that narrow glen.

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## LESSON V.

### *The Rivulet.*—IBID.

THIS little rill, that, from the springs  
Of yonder grove, its current brings,  
Plays on the slope awhile, and then  
Goes prattling into groves again,  
Oft to its warbling waters drew  
My little feet when life was new.  
When woods in early green were drest,  
And, from the chambers of the west,  
The warmer breezes, travelling out,  
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,  
My truant steps from home would stray,  
Upon its grassy side to play;  
To crop the violet on its brim,  
And listen to the throstle's hymn,  
With blooming cheek and open brow,  
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.  
And, when the days of boyhood came,  
And I had grown in love with fame,

Duly I sought thy banks, and tried  
My first rude numbers by thy side.  
Words cannot tell how glad and gay  
The scenes of life before me lay.  
High visions, then, and lofty schemes,  
Glorious and bright as fairy dreams,  
And daring hopes, that now to speak  
Would bring the blood into my cheek,  
Passed o'er me ; and I wrote on high  
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill  
The tall, old maples, verdant still,  
Yet tell, in proud and grand decay,  
How swift the years have passed away  
Since first, a child, and half afraid,  
I wandered in the forest shade.  
But thou, gay, merry rivulet,  
Dost dimple, play, and prattle yet ;  
And, sporting with the sands that pave  
The windings of thy silver wave,  
And dancing to thy own wild chime,  
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.  
The same sweet sounds are in my ear  
My early childhood loved to hear ;  
As pure thy limpid waters run ;  
As bright they sparkle to the sun ;  
As fresh the herbs that crowd to drink  
The moisture of thy oozy brink ;  
The violet there, in soft May dew,  
Comes up, as modest and as blue ;  
As green, amid thy current's stress,  
Floats the scarce-rooted water cress ;  
And the brown ground bird, in thy glen  
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am change.  
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged ;  
And the grave stranger, come to see  
The play-place of his infancy,  
Has scarce a single trace of him  
Who sported once upon thy brim.  
The visions of my youth are past—  
Too bright, too beautiful, to last.  
I've tried the world—it wears no more  
The colouring of romance it wore.  
Yet well has nature kept the truth  
She promised to my earliest youth ;

The radiant beauty, shed abroad  
On all the glorious works of God,  
Shows freshly, to my sobered eye,  
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,  
And I, all trembling, weak, and gray,  
Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold  
My ashes in the embracing mould,  
(If haply the dark will of fate  
Indulge my life so long a date,)  
May come, for the last time, to look  
Upon my childhood's favourite brook.  
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam  
The sparkle of thy dancing stream ;  
And faintly on my ear shall fall  
Thy prattling current's merry call ;  
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright  
As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,  
As ages after ages glide,  
Children their early sports shall try,  
And pass to hoary age, and die :  
But thou, unchanged from year to year,  
Gayly shalt play and glitter here ;  
Amid young flowers and tender grass  
Thy endless infancy shall pass ;  
And, singing down thy narrow glen,  
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

## LESSON VI.

*Life of a Looking-Glass.*—JANE TAYLOR.

IT being very much the custom, as I am informed, even for obscure individuals, to furnish some account of themselves, for the edification of the public, I hope I shall not be deemed impertinent for calling your attention to a few particulars of my own history. I cannot, indeed, boast of any very extraordinary incidents ; but having, during the course of a long life, had much leisure and opportunity for observation, and being naturally of a *reflecting* cast, I thought it might be in my power to offer some remarks that may not be wholly unprofitable to your readers.

My earliest recollection is that of a carver and gilder's workshop, where I remained for many months, leaning with my face to the wall ; and, having never known any livelier scene,

I was very well contented with my quiet condition. The first object that I remember to have arrested my attention, was, what I now believe must have been a large spider, which, after a vast deal of scampering about, began, very deliberately, to weave a curious web all over my face. This afforded me great amusement, and, not then knowing what far lovelier objects were destined to my gaze, I did not resent the indignity.

At length, when little dreaming of any change of fortune, I felt myself suddenly removed from my station; and immediately afterwards underwent a curious operation, which at the time gave me considerable apprehensions for my safety; but these were succeeded by pleasure, upon finding myself arrayed in a broad black frame, handsomely carved and gilt; for you will please to observe, that the period of which I am now speaking was upwards of fourscore years ago. This process being finished, I was presently placed in the shop window, with my face to the street, which was one of the most public in the city. Here my attention was at first distracted by the constant succession of objects that passed before me. But it was not long before I began to remark the considerable degree of attention I myself excited; and how much I was distinguished, in this respect, from the other articles, my neighbours, in the shop window. I observed that passengers, who appeared to be posting away upon urgent business, would often just turn and give me a friendly glance as they passed. But I was particularly gratified to observe, that, while the old, the shabby, and the wretched, seldom took any notice of me, the young, the gay, and the handsome, generally paid me this compliment; and that these good-looking people always seemed best pleased with me; which I attributed to their superior discernment. I well remember one young lady, who used to pass my master's shop regularly every morning in her way to school, and who never omitted to turn her head to look at me as she went by; so that, at last, we became well acquainted with each other. I must confess, that, at this period of my life, I was in great danger of becoming insufferably vain, from the regards that were then paid me; and, perhaps, I am not the only individual who has formed mistaken notions of the attentions he receives in society.

My vanity, however, received a considerable check from one circumstance; nearly all the goods by which I was surrounded in the shop window (though, many of them, much more homely in their structure, and humble in their destinations) were disposed of sooner than myself. I had the mor-



tification of seeing one after another bargained for and sent away, while I remained, month after month, without a purchaser. At last, however, a gentleman and lady from the country (who had been standing some time in the street, inspecting, and, as I perceived, conversing about me) walked into the shop; and, after some altercation with my master, agreed to purchase me; upon which I was packed up, and sent off. I was very curious, you may suppose, upon arriving at my new quarters, to see what kind of life I was likely to lead. I remained, however, some time unmolested in my packing case; and very *flat* I felt there. Upon being, at last, unpacked, I found myself in the hall of a large lone house in the country. My master and mistress, I soon learned, were new-married people, just setting up house-keeping; and I was intended to decorate their best parlour; to which I was presently conveyed; and, after some little discussion between them in fixing my longitude and latitude, I was hung up opposite the fire-place, in an angle of ten degrees from the wall, according to the fashion of those times.

And there I hung, year after year, almost in perpetual solitude. My master and mistress were sober, regular, old-fashioned people; they saw no company except at fair time and Christmas day; on which occasions, only, they occupied the best parlour. My countenance used to brighten up, when I saw the annual fire kindled in that ample grate, and when a cheerful circle of country cousins assembled round it. At those times, I always got a little notice from the young folks; but, those festivities over, and I was condemned to another half year of complete loneliness. How familiar to my recollection at this hour is that large, old-fashioned parlour! I can remember, as well as if I had seen them but yesterday, the noble flowers on the crimson damask chair-covers and window-curtains; and those curiously carved tables and chairs. I could describe every one of the stories on the Dutch tiles that surrounded the grate; the rich China ornaments on the wide mantel-piece; and the pattern of the paper hangings, which consisted, alternately, of a parrot, a poppy, and a shepherdess,—a parrot, a poppy, and a shepherdess.

The room being so little used, the window-shutters were rarely opened; but there were three holes cut in each, in the shape of a heart, through which, day after day, and year after year, I used to watch the long, dim, dusty sunbeams streaming across the dark parlour. I should mention, however, that I seldom missed a short visit from my master and mistress on a Sunday morning, when they came down stairs



ready dressed for church. I can remember how my mistress used to trot in upon her high-heeled shoes, unfold a leaf of one of the shutters; then come and stand straight before me; then turn half round to the right and left; never failing to see if the corner of her well starched handkerchief was pinned exactly in the middle. I think I can see her now, in her favourite dove-coloured lustring, (which she wore every Sunday in every summer for seven years at least,) and her long, full ruffles, and worked apron. Then followed my good master, who, though his visit was somewhat shorter, never failed to come and settle his Sunday wig before me.

Time rolled away; and my master and mistress, with all that appertained to them, insensibly suffered from its influence. When I first knew them, they were a young, blooming couple as you would wish to see; but I gradually perceived an alteration. My mistress began to stoop a little; and my master got a cough, which troubled him more or less to the end of his days. At first, and for many years, my mistress' foot upon the stairs was light and nimble; and she would come in as blithe and as brisk as a lark; but at last it was a slow, heavy step; and even my master's began to totter. And, in these respects, every thing else kept pace with them: the crimson damask, that I remembered so fresh and bright, was now faded and worn; the dark polished mahogany was, in some places, worm-eaten; the parrot's gay plumage on the walls grew dull; and I myself, though long unconscious of it, partook of the universal decay.

The dissipated taste I acquired, upon my first introduction to society, had long since subsided; and the quiet, sombre life I led, gave me a grave, meditative turn. The change which I witnessed in all things around me, caused me to reflect much on their vanity; and when, upon the occasions before mentioned, I used to see the gay, blooming faces of the young saluting me with so much complacency, I would fain have admonished them of the alteration they must soon undergo, and have told them how certainly their bloom also must fade away as a flower. But, alas! you know, sir, looking-glasses can only *reflect*.

After I had remained in this condition, to the best of my knowledge, about five-and-forty years, I suddenly missed my old master; he came to visit me no more; and, by the change in my mistress' apparel, I guessed what had happened. Five years more passed away; and then I saw no more of her! In a short time after this, several rude strangers entered my room; the long, rusty screw, which had held me up so many years, was drawn out; and I, together with all

the goods and chattels in the house, was put up to auction in that very apartment which I had so long peaceably occupied. I felt a good deal hurt at the very contemptuous terms in which I was spoken of by some of the bidders; for, as I said, I was not aware that I had become as old-fashioned as my poor old master and mistress. At last I was knocked down for a trifling sum, and sent away to a very different destination.

Before going home to my new residence, I was sent to a workman to be refitted in a new gilt frame; which, although it completely modernized my appearance, I must confess, at first set very uneasily upon me. And now, although it was not till my old age, I, for the first time, became acquainted with my natural use, capacity, and importance. My new station was no other than the dressing room of a young lady, just come from school. Before I was well fixed in the destined spot, she came to survey me, and, with a look of such complacency and good will, as I had not seen for many a day. I was now presently initiated in all the mysteries of the toilet. O, what an endless variety of laces, jewels, silks, and ribbons; pins, combs, cushions, and curling-irons; washes, essences, powders, and patches, were daily spread before me! If I had been heretofore almost tired with the sight of my good old mistress' everlasting lustring, I really felt still more so with the profusion of ornament and preparation.

I was, indeed, favoured with my fair mistress' constant attentions; they were so unremitting as perfectly to astonish me, after being so long accustomed to comparative neglect. Never did she enter her room, on the most hasty errand, without vouchsafing me a kind glance; and at leisure hours I was indulged with much longer visits. Indeed, to confess the truth, I was sometimes quite surprised at their length. But I don't mean to tell tales. During the hour of dressing, when I was more professionally engaged with her, there was, I could perceive, nothing in the room—in the house—nay, I believe, nothing in the world, of so much importance in her estimation as myself. But I have frequently remarked, with concern, the different aspect with which she would regard me at those times, and when she returned at night from the evening's engagements. However late it was, or however fatigued she might be, still I was sure of a greeting as soon as she entered; but, instead of the bright, blooming face I had seen a few hours before, it was generally pale and haggard, and not unfrequently bearing a strong expression of disappointment or chagrin.

My mistress would frequently bring a crowd of her young companions into her apartment; and it was amusing to see how they would each in turn come to pay their respects to me. What varied features and expressions in the course of a few minutes I had thus an opportunity of observing! upon which I used to make my own quiet reflections.

In this manner I continued some years in the service of my mistress, without any material alteration taking place, either in her or in me; but, at length, I began to perceive that her aspect towards me was considerably changed, especially when I compared it with my first recollections of her. She now appeared to regard me with somewhat less complacency; and would frequently survey me with a mingled expression of displeasure and suspicion, as though some change had taken place in *me*; though I am sure it was no fault of mine; indeed, I could never reflect upon myself for a moment; with regard to my conduct towards any of my owners, I have ever been a faithful servant; nor have I once, in the course of my whole life, given a false answer to any one I have had to do with. I am, by nature, equally averse to flattery and detraction; and this I may say for myself, that I am incapable of misrepresentation. It was with mingled sensations of contempt and compassion, that I witnessed the efforts my mistress now made, in endeavouring to force me to yield the same satisfaction to her as I had done upon our first acquaintance. Perhaps, in my confidential situation, it would be scarcely honourable to disclose all I saw; suffice it, then, to hint, that, to my candid temper, it was painful to be obliged to connive at that borrowed bloom, which, after all, was a substitute for that of nature; time, too, greatly baffled even these expedients, and threatened to render them wholly ineffectual.

Many a cross and reproachful look I had now to endure; which, however, I took patiently, being always remarkably smooth and even in my temper. Well remembering how sadly Time had spoiled the face of my poor old mistress, I dreaded the consequences if my present owner should experience, by and by, as rough treatment from him; and I believe she dreaded it too: but these apprehensions were needless. Time is not seldom arrested in the midst of his occupations; and it was so in this instance. I was one day greatly shocked, by beholding my poor mistress stretched out in a remote part of the room, arrayed in very different ornaments from those I had been used to see her wear. She was so much altered that I scarcely knew her; but for this she could not now reproach me. I watched her thus for a

few days, as she lay before me, as cold and motionless as myself; but she was soon conveyed away, and I saw her no more!

Ever since, I have continued in quiet possession of her deserted chamber; which is only occasionally visited by other parts of the family. I feel that I am now getting old, and almost beyond further service. I have an ugly crack, occasioned by the careless stroke of a broom, all across my left corner; my coat is very much worn in several places; even my new frame is now tarnished and old-fashioned; so that I cannot expect any new employment.

Having now, therefore, nothing to reflect on but the past scenes of my life, I have amused myself with giving you this account of them. I said I had made physiognomy my study, and that I had acquired some skill in this interesting science. The result of my observation will at least be deemed impartial, when I say, that I am generally least pleased with the character of those faces, which appear the most so with mine. And I have seen occasion so far to alter the opinions of my inexperienced youth, that for those who pass the least time with me, and treat me with little consideration, I conceive the highest esteem; and their aspect generally produces the most pleasing *reflections*.

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## LESSON VII.

### *The Discontented Pendulum.*—IBID.

AN old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*.



"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands. "Very good!" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness!—you, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life, but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?" "For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

The minute-hand, being *quick* at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and, when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really, it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect. So, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself, should have been overcome by this sudden action. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Would you now do me the favour to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*." "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that, though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may

hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in." "That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up, as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

#### MORAL.

A celebrated modern writer says, "Take care of the *minutes*, and the *hours* will take care of themselves." This is an admirable remark, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well-doing" from the thought of having much to do. The present moment is all we have to do with, in any sense; the past is irrecoverable, the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we should still have to set but one step at a time, and this process, continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses, at once. One moment comes laden with its own *little* burdens, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last:—if *one* could be borne, so can another and another.

Even looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labours, the trials to temper and patience, that may be expected. Now this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon *one*. Let any one resolve always to do right *now*, leaving *then* to do as it can, and, if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never do wrong. But the common error is, to resolve to act right after breakfast, or after dinner, or to-morrow morning, or *next time*;



but *now*, *just now*, *this once*, we must go on the same as ever.

It is easy, for instance, for the most ill-tempered person to resolve, that, the next time he is provoked, he will not let his temper overcome him; but the victory would be to subdue temper on the *present* provocation. If, without taking up the burden of the future, we would always make the *single* effort at the *present* moment; while there would, at any one time, be very little to do, yet, by this simple process, continued, every thing would, at last, be done.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that, when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*. Thus life passes, with many, in resolutions for the future, which the present never fulfils. It is not thus with those, who, “by *patient continuance in well-doing*, seek for glory, honour, and immortality.” Day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task, to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labours, and their works “follow them.” Let us then, “whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that *now* is the proper and accepted time.”

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## LESSON VIII.

### *The Solitary Reaper.*—WORDSWORTH.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself:  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain:  
O listen! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant  
So sweetly to reposing bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands;  
No sweeter voice was ever heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow

For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
 And battles long ago ·  
 Or is it some more humble lay,  
 Familiar matter of to-day ?  
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
 That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
 As if her song could have no ending :  
 I saw her singing at her work,  
 And o'er the sickle bending ;—  
 I listened—motionless and still ;  
 And, as I mounted up the hill,  
 The music in my heart I bore,  
 Long after it was heard no more.

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### LESSON IX.

*The Old Cumberland Beggar.*—IBID.

I SAW an aged beggar in my walk ;  
 And he was seated, by the highway side,  
 On a low structure of rude masonry  
 Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they,  
 Who lead their horses down the steep, rough road,  
 May thence remount at ease. The aged man  
 Had placed his staff across the broad, smooth stone,  
 That overlays the pile ; and, from a bag  
 All white with flour, the dole of village dames,  
 He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one,  
 And scanned them with a fixed and serious look  
 Of idle computation. In the sun,  
 Upon the second step of that small pile,  
 Surrounded by those wild, unpeopled hills,  
 He sat, and ate his food in solitude :  
 And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,  
 That, still attempting to prevent the waste,  
 Was baffled still, the crumbs, in little showers,  
 Fell on the ground ; and the small mountain birds,  
 Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal,  
 Approached within the length of half his staff.

Him from my childhood have I known ; and then  
 He was so old, he seems not older now.  
 He travels on, a solitary man,  
 So helpless, in appearance, that for him  
 The sauntering horseman-traveller does not throw

With careless hand his alms upon the ground,  
 But stops,—that he may safely lodge the coin  
 Within the old man's hat; nor quits him so,  
 But still, when he has given his horse the rein  
 Towards the aged beggar turns a look  
 Sidelong, and half-reverted. She who tends  
 The toll-gate, when in summer at her door  
 She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees  
 The aged beggar coming, quits her work,  
 And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.  
 The post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake  
 The aged beggar in the woody lane,  
 Shouts to him from behind; and, if perchance  
 The old man does not change his course, the boy  
 Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-side,  
 And passes gently by, without a curse  
 Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary man,—  
 His age has no companion. On the ground  
 His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,  
*They* move along the ground; and, evermore,  
 Instead of common and habitual sight  
 Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,  
 And the blue sky, one little span of earth  
 Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,  
 Bowbent, his eyes forever on the ground,  
 He plies his weary journey; seeing, still,  
 And never knowing that he sees, some straw,  
 Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,  
 The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left  
 Impressed on the white road, in the same line,  
 At distance still the same. Poor traveller!  
 His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feet  
 Disturb the summer dust; he is so still  
 In look and motion, that the cottage curs,  
 Ere he have passed the door, will turn away,  
 Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,  
 The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,  
 And urchin newly breeched, all pass him by:  
 Him even the slow-paced wagon leaves behind.

But deem not this man useless. Statesmen! ye  
 Who are so restless in your wisdom; ye  
 Who have a broom still ready in your hands  
 To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,  
 Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye contemplate  
 Your talents, power, and wisdom, deem him not

A burthen of the earth ! 'Tis nature's law  
That none, the meanest of created things,  
Of forms created the most vile and brute,  
The dullest or most noxious, should exist  
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,  
A life and soul, to every mode of being  
Inseparably linked. While thus he creeps  
From door to door, the villagers in him  
Behold a record which together binds  
Past deeds and offices of charity,  
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive  
The kindly mood in hearts, which lapse of years,  
And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,  
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign  
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.

Among the farms and solitary huts,  
Hamlets and thinly scattered villages,  
Where'er the aged beggar takes his rounds,  
The mild necessity of use compels  
To acts of love ; and habit does the work  
Of reason ; yet prepares that after-joy  
Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,  
By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,  
Doth find itself insensibly disposed  
To virtue and true goodness. Some there are,  
By their good works exalted, lofty minds  
And meditative, authors of delight  
And happiness, which, to the end of time,  
Will live, and spread, and kindle ; minds like these,  
In childhood, from this solitary being,  
This helpless wanderer, have perchance received  
(A thing more precious far than all that books  
Or the solitudes of love can do !)  
That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,  
In which they found their kindred with a world  
Where want and sorrow were. The easy man  
Who sits at his own door, and, like the pear  
Which overhangs his head from the green wall,  
Feeds in the sunshine ; the robust and young,  
The prosperous and unthinking, they who live  
Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove  
Of their own kindred ;—all behold in him  
A silent monitor, which on their minds  
Must needs impress a transitory thought  
Of self-congratulation, to the heart  
Of each recalling his peculiar boons,

His charters and exemptions : and perchance,  
Though he to no one give the fortitude  
And circumspection needful to preserve  
His present blessings, and to husband up  
The respite of the season, he, at least,—  
And 'tis no vulgar service,—makes them felt.

Yet further. Many, I believe, there are  
Who live a life of virtuous decency ;  
Men who can hear the Decalogue, and feel  
No self-reproach ; who of the moral law  
Established in the land where they abide  
Are strict observers ; and not negligent,  
Meanwhile, in any tenderness of heart  
Or act of love to those with whom they dwell,  
Their kindred, and the children of their blood.  
Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace !  
—But of the poor man ask, the abject poor,  
Go, and demand of him if there be here,  
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,  
And these inevitable charities,  
Wherewith to satisfy the human soul ?  
No—man is dear to man ; the poorest poor  
Long for some moments in a weary life  
When they can know and feel that they have been,  
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out  
Of some small blessings ; have been kind to such  
As needed kindness, for this single cause,  
That we have all of us one human heart.  
—Such pleasure is to one kind being known,  
My neighbour, when, with punctual care, each week,  
Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself  
By her own wants, she from her chest of meal  
Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip  
Of this old mendicant, and, from her door  
Returning with exhilarated heart,  
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !  
And while, in that vast solitude to which  
The tide of things has led him, he appears  
To breathe and live but for himself alone,  
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about  
The good which the benignant law of heaven  
Has hung around him : and, while life is his,  
Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers  
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.  
—Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !



And, long as he can wander, let him breathe  
The freshness of the valleys; let his blood  
Struggle with frosty air and winter snows;  
And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath  
Beat his gray locks against his withered face.  
Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness  
Gives the last human interest to his heart.  
May never HOUSE, misnamed of INDUSTRY,  
Make him a captive! for that pent-up din,  
Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,  
Be his the natural silence of old age!  
Let him be free of mountain solitudes;  
And have around him, whether heard or not,  
The pleasant melody of woodland birds.  
Few are his pleasures: if his eyes have now  
Been doomed so long to settle on the earth,  
That not without some effort they behold  
The countenance of the horizontal sun,  
Rising or setting, let the light, at least,  
Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.  
And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down  
Beneath the trees, or by the grassy bank  
Of high-way side, and with the little birds  
Share his chance-gathered meal; and, finally,  
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,  
So in the eye of Nature let him die!



## LESSON X.

*On Evil Communication.*—ALISON.

THERE is no prospect more painful to a thoughtful mind, than that of the first commencement of vice or folly in the human character. It is pleasing to us to look upon the openings of human nature; amid the years of infancy, to see the gradual expansion of the youthful mind in benevolence and knowledge; and to anticipate that future state of maturity, when all these promises shall be accomplished, and the character terminate in virtue and in usefulness. How painful, on the contrary, is it, (even to the unconnected spectators,) to see all these hopes disappointed,—to see the spring of life untimely blasted by some malignant power, which withers all the blossoms of virtue, and closes all the expectations we had formed of their opening being! Even of the feeblest characters we still lament to see the degradation. If we had formed no hopes of their fame, we at least entertain-

ed hopes of their goodness; if they had not been distinguished, we think, they might yet have been innocent. In the obscurity of private virtue, they might have "led the life of the righteous," full of peace and hope, and "their latter end" might at last "have been like his."

In almost every case the young begin well. They come out of the hand of nature disposed to kindness, to generosity, and to gratitude; ardent in the acquisition of knowledge, and anxious to deserve the love and the esteem of those who are about them. Such is the character of humanity in its earlier years, until the age of pleasure and of passion arrives.

At that eventful age, a new set of opinions and emotions begin to arise in their minds; the wish for distinction expands; desires of pleasure awaken; temptations surround them on every side, while experience has not yet acquired the power of resistance; and thus the road opens upon them which leads to folly or to vice. For all this, however, the wisdom of Him who made them hath bountifully prepared, by the timidity and modesty which he hath added to the character of youth. While they are thus tempted to enjoyment, they are, at the same time, beyond any other period of life, fearful of doing wrong; they are fearful of entering upon scenes where their consciousness of ignorance tells them they are, as yet, unfit to appear; they are fearful of losing the esteem and love of their early friends; and, still more, if they have been virtuously brought up, they are fearful of losing the favour of God, and his protection upon their future years. By these wise and simple means, the Almighty hath provided for the weakness of the young; and, even in the hours of ignorance, hath given them a guardian in their own breasts, superior to all the wisdom of man, to save them from the dangers of passion and inexperience.

If, accordingly, the young were left only to nature and themselves, it is reasonable to think, that they might pass this important period of life without danger; and that, whatever might be the strength of their passions, diffidence and conscience would be sufficient to command them. But, unhappily for them, and unhappily for the world, it is at this time that "evil communications" begin to assail them; that they are deceived by the promises of vice and folly; and that all the purity of early life is sometimes sacrificed, even at their entry upon this important world.

It is not my purpose, at present, to state the progressive steps of this melancholy history; to show how the love of pleasure undermines the energy and dignity of the human

mind ; how the society and companionship of evil gradually break down all the fine delicacy and timidity of youth ; and how habits of evil gradually assume a power superior to conscience, and wind around the soul those chains of guilt which no common incident can afterwards dissolve.

A voice more powerful than that of this place,—the voice of experience,—speaks to the young of truths like these : it tells them of many examples of those who began life with every favourable prospect, and who have closed it, in early years, under every circumstance of misery and disgrace ; it tells them, that all this, the most disastrous spectacle upon which their eyes can open, has been the fruit of “evil communication ;” and it warns them “to keep their own hearts with all diligence, for out of them must also be the issues of their future lives.”

If such instances can awaken them to thought and meditation, there are some reflections which it is wise in them, at this time, to cherish. It is wise in them, in the first place, to remember the importance of that feeling of delicacy and fearfulness of doing wrong, which is the most amiable characteristic of their age. Let not the ridicule or rudeness of the world prevail upon them to abandon this first friend of their youth. It is not the language of men,—it is none other than the voice of God,—the voice of him who made them for happiness and immortality, and who, in these early hours, speaks to them by a secret instinct, to warn them of all that is fatal or disgraceful to their nature ; and, would they attend to it, would they make it the simple standard by which to determine their conduct, the most eventful years of life would pass in security and innocence, and maturity open upon them with every promise of virtue and honour.

It is wise in them, in the second place, to reflect for what it is that they were born, and in what consists the real happiness of mortal life. Youth, as well as age, has its seasons of meditation, and it is ever with a thoughtful and anxious eye that they look down upon the great scene upon which they are about to enter. That scene has two principal incidents to show them,—that of those whom evil communication has seduced to ruin and disgrace ; and that of those whom perseverance in good manners has led to honour, to distinction, and to happiness. In viewing this scene, let them never forget, that to one or other of these characters they must belong ; that time and nature are pressing them on to act upon that stage which they now only behold ; and that every thing that is dear to them, every thing for which they would wish to live, depends upon the wise part which

they now take, and which, if firmly taken, by the grace of God, will never be taken from them.

It is wise in them, in the last place, to look beyond the world, and to consider the final destiny of their being. Every thing tells them, that they were not born for a transitory nature; and the Gospel has assured them, that "life and immortality are brought to light" by Him who died for them. Let them learn, then, the importance of that existence which is given them, and the magnitude of those hopes and expectations to which they are called. Do they dread (with the natural generosity of youth) to come short of these expectations, to forfeit all these hopes, and, in the awful hour of final judgment, to be excluded from the kingdom of God? Let them, then, remember, that it is evil conversation which is the deadliest enemy of their peace, the enemy against whom it is most their business to prepare; that it is this which has so often withered all the promises of youth, which opened as fair as their own; and which has covered the remainder of life and eternity in gloom and wo.

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## LESSON XI.

### *Reflections on Winter.—IBID.*

THERE are emotions which every where characterize the different seasons of the year. In its progress, the savage is led, as well as the sage, to see the varying attributes of the Divine Mind; and, in its magnificent circle, it is fitted to awaken, in succession, the loftiest sentiments of piety which the heart can feel. When spring appears, when the earth is covered with its tender green, and the song of happiness is heard in every shade, it is a call to us to religious hope and joy. Over the infant year the breath of heaven seems to blow with paternal softness, and the heart of man willingly participates in the joyfulness of awakened nature. When summer reigns, and every element is filled with life, and the sun, like a giant, pursues his course through the firmament above, it is the season of solemn adoration: we see then, as it were, the majesty of the present God; and, wherever we direct our eye, "the glory of the Lord seems to cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea." When autumn comes, and the annual miracle of nature is completed, "when all things that exist have waited upon the God which made them, and he hath given them food in due season," it is the appropriate season of thankfulness and praise. The heart bends with instinctive gratitude before Him, whose benefi-



cence "neither slumbers nor sleeps," and who, from the throne of glory, "yet remembereth the things that are in heaven and earth."

The season of winter has, also, similar instructions. To the thoughtful and the feeling mind it comes not without a blessing upon its wings; and, perhaps, the noblest lessons of religion are to be learned amid its clouds and storms.

It is a season of solemnity, and the aspect of every thing around us is fitted to call the mind to deep and serious thought. The gay variety of nature is no more, the sounds of joy have ceased, and the flowers, which opened to the ray of summer, are all now returned to dust. The sun himself seems to withdraw his light, or to become enfeebled in his power; and, while night usurps her dark and silent reign, the host of heaven burst with new radiance upon our view, and pursue, through unfathomable space, their bright career. It is the season when we best learn the greatness of Him that made us. The appearances of other seasons confine our regards, chiefly, to the world we inhabit. It is in the darkness of winter that we raise our eyes to "those heavens which declare his power, and to that firmament which sheweth his handy work." The mind expands while it loses itself amid the infinity of being; and, from the gloom of this lower world, imagination anticipates the splendours of "those new heavens and that new earth," which are to be the final seats of the children of God.

But there is still a greater reflection, which the season is destined to inspire. While we contemplate the decaying sun, while we weep over the bier of nature, and hear the winds of winter desolating the earth, what is it that this annual revolution teaches even to the infant mind? Is it that the powers of nature have failed, that the world waxeth old, and that the night of existence is approaching? No! It is, that this reign of gloom and desolation will pass; it is, that spring will again return, and that nature will resume its robe of beauty. In the multitude of years that have gone before us, this mighty resurrection has annually been accomplished. To our fathers, and the old time before them, the yearly beneficence of Heaven has been renewed; and, while the night of winter has sunk in heaviness, joy hath as uniformly attended the morning of the spring.

There is no language which can speak more intelligibly to the thoughtful mind than this language of nature; and it is repeated to us, as it were, every year, to teach us trust and confidence in God. It tells us, that the power which first created existence is weakened by no time, and subject



to no decay; it tells us, that, in the majesty of his reign, "a thousand years are but as one day," while, in the beneficence of it, "one day is as a thousand years;"—it tells us, still farther, that, in the magnificent system of his government, there exists no evil; that the appearances, which, to our limited and temporary view, seem pregnant with destruction, are, in the mighty extent of his providence, the sources of returning good; and that, in the very hours when we might conceive nature to be deserted and forlorn, the spirit of the Almighty is operating with unceasing force, and preparing in silence the renovation of the world.

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## LESSON XII.

*Observations on Milton.*—CAMPBELL.

IN Milton there may be traced obligations to several minor English poets; but his genius had too great a supremacy to belong to any school. Though he acknowledged a filial reverence for Spenser as a poet, he left no Gothic, irregular tracery in the design of his own great work, but gave a classical harmony of parts to its stupendous pile. It thus resembles a dome, the vastness of which is at first sight concealed by its symmetry, but which expands more and more to the eye while it is contemplated.

His early poetry seems to have neither disturbed nor corrected the bad taste of his age. *Comus* came into the world unacknowledged by its author, and *Lycidas* appeared at first only with his initials. These, and other exquisite pieces, composed in the happiest years of his life, at his father's country-house at Horton, were collectively published, with his name affixed to them, in 1645; but that precious volume, which included *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, did not, it is believed, come to a second edition, till it was republished by himself at the distance of eight-and-twenty years. Almost a century elapsed before his minor works obtained their proper fame. Handel's music is said, by Dr. Warton, to have drawn the first attention to them; but they must have been admired before Handel set them to music; for he was assuredly not the first to discover their beauty.

But of Milton's poetry being above the comprehension of his age, we should have a sufficient proof, if we had no other, in the grave remark of Lord Clarendon, that Cowley had, in his time, "*taken a flight above all men in poetry.*" Even when *Paradise Lost* appeared, though it was not neglected, it attracted no crowd of imitators, and made no visible change

in the poetical practice of the age. He stood alone, and aloof above his times, the bard of immortal subjects, and, as far as there is perpetuity in language, of immortal fame. The very choice of those subjects bespoke a contempt for any species of excellence that was attainable by other men. There is something that overawes the mind in conceiving his long-deliberated selection of that theme; his attempting it when his eyes were shut upon the face of nature; his dependence, we might almost say, on supernatural inspiration; and in the calm air of strength with which he opens *Paradise Lost*, beginning a mighty performance without the appearance of an effort.

Taking the subject all in all, his powers could nowhere else have enjoyed the same scope. It was only from the height of this great argument that he could look back upon eternity past, and forward upon eternity to come; that he could survey the abyss of infernal darkness, open visions of Paradise, or ascend to heaven and breathe empyreal air. Still the subject had precipitous difficulties. It obliged him to relinquish the warm, multifarious interests of human life. For these, indeed, he could substitute holier things; but a more insuperable objection to the theme was, that it involved the representation of a war between the Almighty and his created beings. To the vicissitudes of such a warfare it was impossible to make us attach the same fluctuations of hope and fear, the same curiosity, suspense, and sympathy, which we feel amidst the battles of the *Iliad*, and which make every brave young spirit long to be in the midst of them.

Milton has certainly triumphed over one difficulty of his subject, the paucity and the loneliness of its human agents; for no one, in contemplating the garden of Eden, would wish to exchange it for a more populous world. His earthly pair could only be represented, during their innocence, as beings of simple enjoyment and negative virtue, with no other passions than the fear of Heaven, and the love of each other. Yet, from these materials, what a picture has he drawn of their homage to the Deity, their mutual affection, and the horrors of their alienation! By concentrating all exquisite ideas of external nature in the representation of their abode; by conveying an inspired impression of their spirits and forms, whilst they first shone under the fresh light of creative heaven; by these powers of description, he links our first parents, in harmonious subordination, to the angelic natures; he supports them in the balance of poetical importance with their divine coadjutors and enemies, and makes them appear at once worthy of the friendship and envy of gods.

In the angelic warfare of the poem, Milton has done whatever human genius could accomplish. But, although Satan speaks of having "put to proof his (Maker's) high supremacy, in dubious battle, on the plains of heaven," the expression, though finely characteristic of his blasphemous pride, does not prevent us from feeling that the battle cannot for a moment be dubious. Whilst the powers of description and language are taxed and exhausted to portray the combat, it is impossible not to feel, with regard to the blessed spirits, a profound and reposing security that they have neither great dangers to fear, nor reverses to suffer. At the same time it must be said, that, although, in the actual contact of the armies, the inequality of the strife becomes strongly visible to the imagination, and makes it a contest more of noise than terror; yet, while positive action is suspended, there is a warlike grandeur in the poem, which is nowhere to be paralleled. When Milton's genius dares to invest the Almighty himself with arms, "his bow and thunder," the astonished mind admits the image with a momentary credence. It is otherwise when we are involved in the circumstantial details of the campaign. We have then leisure to anticipate its only possible issue, and can feel no alarm for any temporary check that may be given to those who fight under the banners of Omnipotence.

The warlike part of *Paradise Lost* was inseparable from its subject. Whether it could have been differently managed, is a problem which our reverence for Milton will scarcely permit us to state. I feel that reverence too strongly to suggest even the possibility that Milton could have improved his poem by having thrown his angelic warfare into more remote perspective; but it seems to me to be most sublime when it is least distinctly brought home to the imagination. What an awful effect has the dim and undefined conception of the conflict, which we gather from the opening of the first book! There the veil of mystery is left undrawn between us and a subject, which the powers of description were inadequate to exhibit. The ministers of divine vengeance and pursuit had been recalled, the thunders had ceased

"To bellow through the vast and boundless deep,"

(in that line what an image of sound and space is conveyed!) and our terrific conception of the past is deepened by its indistinctness. In optics there are some phenomena which are beautifully deceptive at a certain distance, but which lose their illusive charm on the slightest approach to them,

that changes the light and position in which they are viewed. Something like this takes place in the phenomena of fancy. The array of the fallen angels in hell, the unfurling of the standard of Satan, and the march of his troops,

“ In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders,”—

all this human pomp and circumstance of war is magic and overwhelming illusion: the imagination is taken by surprise. But the noblest efforts of language are tried with very unequal effect to interest us in the immediate and close view of the battle itself in the sixth book; and the martial demons, who charmed us in the shades of hell, lose some portion of their sublimity when their artillery is discharged in the day-light of heaven.

If we call diction the garb of thought, Milton, in his style, may be said to wear the costume of sovereignty. The idioms even of foreign languages contributed to adorn it. He was the most learned of poets; yet his learning interferes not with his substantial English purity. His simplicity is unimpaired by glowing ornament, like the bush in the sacred flame, which burnt, but “was not consumed.”

### LESSON XIII.

#### *Patience.*—IBID.

Written on visiting a scene in Argyleshire.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,  
I have mused, in a sorrowful mood,  
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower,  
Where the home of my forefathers stood.  
All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,  
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;  
And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,  
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode  
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet, wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,  
By the dial-stone aged and green,  
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,  
To mark where a garden had been.  
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,  
All wild, in the silence of nature, it drew  
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace;  
For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place,  
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.



Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all  
 That remains in this desolate heart !  
 The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,  
 But patience shall never depart !  
 Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,  
 In the days of delusion by fancy combined  
 With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,  
 Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,  
 And leave but a desert behind.

Be hushed, my dark spirit ! for wisdom condemns  
 When the faint and the feeble deplore ;  
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems  
 A thousand wild waves on the shore !  
 Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,  
 May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate !  
 Yea, even the name I have worshipped in vain  
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again :—  
 To bear, is to conquer our fate.



#### LESSON XIV.

*Description of Roscoe.*—WASHINGTON IRVING.

ONE of the first places, to which a stranger is taken in Liverpool, is the Athenæum. It is established on a liberal and judicious plan ; it contains a good library, and spacious reading room, and is the great literary resort of the place. Go there at what hour you may, you are sure to find it filled with grave-looking personages, deeply absorbed in the study of newspapers.

As I was once visiting this haunt of the learned, my attention was attracted to a person just entering the room. He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding, but it was a little bowed by time—perhaps by care. He had a noble Roman style of countenance ; a head that would have pleased a painter ; and, though some slight furrows on his brow showed that wasting thought had been busy there, yet his eye still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling race around him.

I inquired his name, and was informed that it was Roscoe. I drew back with an involuntary feeling of veneration. This, then, was an author of celebrity ; this was one of those men, whose voices have gone forth to the ends of the earth ;



with whose minds I have communed even in the solitudes of America. Accustomed, as we are in our country, to know European writers only by their works, we cannot conceive of them, as of other men, engrossed by trivial or sordid pursuits, and jostling with the crowd of common minds in the dusty paths of life. They pass before our imaginations like superior beings, radiant with the emanations of their own genius, and surrounded by a halo of literary glory.

To find, therefore, the elegant historian of the Medici\* mingling among the busy sons of traffic, at first shocked my poetical ideas; but it is from the very circumstances and situation, in which he has been placed, that Mr. Roscoe derives his highest claims to admiration. It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduities of art, with which it would rear legitimate dulness to maturity, and to glory in the vigour and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and, though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will, now and then, strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birth-place all the beauties of vegetation.

Such has been the case with Mr. Roscoe. Born in a place apparently ungenial to the growth of literary talent; in the very market-place of trade; without fortune, family connections, or patronage; self-prompted, self-sustained, and almost self-taught, he has conquered every obstacle, achieved his way to eminence, and, having become one of the ornaments of the nation, has turned the whole force of his talents and influence to advance and embellish his native town.

Indeed, it is this last trait in his character which has given him the greatest interest in my eyes, and induced me particularly to point him out to my countrymen. Eminent as are his literary merits, he is but one among the many distinguished authors of this intellectual nation. They, however, in general, live but for their own fame, or their own pleasures. Their private history presents no lesson to the world, or, perhaps, a humiliating one of human frailty and inconsistency. At best, they are prone to steal away from the bustle and common-place of busy existence; to indulge in the selfishness of lettered ease; and to revel in scenes of mental, but exclusive enjoyment.

\* Med'e-tche.

Mr. Roscoe, on the contrary, has claimed none of the accorded privileges of talent. He has shut himself up in no garden of thought, nor elysium of fancy; but has gone forth into the highways and thoroughfares of life; he has planted bowers by the way side, for the refreshment of the pilgrim and the sojourner, and has opened pure fountains, where the labouring man may turn aside from the dust and heat of the day, and drink of the living streams of knowledge. There is a "daily beauty in his life," on which mankind may meditate and grow better. It exhibits no lofty, and almost useless, because inimitable, example of excellence; but presents a picture of active, yet simple and imitable virtues, which are within every man's reach, but which not many exercise, or this world would be a paradise.

But his private life is peculiarly worthy the attention of the citizens of our young and busy country, where literature and the elegant arts must grow up side by side with the coarser plants of daily necessity; and must depend for their culture, not on the exclusive devotion of time and wealth, nor the quickening rays of titled patronage, but on hours and seasons snatched from the pursuit of worldly interests by intelligent and public-spirited individuals.

He has shown how much may be done for a place in hours of leisure by one master spirit, and how completely it can give its own impress to surrounding objects. Like his own Lorenzo De Medici, on whom he seems to have fixed his eye as on a pure model of antiquity, he has interwoven the history of his life with the history of his native town, and has made the foundations of its fame the monuments of his virtues. Wherever you go in Liverpool, you perceive traces of his footsteps in all that is elegant and liberal. He found the tide of wealth flowing merely in the channels of traffic; he has diverted from it invigorating rills to refresh the gardens of literature. By his own example and constant exertions, he has effected that union of commerce and the intellectual pursuits, so eloquently recommended in one of his latest writings;\* and has practically proved how beautifully they may be brought to harmonize, and to benefit each other. The noble institutions for literary and scientific purposes, which reflect such credit on Liverpool, and are giving such an impulse to the public mind, have, mostly, been originated, and have all been effectively promoted, by Mr. Roscoe; and, when we consider the rapidly increasing opulence and magnitude of that town, which promises to vie, in com-

\* Address on the opening of the Liverpool Institution.

mercial importance, with the metropolis, it will be perceived that, in awakening an ambition of mental improvement among its inhabitants, he has effected a great benefit to the cause of British literature.

In America, we know Mr. Roscoe only as the author; in Liverpool he is spoken of as the banker; and I was told of his having been unfortunate in business. I could not pity him, as I heard some rich men do. I considered him far above the reach of my pity. Those who live only for the world, and in the world, may be cast down by the frowns of adversity; but a man like Roscoe is not to be overcome by the mutations of fortune. They do but drive him in upon the resources of his own mind; to the superior society of his own thoughts; which the best of men are apt, sometimes, to neglect, and to roam abroad in search of less worthy associates. He is independent of the world around him. He lives with antiquity and posterity; with antiquity, in the sweet communion of studious retirement; and with posterity, in the generous aspirings after future renown. The solitude of such a mind is its state of highest enjoyment. It is then visited by those elevated meditations, which are the proper aliment of noble souls, and are, like manna, sent from heaven, in the wilderness of this world.

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## LESSON XV.

### *Visit to the Grave of Shakspeare.—IBID.*

FROM the birth-place of Shakspeare, a few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the A'von, on an embowered point, and separated, by adjoining gardens, from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired: the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms, which grow upon its banks, droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form, in summer, an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the gray tomb-stones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has, likewise, tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty gray spire.

In the course of my rambles I met with the grayheaded old sexton, and accompanied him home to get the key of the church. He had lived in Stratford, man and boy, for eighty years, and seemed still to consider himself a vigorous man, with the trivial exception that he had nearly lost the use of his legs for a few years past. His dwelling was a cottage, looking out upon the Avon and its bordering meadows; and was a picture of that neatness, order, and comfort, which pervade the humblest dwellings in this country. A low, white-washed room, with a stone floor carefully scrubbed, served for parlour, kitchen, and hall. Rows of pewter and earthen dishes glittered along the dresser. On an old oaken table, well rubbed and polished, lay the family Bible and Prayer-book, and the drawer contained the family library, composed of about half a score of well-thumbed volumes. An ancient clock, that important article of cottage furniture, ticked on the opposite side of the room, with a bright warming-pan hanging on one side of it, and the old man's horn-handled Sunday cane on the other.

The fire-place, as usual, was wide and deep enough to admit a gossip knot within its jambs. In one corner sat the old man's grand-daughter sewing,—a pretty blue-eyed girl,—and in the opposite corner was a superannuated crony, whom he addressed by the name of John Ange, and who, I found, had been his companion from childhood. They had played together in infancy; they had worked together in manhood; they were now tottering about, and gossiping away the evening of life; and in a short time they will, probably, be buried together in the neighbouring churchyard. It is not often that we see two streams of existence running thus evenly and tranquilly side by side; it is only in such quiet “bosom scenes” of life that they are to be met with.

I had hoped to gather some traditionary anecdotes of the bard from these ancient chroniclers; but they had nothing new to impart. The long interval, during which Shakspeare's writings lay in comparative neglect, has spread its shadow over his history; and it is his good or evil lot that scarcely any thing remains to his biographers but a scanty handful of conjectures.

The sexton and his companion had been employed as carpenters on the preparations for the celebrated Stratford jubilee, and they remembered Garrick, the prime mover of the fete,\* who superintended the arrangements, and who, according to the sexton, was “a short punch man, very lively

\* *Pron. Fate.*



and bustling." John Ange had assisted, also, in cutting down Shakspeare's mulberry tree, of which he had a morsel in his pocket for sale; no doubt a sovereign quickener of literary conception.

I was grieved to hear these two worthy wights speak very dubiously of the eloquent dame who shows the Shakspeare house. John Ange shook his head when I mentioned her valuable and inexhaustible collection of relics, particularly her remains of the mulberry-tree; and the old sexton even expressed a doubt as to Shakspeare having been born in her house. I soon discovered that he looked upon her mansion with an evil eye, as a rival to the poet's tomb; the latter having, comparatively, but few visitors. Thus it is that historians differ at the very outset, and mere pebbles make the stream of truth diverge into different channels even at the fountain head.

We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a Gothic porch, highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons, and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The tomb of Shakspeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low, perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave, which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here.  
Blessed be he that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakspeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease—fifty-three years; an untimely death for the world: for what fruit might not have been expected



from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favour?

The inscription on the tomb-stone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was, at one time, contemplated. A few years since, also, as some labourers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his remains, so awfully guarded by a malediction; and, lest any of the idle or the curious, or any collector of relics, should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished, and the aperture closed again. He told me, that he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakspeare.

## LESSON XVI.

### *Consolations of Religion to the Poor.*—PERCIVAL.

THERE is a mourner, and her heart is broken;  
 She is a widow; she is old and poor;  
 Her only hope is in that sacred token  
 Of peaceful happiness when life is o'er;  
 She asks nor wealth nor pleasure, begs no more  
 Than Heaven's delightful volume, and the sight  
 Of her Redeemer. Sceptics! would you pour  
 Your blasting vials on her head, and blight [night?  
 Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's

She lives in her affections; for the grave  
 Has closed upon her husband, children; all  
 Her hopes are with the arm she trusts will save  
 Her treasured jewels; though her views are small,  
 Though she has never mounted high, to fall  
 And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring  
 Of her meek, tender feelings, cannot pall  
 Her unpurverted palate, but will bring  
 A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave  
 Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er  
 With silent waters, kissing, as they lave,  
 The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore

Of matted grass and flowers,—so softly pour  
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,  
Low-bowed, before her Maker; then no more  
She muses on the griefs of former days;  
Her full heart melts, and flows in Heaven's dissolving rays.

And faith can see a new world, and the eyes  
Of saints look pity on her: Death will come—  
A few short moments over, and the prize  
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb  
Becomes her fondest pillow; all its gloom  
Is scattered. What a meeting there will be  
To her and all she loved here! and the bloom  
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee:  
Theirs is the health which lasts through all eternity.

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### LESSON XVII.

*The Graves of the Patriots.*—IBID.

HERE rest the great and good; here they repose  
After their generous toil. A sacred band,  
They take their sleep together, while the year  
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,  
And gathers them again, as winter frowns.  
Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre: green sods  
Are all their monument, and yet it tells  
A nobler history than pillared piles,  
Or the eternal pyramids. They need  
No statue nor inscription to reveal  
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy  
With which their children tread the hallowed ground  
That holds their venerated bones, the peace  
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth  
That clothes the land they rescued; these, though mute,—  
As feeling ever is when deepest,—these  
Are monuments more lasting than the fanes  
Reared to the kings and demigods of old.

Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade  
Over their lowly graves; beneath their boughs  
There is a solemn darkness, even at noon,  
Suited to such as visit at the shrine  
Of serious liberty. No factious voice  
Called them unto the field of generous fame,  
But the pure, consecrated love of home.  
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes  
In all its greatness. It has told itself

To the astonished gaze of awe-struck kings,  
At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,  
Where first our patriots sent the invader back  
Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all  
To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.  
Their feelings were all nature, and they need  
No art to make them known. They live in us,  
While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,  
Worshipping nothing but our own pure hearts  
And the one universal Lord. They need  
No column, pointing to the heaven they sought,  
To tell us of their home. The heart itself,  
Left to its own free purpose, hastens there,  
And there alone reposes. Let these elms  
Bend their protecting shadow o'er their graves,  
And build, with their green roof, the only fane,  
Where we may gather, on the hallowed day,  
That rose to them in blood, and set in glory.  
Here let us meet; and, while our motionless lips  
Give not a sound, and all around is mute  
In the deep sabbath of a heart too full  
For words or tears, here let us strew the sod  
With the first flowers of spring, and make to them  
An offering of the plenty nature gives,  
And they have rendered ours—perpetually.

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### LESSON XVIII.

*Embarkation of the Plymouth Pilgrims from England.—*

D. WEBSTER.

It is certain, that, although many of them were republicans in principle, we have no evidence that our New-England ancestors would have emigrated, as they did, from their own native country, become wanderers in Europe, and, finally, undertaken the establishment of a colony here, merely from their dislike of the political systems of Europe. They fled, not so much from the civil government, as from the hierarchy, and the laws which enforced conformity to the church establishment. Mr. Robinson had left England as early as sixteen hundred and eight, on account of the prosecutions for non-conformity, and had retired to Holland. He left England, from no disappointed ambition in affairs of state, from no regrets at the want of preferment in the church, nor from any motive of distinction, or of gain. Uniformity, in matters of religion, was pressed with such extreme rigour,

that a voluntary exile seemed the most eligible mode of escaping from the penalties of non-compliance. The accession of Elizabeth had, it is true, quenched the fires of Smithfield, and put an end to the easy acquisition of the crown of martyrdom. Her long reign had established the reformation, but toleration was a virtue beyond her conception, and beyond the age. She left no example of it to her successor; and he was not of a character which rendered it probable that a sentiment, either so wise or so liberal, should originate with him.

At the present period, it seems incredible, that the learned, accomplished, unassuming, and inoffensive Robinson should neither be tolerated in his own peaceable mode of worship, in his own country, nor suffered quietly to depart from it. Yet such was the fact. He left his country by stealth, that he might elsewhere enjoy those rights which ought to belong to men in all countries. The embarkation of the Pilgrims for Holland is deeply interesting, from its circumstances, and also as it marks the character of the times, independently of its connexion with names now incorporated with the history of empire. The embarkation was intended to be in the night, that it might escape the notice of the officers of government. Great pains had been taken to secure boats, which should come undiscovered to the shore, and receive the fugitives; and frequent disappointments had been experienced in this respect. At length the appointed time came, bringing with it unusual severity of cold and rain. An unfrequented and barren heath, on the shores of Lincolnshire, was the selected spot, where the feet of the Pilgrims were to tread, for the last time, the land of their fathers.

The vessel which was to receive them did not come until the next day, and in the mean time the little band was collected, and men, and women, and children, and baggage, were crowded together, in melancholy and distressed confusion. The sea was rough, and the women and children already sick, from their passage down the river to the place of embarkation. At length the wished-for boat silently and fearfully approaches the shore, and men, and women, and children, shaking with fear and with cold, as many as the small vessel could bear, venture off on a dangerous sea. Immediately the advance of horses is heard from behind, armed men appear, and those not yet embarked are seized, and taken into custody. In the hurry of the moment, there had been no regard to the keeping together of families, in the first embarkation; and, on account of the appearance of the

horsemen, the boat never returned for the residue. Those who had got away, and those who had not, were in equal distress. A storm, of great violence, and long duration, arose at sea, which not only protracted the voyage, rendered distressing by the want of all those accommodations which the interruption of the embarkation had occasioned, but also forced the vessel out of her course, and menaced immediate shipwreck; while those on shore, when they were dismissed from the custody of the officers of justice, having no longer homes or houses to retire to, and their friends and protectors being already gone, became objects of necessary charity, as well as of deep commiseration.

As this scene passes before us, we can hardly forbear asking whether this be a band of malefactors and felons flying from justice? What are their crimes, that they hide themselves in darkness? To what punishment are they exposed, that, to avoid it, men, and women, and children, thus encounter the surf of the North Sea, and the terrors of a night storm? What induces this armed pursuit, and this arrest of fugitives, of all ages and both sexes?—Truth does not allow us to answer these inquiries in a manner that does credit to the wisdom or the justice of the times. This was not the flight of guilt, but of virtue. It was an humble and peaceable religion, flying from causeless oppression. It was conscience, attempting to escape from the arbitrary rule of the Stuarts. It was Robinson and Brewster, leading off their little band from their native soil, at first to find shelter on the shores of the neighbouring continent, but ultimately to come hither; and, having surmounted all difficulties, and braved a thousand dangers, to find here a place of refuge and of rest. Thanks be to God, that this spot was honoured as the asylum of religious liberty. May its standard, reared here, remain forever! May it rise up as high as heaven, till its banner shall fan the air of both continents, and wave as a glorious ensign of peace and security to the nations!

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## LESSON XIX.

*On the laying of the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument.—IBID.*

THE society, whose organ I am, was formed for the purpose of rearing some honourable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American Independence. They have thought, that, for this object, no time could be



more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period ; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot ; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought. The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted ; and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and undorned grandeur, it may remain, as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised, and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know, that, if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that, which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription, on entablatures less broad than the earth itself, can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone ; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors ; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination, also, and sentiment ; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied, which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart.

Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit, which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences, which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot, which must forever be dear to us and our pos-

terity. We wish, that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the revolution was fought. We wish, that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish, that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish, that labour may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish, that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish, that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute, also, to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

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## LESSON XX.

*An April Day.*—LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,  
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well  
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell  
The coming-in of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives:  
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song  
Comes through the pleasant woods, and coloured wings  
Are glancing in the golden sun along  
The forest openings.

And, when bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws  
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,  
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the day is gone,  
In the blue lake the sky o'erreaching far  
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,  
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide  
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw ;  
And the fair trees look over, side by side,  
And see themselves below.

Sweet April ! many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed ;  
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.



## LESSON XXI.

*Woods in Winter.*—IBID.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the white-thorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That over-brows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

On the gray maple's crusted bark  
Its tender shoots the hoar-frost nips ;  
Whilst in the frozen fountain—hark !—  
His piercing beak the bittern dips.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,—  
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay;  
And winds were soft, and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;  
And gathered winds, in hoarse accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds, pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year—  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

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## LESSON XXII.

*Examples of Decision of Character.*—JOHN FOSTER.

I HAVE repeatedly remarked to you, in conversation, the effect of what has been called a ruling passion. When its object is noble, and an enlightened understanding directs its movements, it appears to me a great felicity; but, whether its object be noble or not, it infallibly creates, where it exists in great force, that active, ardent constancy, which I describe as a capital feature of the decisive character. The subject of such a commanding passion wonders, if indeed he were at leisure to wonder, at the persons who pretend to attach importance to an object which they make none but the most languid efforts to secure. The utmost powers of the man are constrained into the service of the favourite cause by this passion, which sweeps away, as it advances, all the trivial objections and little opposing motives, and seems almost to open a way through impossibilities. This spirit comes on him in the morning as soon as he recovers his consciousness, and commands and impels him through the day with a power from which he could not emancipate himself if he would. When the force of habit is added, the determination becomes invincible, and seems to assume rank with the great laws of nature, making it nearly as certain that such a man will persist in his course, as that, in the morning, the sun will rise.

A persisting, untameable efficacy of soul, gives a seductive and pernicious dignity even to a character and a course, which every moral principle forbids us to approve. Often, in the narrations of history and fiction, an agent of the most dreadful designs compels a sentiment of deep re-

spect for the unconquerable mind displayed in their execution. While we shudder at his activity, we say with regret, mingled with an admiration which borders on partiality, What a noble being this would have been, if goodness had been his destiny! The partiality is evinced in the very selection of terms, by which we show that we are tempted to refer his atrocity rather to his destiny than to his choice. In some of the high examples of ambition, we almost revere the force of mind which impelled them forward through the longest series of action, superior to doubt and fluctuation, and disdainful of ease, of pleasures, of opposition, and of hazard. We bow to the ambitious spirit, which reached the true sublime in the reply of Pompey to his friends, who dissuaded him from venturing on a tempestuous sea, in order to be at Rome on an important occasion: "It is necessary for me to go—it is not necessary for me to live."

You may recollect the mention, in one of our conversations, of a young man who wasted, in two or three years, a large patrimony, in profligate revels with a number of worthless associates, who called themselves his friends, and who, when his last means were exhausted, treated him, of course, with neglect or contempt. Reduced to absolute want, he one day went out of the house with an intention to put an end to his life; but, wandering a while almost unconsciously, he came to the brow of an eminence which overlooked what were lately his estates. Here he sat down, and remained fixed in thought a number of hours, at the end of which he sprang from the ground with a vehement, exulting emotion. He had formed his resolution, which was, that all these estates should be his again: he had formed his plan, too, which he instantly began to execute.

He walked hastily forward, determined to seize the very first opportunity, of however humble a kind, to gain any money, though it were ever so despicable a trifle, and resolved absolutely not to spend, if he could help it, a farthing of whatsoever he might obtain. The first thing that drew his attention was a heap of coals shot out of carts on the pavement before a house. He offered himself to shovel or wheel them into the place where they were to be laid, and was employed. He received a few pence for the labour, and then, in pursuance of the saving part of his plan, requested some small gratuity of meat and drink, which was given him. He then looked out for the next thing that might chance to offer, and went, with indefatigable industry, through a succession of servile employments in different places, of longer and shorter duration, still scrupulously



avoiding, as far as possible, the expense of a penny. He promptly seized every opportunity which could advance his design, without regarding the meanness of occupation or appearance.

By this method he had gained, after a considerable time, money enough to purchase, in order to sell again, a few cattle, of which he had taken pains to understand the value. He speedily, but cautiously, turned his first gains into second advantages ; retained, without a single deviation, his extreme parsimony ; and thus advanced by degrees into larger transactions and incipient wealth. I did not hear, or have forgotten, the continued course of his life ; but the final result was, that he more than recovered his lost possessions, and died an inveterate miser, worth £60,000. I have always recollected this as a signal instance, though in an unfortunate and ignoble direction, of decisive character, and of the extraordinary effect which, according to general laws, belongs to the strongest form of such a character.

But not less decision has been displayed by men of virtue. In this distinction no man ever exceeded, for instance, or ever will exceed, the late illustrious Howard. The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time, on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity ; but, by being unintermitted, it had an equability of manner, which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy, it was so totally the reverse of any thing like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds : as a great river in its customary state is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent.

The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe, in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week inactive after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity was not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings towards the main object. The importance of this object held his faculties in a state of excitement, which was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests, and on which, therefore, the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling,

which he could spare to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scene which he traversed ; all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation, by falling into the grand one.

There have not been wanting trivial minds, to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere men of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard ; he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits, who fulfil their commission of philanthropy among mortals, do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings ; and no more did he, when the time, in which he must have inspected and admired them, would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life. The curiosity which he might feel was reduced to wait till the hour should arrive, when its gratification should be presented by conscience, which kept a scrupulous charge of all his time, as the most sacred duty of that hour. If he was still at every hour, when it came, fated to feel the attractions of the fine arts but the second claim, they might be sure of their revenge ; for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotic consciousness of duty, as to refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit. It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had *one thing to do*, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that, even at the greatest distance, as the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness, as if it had been nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labour and enterprise by which he was to reach it. It was so conspicuous before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement, and every day, was an approximation. As his method referred every thing he did and thought to the end, and as his exertion did not relax for a moment, he made the trial, so seldom made, what is the utmost effect which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent ; and, therefore, what he did not accomplish he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Omnipotence.

## LESSON XXIII.

*Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.*—C. PHILLIPS.

NATURE had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn: and, whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there ought too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for explanation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-places in his contemplation; kings were his people; nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room,—with the mob or the levee,—wearing the jacobin bonnet or the iron crown,—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg,—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic,—he was still the same military despot! Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and, whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him till affection was useless, and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite. They knew well, that, if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that, if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder.

For the soldier, he subsidized every body; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters,—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy,—the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning!—the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.\*

\* Sir H. Davy.

Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never before united in the same character. A Royalist, a Republican, and an Emperor,—a Mahometan, a Catholic, and a patron of the Synagogue,—a Subaltern and a Sovereign,—a Traitor and a Tyrant,—a Christian and an Infidel,—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original,—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self,—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation; in short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie. Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Bonaparte.

That he has done much evil, there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of much good, there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France, have risen to the blessings of a free constitution; Superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the Inquisition; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled for ever. Kings may learn from him, that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him, that there is no despotism so stupendous, against which they have not a resource; and, to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that, if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.



## LESSON XXIV

*Death will enter Palaces.*—SOUTHEY.

AND now the king's command went forth  
Among the people, bidding old and young,  
Husband and wife, the master and the slave,  
All the collected multitudes of Ad,  
Here to repair, and hold high festival,  
That he might see his people, they behold  
Their king's magnificence and power.

The day of festival arrived;  
Hither they came, the old man and the boy,  
Husband and wife, the master and the slave,  
Hither they came. From yonder high tower top,  
The loftiest of the palace, Shedad looked  
Down on his tribe: their tents on yonder sands  
Rose like the countless billows of the sea;

Their tread and voices like the ocean roar,  
 One deep confusion of tumultuous sounds.  
 They saw their king's magnificence ; beheld  
 His palace sparkling like the angel domes  
 Of paradise ; his garden like the bowers  
 Of early Eden ; and they shouted out,  
 Great is the king, a god upon the earth !

Intoxicate with joy and pride,  
 He heard their blasphemies ;  
 And, in his wantonness of heart, he bade  
 The prophet Houd be brought ;  
 And o'er the marble courts,  
 And o'er the gorgeous rooms  
 Glittering with gems and gold,  
 He led the man of God.  
 "Is not this a stately pile ?"  
 Cried the monarch in his joy.  
 "Hath ever eye beheld,  
 Hath ever thought conceived,  
 Place more magnificent ?  
 Houd, they say that Heaven imparted  
 To thy lips the words of wisdom !  
 Look at the riches round,  
 And value them aright,  
 If so thy wisdom can."

The prophet heard his vaunt,  
 And, with an awful smile, he answered him,  
 "O Shedad ! only in the hour of death  
 We learn to value things like these aright."

"Hast thou a fault to find  
 In all thine eyes have seen ?"  
 Again the king exclaimed.  
 "Yea !" said the man of God ;  
 "The walls are weak, the building ill secured ;  
 Azrael can enter in !  
 The Sarsar can pierce through,  
 The icy wind of Death !"

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## LESSON XXV.

*The old Man's Comforts.—IBID.*

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,  
 The few locks which are left you are gray ;  
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man ;  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.



In the days of my youth, Father William replied,  
 I remembered that youth would fly fast,  
 And abused not my health and my vigour at first,  
 That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,  
 And pleasures with youth pass away,  
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone ;  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,  
 I remembered that youth could not last ;  
 I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
 That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,  
 And life must be hastening away ;  
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death !  
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied ;  
 Let the cause thy attention engage ;  
 In the days of my youth I remembered my God !  
 And He hath not forgotten my age.

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### LESSON XXVI.

*The Well of St. Keyne.*—IBID.

A WELL there is in the west country,  
 And a clearer one never was seen ;  
 There is not a wife in the west country  
 But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,  
 And behind does an ash tree grow,  
 And a willow, from the bank above,  
 Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne ;  
 Joyfully he drew nigh,  
 For from cock-crow he had been travelling,  
 And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
 For thirsty and hot was he,  
 And he sat down upon the bank  
 Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town  
 At the Well to fill his pail ;

On the Well-side he rested it,  
And he bade the stranger hail.

“Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?” quoth he,  
“For an if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day  
That ever thou didst in thy life.

“Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,  
Ever here in Cornwall been?  
For an if she have, I’ll venture my life  
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.”

“I have left a good woman who never was here,”  
The stranger he made reply,  
“But that my draught should be better for that,  
I pray you answer me why.”

“St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornish-man, “many a time,  
Drank of this crystal Well,  
And before the angel summoned her,  
She laid on the water a spell.

“If the husband, of this gifted Well,  
Shall drink before his wife,  
A happy man henceforth is he,  
For he shall be master for life.

“But if the wife should drink of it first,  
Lord help the husband then!”  
The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,  
And drank of the water again.

“You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes?”  
He to the Cornish-man said;  
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,  
And sheepishly shook his head.

“I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,  
And left my wife in the porch;  
But, i’ faith, she had been wiser than me,  
For she took a bottle to church.”

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## LESSON XXVII.

*Extraordinary Escape of Missionaries at Labrador.—IBID.*

THE following narrative is from the periodical account of the Moravian missions. It contains some of the most impressive description I ever remember to have read.

Brother Samuel Liebisch (now a member of the Elders' Conference of the Unity) being at that time intrusted with the general care of the brethren's missions on the coast of Labrador, the duties of his office required a visit to Okkak, the most northern of our settlements, and about one hundred and fifty English miles distant from Nain, the place where he resided. Brother William Turner being appointed to accompany him, they left Nain on March the 11th, 1782, early in the morning, with very clear weather, the stars shining with uncommon lustre. The sledge was driven by the baptized Esquimaux Mark, and another sledge with Esquimaux joined company.

An Esquimaux sledge is drawn by a species of dogs, not unlike a wolf in shape. Like them, they never bark, but howl disagreeably. They are kept by the Esquimaux in greater or lesser packs or teams, in proportion to the affluence of the master. They quietly submit to be harnessed for their work, and are treated with little mercy by the heathen Esquimaux, who make them do hard duty for the small quantity of food they allow them. This consists chiefly in offal, old skins, entrails, such parts of whale-flesh as are unfit for other use, rotten whale-fins, &c. and if they are not provided with this kind of dog's meat, they leave them to go and seek dead fish or muscles upon the beach.

When pinched with hunger, they will swallow almost any thing, and, on a journey, it is necessary to secure the harness within the snow-house over night, lest, by devouring it, they should render it impossible to proceed in the morning. When the travellers arrive at their night quarters, and the dogs are unharnessed, they are left to burrow in the snow, where they please, and in the morning are sure to come at their drivers' call, when they receive some food. Their strength and speed, even with a hungry stomach, are astonishing. In fastening them to the sledge, care is taken not to let them go abreast. They are tied, by separate thongs of unequal lengths, to a horizontal bar on the fore part of the sledge; an old knowing one leads the way, running ten or twenty paces ahead, directed by the driver's whip, which is of great length, and can be well managed only by an Esquimaux. The other dogs follow like a flock of sheep. If one of them receives a lash, he generally bites his neighbour, and the bite goes round.

To return to our travellers: the two sledges contained five men, one woman, and a child. All were in good spirits, and, appearances being much in their favour, they hoped to reach Okkak in safety in two or three days. The track

over the frozen sea was in the best possible order, and they went with ease at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. After they had passed the islands in the Bay of Nain, they kept at a considerable distance from the coast, both to gain the smoothest part of the ice, and to weather the high rocky promontory of Kiglapeit.

About eight o'clock they met a sledge with Esquimaux turning in from the sea. After the usual salutation, the Esquimaux, alighting, held some conversation, as is their general practice, the result of which was, that some hints were thrown out by the strange Esquimaux, that it might be better to return. However, as the missionaries saw no reason whatever for it, and only suspected that the Esquimaux wished to enjoy the company of their friends a little longer, they proceeded. After some time, their own Esquimaux hinted, that there was a ground swell under the ice. It was then hardly perceptible, except on lying down and applying the ear close to the ice, when a hollow, disagreeably grating and roaring noise was heard, as if ascending from the abyss. The weather remained clear, except towards the east, where a bank of light clouds appeared, interspersed with some dark streaks. But, the wind being strong from the north-west, nothing less than a sudden change of weather was expected.

The sun had now reached its height, and there was as yet little or no alteration in the appearance of the sky. But the motion of the sea under the ice had grown more perceptible, so as rather to alarm the travellers, and they began to think it prudent to keep closer to the shore. The ice had cracks and large fissures in many places, some of which formed chasms of one or two feet wide; but, as they are not uncommon even in its best state, and the dogs easily leap over them, the sledge following without danger, they are only terrible to new comers.

As soon as the sun declined towards the west, the wind increased and rose to a storm, the bank of clouds from the east began to ascend, and the dark streaks to put themselves in motion against the wind. The snow was violently driven about by partial whirlwinds, both on the ice and from off the peaks of the high mountains, and filled the air. At the same time the ground swell had increased so much, that its effect upon the ice became very extraordinary and alarming. The sledges, instead of gliding along smoothly upon an even surface, sometimes ran with violence after the dogs, and shortly after seemed with difficulty to ascend the rising hill; for the elasticity of so vast a body of ice, of many leagues square, supported by a troubled sea, though in some places



three or four yards in thickness, would in some degree occasion an undulatory motion, not unlike that of a sheet of paper accommodating itself to the surface of a rippling stream. Noises were now likewise distinctly heard in many directions, like the report of cannon, owing to the bursting of the ice at some distance.

The Esquimaux, therefore, drove with all haste towards the shore, intending to take up their night quarters on the south side of the Nivak. But, as it plainly appeared that the ice would break and disperse in the open sea, Mark advised to push forward to the north of the Nivak, from whence he hoped the track to Okkak might still remain entire. To this proposal the company agreed; but when the sledges approached the coast, the prospect before them was truly terrific. The ice, having broken loose from the rocks, was forced up and down, grinding and breaking into a thousand pieces against the precipices, with a tremendous noise, which, added to the raging of the wind, and the snow driving about in the air, deprived the travellers almost of the power of hearing and seeing any thing distinctly.

To make the land at any risk, was now the only hope left; but it was with the utmost difficulty the frightened dogs could be forced forward, the whole body of ice sinking frequently below the surface of the rocks, then rising above it. As the only moment to land was that, when it gained the level of the coast, the attempt was extremely nice and hazardous. However, by God's mercy, it succeeded; both sledges gained the shore, and were drawn up the beach with much difficulty.

The travellers had hardly time to reflect with gratitude to God on their safety, when that part of the ice, from which they had just now made good their landing, burst asunder, and the water, forcing itself from below, covered and precipitated it into the sea. In an instant, as if by a signal given, the whole mass of ice, extending for several miles from the coast, and as far as the eye could reach, began to burst, and be overwhelmed by the immense waves. The sight was tremendous and awfully grand; the large fields of ice, raising themselves out of the water, striking against each other, and plunging into the deep, with a violence not to be described, and a noise like the discharge of innumerable batteries of heavy guns. The darkness of the night, the roaring of the wind and sea, and the dashing of the waves and ice against the rocks, filled the travellers with sensations of awe and horror, so as almost to deprive them of the power of utterance. They stood overwhelmed with astonishment



at their miraculous escape, and even the heathen Esquimaux expressed gratitude to God for their deliverance.

The Esquimaux now began to build a snow-house, about thirty paces from the beach; but, before they had finished their work, the waves reached the place where the sledges were secured, and they were with difficulty saved from being washed into the sea. About nine o'clock all of them crept into the snow-house, thanking God for this place of refuge; for the wind was piercingly cold, and so violent that it required great strength to be able to stand against it.

Before they entered this habitation, they could not help once more turning to the sea, which was now free from ice, and beheld, with horror mingled with gratitude for their safety, the enormous waves, driving furiously before the wind, like huge castles, and approaching the shore, where, with dreadful noise, they dashed against the rocks, foaming and filling the air with the spray. The whole company now got their supper, and, having sung an evening hymn in the Esquimaux language, lay down to rest about ten o'clock. They lay so close, that if any one stirred, his neighbours were roused by it. The Esquimaux were soon fast asleep, but brother Liebisch could not get any rest, partly on account of the dreadful roaring of the wind and sea, and partly owing to a sore throat, which gave him great pain. Both missionaries were, also, much engaged in their minds, in contemplating the dangerous situations into which they had been brought, and, amidst all thankfulness for their great deliverance from immediate death, could not but cry unto the Lord for his help in this time of need.

The wakefulness of the missionaries proved the deliverance of the whole party from sudden destruction. About two o'clock in the morning, brother Liebisch perceived some salt water to drop from the roof of the snow house upon his lips. Though rather alarmed on tasting the salt, which could not proceed from a common spray, he kept quiet, till, the same dropping being more frequently repeated, just as he was about to give the alarm, on a sudden a tremendous surf broke close to the house, discharging a quantity of water into it; a second soon followed, and carried away the slab of snow placed as a door before the entrance. The missionaries immediately called aloud to the sleeping Esquimaux to rise and quit the place. They jumped up in an instant; one of them, with a large knife, cut a passage through the side of the house, and each seizing some part of the baggage, it was thrown out upon a higher part of the beach, brother Turner assisting the Esquimaux. Brother Liebisch, and the

woman and child, fled to a neighbouring eminence. The latter were wrapt up by the Esquimaux in a large skin, and the former took shelter behind a rock, for it was impossible to stand against the wind, snow, and sleet. Scarcely had the company retreated to the eminence, when an enormous wave carried away the whole house; but nothing of consequence was lost.

They now found themselves a second time delivered from the most imminent danger of death; but the remaining part of the night, before the Esquimaux could seek and find another more safe place for a snow-house, were hours of great trial to mind and body, and filled every one with painful reflections. Before the day dawned, the Esquimaux cut a hole into a large drift of snow, to screen the woman and child, and the two missionaries.

Brother Liebisch, however, could not bear the closeness of the air, and was obliged to sit down at the entrance, where the Esquimaux covered him with skins, to keep him warm, as the pain in his throat was very great. As soon as it was light, they built another snow-house, and, miserable as such an accommodation is at all times, they were glad and thankful to creep into it. It was about eight feet square and six or seven feet high. They now congratulated each other on their deliverance, but found themselves in very bad plight.

The narrative goes on to state, that, after six days of extreme toil, suffering, and danger, the missionaries effected their return to Nain, where they were welcomed by their family with praise and thanksgiving to God for their signal deliverances.

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## LESSON XXVIII.

### *Old Fountains and Sundials.*—LAMB.

From a description of the Inner Temple.

WHAT a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays, which I have made to rise and fall, how many times! to the astoundment of the young urchins, my cotemporaries, who, not being able to guess at its recondite machinery, were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic. What an antique air had the now almost effaced sundials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light!

How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never caught, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep !

Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived !

What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowements of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple, altar-like structure, and silent, heart-language of the old dial ! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished ? If its business-use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labours, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance, and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by. The shepherd "carved it out quaintly in the sun ;" and, turning philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottos more touching than tombstones.

The artificial fountains of the metropolis are, in like manner, fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up, or bricked over. Yet, where one is left, as in that little green nook behind the South Sea House, what a freshness it gives to the dreary pile ! Four little winged marble boys used to play their virgin fancies, spouting out ever-fresh streams from their innocent-wanton lips, in the square of Lincoln's Inn, when I was no bigger than they were figured. They are gone, and the spring choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Why not, then, gratify children by letting them stand ? Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. They are awakening images to them at least. Why must every thing smack of man, and mannish ? Is the world all grown up ? Is childhood dead ? Or is there not, in the bosoms of the wisest and the best, some of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments ? The figures were grotesque. Are the stiff-wigged, living figures, that still flutter and chatter about that area, less Gothic in appearance ? or is the splutter of their hot rhetoric one half so refreshing and innocent as the little, cool, playful streams, those exploded cherubs uttered ?

## LESSON XXIX.

*The Genius of Death.*—CROLY.

WHAT is death ? 'Tis to be free !  
No more to love, or hope, or fear—  
To join the great equality :  
All alike are humbled there !  
The mighty grave  
Wraps lord and slave ;  
Nor pride, nor poverty, dares come  
Within that refuge-house, the tomb !  
Spirit with the drooping wing,  
And the ever-weeping eye,  
Thou of all earth's kings art king !  
Empires at thy footstool lie !  
Beneath thee strewed,  
Their multitude  
Sink, like waves upon the shore ;  
Storms shall never rouse them more !  
What's the grandeur of the earth,  
To the grandeur round thy throne !  
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,  
To thy kingdom all have gone.  
Before thee stand  
The wondrous band ;  
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,  
Who darkened nations when they died !  
Earth has hosts ; but thou canst show  
Many a million for her one ;  
Through thy gates the mortal flow  
Has for countless years rolled on.  
Back from the tomb  
No step has come ;  
There fixed, till the last thunder's sound  
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

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## LESSON XXX.

*Alliance between Religion and Liberty.*—FROTHINGHAM.

RELIGION is an ennobling principle. It tells us that we are of a divine origin, and lie in the arms of a universal Providence ; that we are connected with immortal powers by our dependence, and with an immortal life by our hopes



and our destiny. It sets at a far higher elevation than could else be thought of, the dignity of our race, and the worth of the intelligence that is within us. It inspires the conviction, that we are made for no mean purposes; and that they should not live as slaves on the earth, who are encouraged to expect something beyond its highest distinctions. It gives that moral courage and noble intent, which are the way to the inheritance of the best advantages. How often has it been seen in advance of prevailing opinions and manners, leading them forward! How often has it furnished the first occasion for bold inquiries to go forth, and liberal truths to make themselves felt and recognised! The reply has been well pressed on those, who have wished that the African slaves might be instructed in the Christian faith—You will thus make them impatient of their subjection; you will teach them to be free; you cannot drive and scourge the bodies of a population, after you have emancipated their souls; keep them, if you would keep them at all, in the deepest ignorance,—an ignorance as dark as God has made their skin, and as abject as you have made their fate.

Religion is an equalising principle. It treats with utter disregard those differences among men, which are produced by necessity, altered by accident, destroyed by time. It tells those in the humblest condition, that they are of one blood with the proudest; and that the common Father, who has made the light to fall as sweet, and the courses of nature to roll as gloriously, round one as another, has appointed a world, in which the only distinction is righteousness. It tells the great, and the most fully prospered, and the most brilliantly endowed, that God looks not on the outward appearance, but searches the heart. It binds all by the same obligations, and invites all to the same blessings. It includes all under sin. It offers the same consolations for troubles, from which the most favoured classes are not exempted. It points to an impartial Sovereign, before whom the high and low, they who govern and they who serve, stand on the common level of humanity. It maintains just those truths, which exalt the poor in spirit, and the depressed in circumstances, and bring down the haughty imaginations of those who would lord it over their fellows. It shows so many respects, in which we are alike and dependent, as to forbid presumption on one side; and, on the other, so many circumstances by which we are alike distinguished, as to raise the lowest above base compliances. It bows us down together in prayer, and who then will boast of his superiority? It assigns us our rest together in the



dust, and what then will become of the superiority? It ranges us together before the judgment seat, and how will the oppressor appear there?

Religion is a moral principle—essentially and vitally so; and, in this view, its importance to the cause of freedom is incalculable. That it has been refined away into unprofitable subtilties, that its records have been misinterpreted into all abomination, and its services fooled into mummery and a masque, there is no denying. But it is equally undeniable that good sentiments and conduct are the very signs of its life. Its great law is duty. Its crowning glory is moral excellence. In spite of all the corruptions, which ignorance and fraud, ambition and frenzy, have heaped upon it, it has been always accomplishing much in the work of a spiritual regeneration. It has spread itself through the masses of society like a refiner's fire. That it does no more for the community we may wonder, perhaps; but there is cause of thankfulness that it does so much. It is the most precious auxiliary of liberty, then; for, without moral cultivation, what would that be but lawlessness, a wild state of insecurity and excesses? It is righteousness that makes a people fit to be free, and noble in its freedom.

Religion is an independent principle. It ill bears dictation and control. It is jealous of its freedom. It dwells in its own world of thought, and hope, and sensibility, and refuses to yield there to the hand of a master. It sets up its altars and holy usages; and has it not always been one of the most perilous attempts of tyranny to violate or overthrow them? "And, when they saw the sanctuary desolate, and the altar profaned, they blew an alarm with the trumpets, and appealed to heaven." Many of the earliest resistances to oppression sprang from indignation at an abridged liberty here. The rights of conscience were among the first to be discerned and acted on. The maintaining of them long preceded the abstract discussions of political rights, and prepared men for the understanding and defence of those also. The patriot has taken copy of the martyr. The struggle for free thought has led on the struggle for free government. There is a force in religious conviction and feeling, that is the most expansive of all forces. It cannot be restrained by any arbitrary impositions. It owns obedience to nothing but the truth, and the truth, in both a political and moral sense, makes men free.

## LESSON XXXI.

*Extract from the Airs of Palestine.*—PIERPONT.

WHERE lies our path?—Though many a vista call,  
We may admire, but cannot tread them all.  
Where lies our path?—A poet, and inquire  
What hills, what vales, what streams become the lyre?  
See, there Parnassus lifts his head of snow;  
See at his foot the cool Cephissus flow;  
There Ossa rises; there Olympus towers;  
Between them, Tempe breathes in beds of flowers,  
Forever verdant; and there Peneus glides  
Through laurels, whispering on his shady sides.  
Your theme is Music:—Yonder rolls the wave,  
Where dolphins snatched Arion from his grave,  
Enchanted by his lyre:—Cithæron's shade  
Is yonder seen, where first Amphion played  
Those potent airs, that, from the yielding earth,  
Charmed stones around him, and gave cities birth.  
And fast by Hæmus, Thracian Hebrus creeps  
O'er golden sands, and still for Orpheus weeps,  
Whose gory head, borne by the stream along,  
Was still melodious, and expired in song.  
There Nereids sing, and Triton winds his shell;  
There be thy path—for there the muses dwell.

No, no—a lonelier, lovelier path be mine;  
Greece and her charms I leave, for Palestine.  
There, purer streams through happier valleys flow,  
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.  
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm;  
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;  
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dew;  
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse:  
In Carmel's holy grots I'll court repose,  
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose.

Here arching vines their leafy banner spread,  
Shake their green shields, and purple odours shed;  
At once repelling Syria's burning ray,  
And breathing freshness on the sultry day.  
Here the wild bee suspends her murmuring wing,  
Pants on the rock, or sips the silver spring;  
And here,—as musing on my theme divine,  
I gather flowers to bloom along my line,  
And hang my garlands in festoons around,  
Inwreathed with clusters, and with tendrils bound;

And fondly, warmly, humbly hope the Power,  
 That gave perfumes and beauty to the flower,  
 Drew living water from this rocky shrine,  
 Purpled the clustering honours of the vine,  
 And led me, lost in devious mazes, hither,  
 To weave a garland, will not let it wither ;—  
 Wond'ring, I listen to the strain sublime,  
 That flows, all freshly, down the stream of time,  
 Wafted in grand simplicity along,  
 The undying breath, the very soul of song.

### LESSON XXXII.

*Character of Major Joseph Hawley.*—TUDOR.

THE legislature of this year\* received an accession of three eminent members, who were returned to it for the first time; Joseph Hawley, John Hancock, and Samuel Adams. Major Hawley, a representative from Northampton, acquired a very remarkable influence in the public councils. Perhaps Massachusetts can boast of no citizen, in all her annals, more estimable. He continued in the legislature till 1776, and, during that period, it has been said, that no vote, on any public measure, either was, or could have been, carried without his assent.

Joseph Hawley was born in 1724, educated at Yale College, and followed the profession of the law in Northampton, where he died in 1788, aged 64 years. As a lawyer he was possessed of great learning; able as a reasoner, and a very manly, impressive speaker. He was at the head of the bar in the western counties of the province. He had studied with diligence the principles of law, as connected with political institutions. This had prepared him for a clear perception of the effects, that would have resulted from the execution of the ministerial plans against the colonies; and caused him to take the most ardent and decisive part against the Stamp Act, and the whole series of arbitrary measures that followed it. The adherents of the administration dreaded him more than any individual in his part of the country, and, as usual, endeavoured, though most completely in vain, to injure his character. They succeeded, indeed, in their official persecution, in throwing him over the bar, to which he was, however, soon restored.

The almost unexampled influence acquired by Major Hawley, was owing not only to his great talents, but still more,

\* 1766.

perhaps, to his high-minded, unsullied, unimpeachable integrity. His enemies sought to undermine his reputation by calumniating his motives, as was their manner towards every distinguished man on the patriotic side. They said, his conduct was factious, and principles ruinous, and that the only object, which he and his coadjutors had in view, was, to bring themselves into power under a new order of things. The imputation of selfish, sordid views, was insupportable to a man of his character. He, therefore, at once, resolved, and pledged himself, never to accept of any promotion, office, or emolument, under any government. This pledge he severely redeemed. He refused even all promotion in the militia, was several times chosen a counsellor, but declined; and would accept of no other public trust, than the nearly gratuitous one of representing his town. A modest estate, which descended to him from his father and uncle, was adequate to support his plain style of living, and he had no desire to accumulate wealth.

His character was so noble and consistent, that his fellow citizens reposed unhesitating confidence in his integrity; they believed that all the honours and wealth of the mother country would be insufficient to corrupt him, while they saw daily that he sought nothing from his own party. His talents, judgment, and firmness, came in aid of this reputation for disinterestedness, and gave him, on all occasions, the power of an umpire. The weight of his character was sufficient to balance all the interest, which several gentlemen of great respectability in the western counties exerted in favour of the administration. The country members, especially, followed his opinions implicitly, and the most powerful leaders in the legislature would probably have been unsuccessful, if they had attempted to carry any measure against his opinion.

The ascendancy which was allotted him by the deference of others was a fortunate circumstance for his country. Never was influence exercised with more singleness of heart, with more intelligent, devoted, and inflexible patriotism. He made up his mind earlier than most men, that the struggle against oppression would lead to war, and that our rights at last must be secured by our arms. As the crisis approached, when some persons urged upon him the danger of a contest, so apparently unequal, his answer was, "We must put to sea; Providence will bring us into port!"

Major Hawley was a sincerely religious and pious man; but here, as in politics, he loathed all tyranny and fanatical usurpation. He was, near the close of his life, chosen into the senate of Massachusetts. Though he would not have



taken the trust at any rate, he seized the opportunity to give his testimony against the test act, which, till a recent period, was a stain in the constitution of that state. In a letter upon the subject, he asked if it was necessary that he should be called upon to renounce the authority of the king of Great Britain, and every foreign potentate; and whether it could be expected, that, having been a member of the church for forty years, he should submit to the insult of being called to swear, that he believed in the truth of the Christian religion, before he could take his seat.

With all these powerful talents and noble feelings, he was not exempt from a misfortune, that occasionally threw its dark shadows over them. He was subject, at particular times, to an hypochondriac disorder, that would envelope him in gloom and despondency. At these seasons he was oppressed with melancholy, and would lament every action and exertion of his life. When his mind recovered its tone, the recollection of these sufferings was painful, and he disliked to have them remembered.

Major Hawley was a patriot without personal animosities, an orator without vanity, a lawyer without chicanery, a gentleman without ostentation, a statesman without duplicity, and a Christian without bigotry. As a man of commanding talents, his firm renunciation and self-denial of all ambitious views, would have secured him that respect, which such strength of mind inevitably inspires; while his voluntary and zealous devotion to the service of his countrymen, established him in their affection. His uprightness and plainness, united to his ability and disinterestedness, gave the most extensive influence to his opinions, and in a period of doubt, divisions, and danger, men sought relief from their perplexities in his authority, and suffered their course to be guided by him, when they distrusted their own judgments, or the counsels of others. He, in fine, formed one of those manly, public-spirited, and generous citizens, ready to share peril and decline reward, who illustrate the idea of a commonwealth; and who, through the obstructions of human passions and infirmities, being of rare occurrence, will always be the most admired, appropriate, and noble ornaments of a free government.



## LESSON XXXIII.

*The Autumn Evening.*—PEARBODY.

BEHOLD the western evening light!

It melts in deepening gloom;  
So calmly Christians sink away  
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low—the withering leaf

Scarce whispers from the tree;  
So gently flows the parting breath,  
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills

The crimson light is shed!  
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives  
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud

The sunset beam is cast!  
'Tis like the memory left behind  
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,

The yellow star appears;  
So faith springs in the heart of those  
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light

Its glory shall restore;  
And eyelids that are sealed in death  
Shall wake to close no more.

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LESSON XXXIV.

*Character of Luther.*—ROSCOE.

IN order to form a proper estimate of the conduct and character of Luther, it is necessary to consider him in two principal points of view. First, as an opponent to the haughty assumptions and gross abuses of the Roman see; and, secondly, as the founder of a new church, over which he may be said to have presided until the time of his death, in 1546, an interval of nearly thirty years.

In the former capacity, we find him endeavouring to substitute the authority of reason and of scripture for that of councils and of popes, and contending for the utmost latitude in the perusal and construction of the sacred writings, which,

as he expressed it, could not be chained, but were open to the interpretation of every individual.

For this great and daring attempt he was peculiarly qualified. A consciousness of his own integrity, and the natural intrepidity of his mind, enabled him not only to brave the most violent attacks of his adversaries, but to treat them with a degree of derision and contempt, which seemed to prove the superiority of his cause. Fully sensible of the importance and dignity of his undertaking, he looked with equal eyes on all worldly honours and distinctions; and emperors, and pontiffs, and kings, were regarded by him as men and as equals, who might merit his respect or incur his resentment, according as they were inclined to promote or obstruct his views.

Nor was he more firm against the stern voice of authority, than against the blandishments of flattery, and the softening influence of real or of pretended friendship. The various attempts, which were made to induce him to relax in his opposition, seem in general to have confirmed rather than shaken his resolution; and if at any time he showed a disposition towards conciliatory measures, it was only a symptom that his opposition would soon be carried to a greater extreme. The warmth of his temperament seldom, however, prevented the exercise of his judgment, and the various measures, to which he resorted for securing popularity to his cause, were the result of a thorough knowledge of the great principles of human nature, and of the peculiar state of the times in which he lived.

The injustice and absurdity of resorting to violence instead of convincing the understanding by argument, were shown by him in the strongest light. Before the imperial diet he asserted his own private opinion, founded, as he contended, on reason and scripture, against all the authorities of the Roman church; and the important point which he incessantly laboured to establish, was the right of private judgment in matters of faith. To the defence of this proposition, he was at all times ready to devote his learning, his talents, his repose, his character, and his life; and the great and imperishable merit of this reformer consists in his having demonstrated it by such arguments as neither the efforts of his adversaries, nor his own subsequent conduct, have been able either to refute or invalidate.

As the founder of a new church, the character of Luther appears in a very different light. After having effected a separation from the see of Rome, there yet remained the still more difficult task of establishing such a system of religious faith and worship, as, without admitting the exploded doc-

trines of the papal church, would prevent that licentiousness which, it was supposed, would be the consequence of a total absence of all ecclesiastical restraints. In this task Luther engaged, with a resolution equal to that with which he had braved the authority of the Romish church; but with this remarkable difference, that, in the one instance, he effected his purpose by strenuously insisting on the right of private judgment in matters of faith; whilst, in the other, he succeeded by laying down new doctrines, to which he expected that all those who espoused his cause should implicitly submit.

It would too far exceed the necessary limits of these pages to dwell upon the dissensions to which this inflexible adherence of Luther to certain opinions gave rise, or on the severity with which he treated those who, unfortunately, happened to believe too much on the one hand, or too little on the other, and could not walk steadily on the hair-breadth line which he had prescribed. Without attributing to the conduct of Luther all those calamities, which a diversity of religious opinions occasioned in Europe, during the greater part of the sixteenth century, and in which thousands of innocent and conscientious persons were put to death, many of them with the most horrid torments, for no other reason than a firm adherence to those doctrines which appeared to them to be true, it is sufficient, on the present occasion, to remark the wonderful inconsistency of the human mind, which the character of Luther so strongly exemplifies. Whilst he was engaged in his opposition to the church of Rome, he asserted the right of private judgment in matters of faith with the confidence and courage of a martyr; but no sooner had he freed his followers from the chains of papal domination, than he forged others, in many respects equally intolerable; and it was the employment of his latter years, to counteract the beneficial effects produced by his former labours.

The great example of freedom which he had exhibited could not, however, be so soon forgotten; and many, who had thrown off the authority of the Romish see, refused to submit their consciences to the control of a monk, who had arrogated to himself the sole right of expounding those scriptures, which he had contended were open to all. The moderation and candour of Melancthon in some degree mitigated the severity of his doctrines; but the example of Luther descended to his followers, and the uncharitable spirit evinced by the Lutheran doctors, in prescribing the articles of their

faith, has often been the subject of just and severe reprehension.

Happy indeed had it been for mankind, had this great reformer discovered, that between perfect freedom and perfect obedience there can be no medium; that he who rejects one kind of human authority in matters of religion, is not likely to submit to another; and that there cannot be a more dangerous nor a more odious encroachment on the rights of an individual, than, officiously and unsolicited, to interfere with the sacred intercourse that subsists between him and his God.

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### LESSON XXXV.

#### *The Butterfly's Birthday.*—IBID.

THE shades of night had scarcely fled,  
The air was soft, the winds were still;  
And slow the slanting sunbeams spread,  
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill;

From floating clouds of pearly hue,  
Had dropped a short but balmy shower,  
That hung, like gems of morning dew,  
On every tree and every flower;

And from the blackbird's mellow throat,  
Was poured so long and loud a swell,  
As echoed with responsive note,  
From mountain side and shadowy dell;

When, bursting forth to light and life,  
The offspring of enraptured May,  
The Butterfly, on pinions bright,  
Launched in full splendour on the day.

Unconscious of a mother's care,  
No infant wretchedness she knew;  
But, as she felt the vernal air,  
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal light,  
Her velvet-textured wings infold,  
With all the rainbow's colours bright,  
And dropped with spots of burnished gold.

Trembling with joy, awhile she stood,  
And felt the sun's enlivening ray;  
Drank from the skies the vital flood,  
And wondered at her plumage gay.

And balanced oft her broidered wings,  
Through fields of air prepared to sail;  
Then on her venturous journey springs,  
And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields;  
Share all the joys that Spring can give;  
Partake what bounteous Summer yields,  
And live, while yet 'tis thine to live!

Go, sip the rose's fragrant dew,  
The lily's honied cup explore;  
From flower to flower the search renew,  
And rifle all the woodbine's store!

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,  
Thy moments, too, of short repose;  
And mark thee then, with fresh delight,  
Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But, hark! whilst thus I musing stand,  
Swells on the gale an airy note;  
And, breathing from a viewless band,  
Soft silvery tones around me float.

They cease—but still a voice I hear—  
A whispered voice of hope and joy!—  
“Thy hour of rest approaches near;  
Prepare thee, mortal; thou must die!

“Yet start not; on thy closing eyes  
Another day shall still unfold;  
A sun of milder radiance rise,  
A happier age of joys untold.

“Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,  
The humblest form in nature's train,  
Thus rise in newborn lustre bright,  
And yet the emblem teach in vain?

“Ah! where were once her golden eyes?  
Her beauteous wings of purple pride?  
Concealed beneath a rude disguise,  
A shapeless mass, to earth allied.

“Like thee the hapless reptile lived;  
Like thee he toiled, like thee he spun;  
Like thine his closing hour arrived,  
His labours ceased, his web was done.



“And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,  
 No happier state of being know?  
 And shall no future morrow shed  
 On thee a beam of brighter glow?”

“Is this the bound of power divine,  
 To animate an insect frame?  
 Or shall not He, who moulded thine,  
 Wake, at his will, the vital flame?”

“Go, mortal, in thy reptile state,  
 Enough to know to thee is given;  
 Go, and the joyful truth repeat—  
 Frail child of earth—high heir of heaven.”

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### LESSON XXXVI.

*The Mariner of Life.*—MISS ROSCOE.

WHEN the young mariner of life  
 First launches on its stormy sea,  
 Amid that hurricane of strife,  
 O God! his refuge is in thee.

His eager spirits fear no shock,  
 First rushing on those untried seas;  
 He does not see the fatal rock,  
 Which stands to wreck his future peace.

But when, by swift winds borne along,  
 It bursts upon his troubled view,  
 In thee, alone, he then is strong,  
 'Tis then he finds thy promise true.

Secure in trust, secure in faith,  
 Temptation shall assail in vain,  
 And Christian courage, strong as death,  
 The glorious warfare shall maintain.

In vain shall passion's billows rage,—  
 A tempest in the struggling soul;—  
 Thy word that tempest can assuage;  
 The spirit owns thy blest control.

O Father! spread thy guardian arm  
 Around the guileless breast of youth;  
 With life's first generous feeling warm,  
 Oh! stamp it with thy heavenly truth,—

That, when these trying scenes depart,  
Unspotted he may turn to thee,  
And, innocent in lips and heart,  
Adore thee through eternity.

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## LESSON XXXVII.

*Dialogue between Charles II. and William Penn.*

## FRIEND OF PEACE.

It is said that, when William Penn was about to sail from England for Pennsylvania, he went to take leave of the king, and the following conversation took place :

*Charles.* WELL, friend William ! I have sold you a noble province in North America ; but still I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself.

*Penn.* Yes I have, I assure thee, friend Charles, and I am just come to bid thee farewell.

*Charles.* What ! venture yourself among the savages of North America ! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores ?

*Penn.* The best security in the world.

*Charles.* I doubt that, friend William ; I have no idea of any security, against those cannibals, but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind I tell you beforehand, that, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you.

*Penn.* I want none of thy soldiers, Charles ; I depend on something better than thy soldiers.

*Charles.* Ah ! and what may that be ?

*Penn.* Why, I depend upon themselves—on the workings of their own hearts—on their notions of justice—on their *moral sense*.

*Charles.* A fine thing, this same moral sense, no doubt ; but I fear you will not find much of it among the Indians of North America.

*Penn.* And why not among them, as well as others ?

*Charles.* Because, if they had possessed any, they would not have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done.

*Penn.* That is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they

would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on the best fish, and venison, and corn, which was all that they had. In return for this hospitality of the *savages*, as we call them, thy subjects, termed *Christians*, seized on their country and rich hunting grounds, for farms for themselves! Now is it to be wondered at, that these much injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses?

*Charles.* Well, then, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.

*Penn.* I am not afraid of it.

*Charles.* Ay! How will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds too, I suppose?

*Penn.* Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them.

*Charles.* No, indeed! How then will you get the lands?

*Penn.* I mean to buy their lands of them.

*Charles.* Buy their lands of them! Why, man, you have already bought them of me.

*Penn.* Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate too; but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands.

*Charles.* Zounds, man! no right to their lands!

*Penn.* No, friend Charles, no right at all: what right hast thou to their lands?

*Charles.* Why, the right of discovery, to be sure; the right which the pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.

*Penn.* The right of *discovery*! A strange kind of right, indeed! Now suppose, friend Charles, that some canoe loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thy island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head,—what wouldst thou think of it?

*Charles.* Why—why—why—I must confess, I should think it a piece of great impudence in them.

*Penn.* Well, then, how canst thou, a *Christian*, and a *Christian prince* too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people whom thou callest *savages*? Yes, friend Charles; and suppose, again, that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and to drive the rest away,—wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?

*Charles.* I must say that I should, friend William : how can I say otherwise ?

*Penn.* Well, then, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor even in heathens ? No, I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself, in his justice and mercy, and thereby ensure his blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America.

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### LESSON XXXVIII.

*Night.*—MONTGOMERY.

NIGHT is the time for rest :

How sweet, when labours close,

To gather round our aching breast

The curtain of repose ;

Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head

Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams,—

The gay romance of life,—

When truth that is, and truth that seems,

Blend in fantastic strife ;

Ah, visions less beguiling far

Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil ;

To plough the classic field,

Intent to find the buried spoil

Its wealthy furrows yield ;

Till all is ours that sages taught,

That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;

To wet with unseen tears

Those graves of memory, where sleep

The joys of other years ;

Hopes that were angels in their birth,

But perished young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch ;

On ocean's dark expanse

To hail the Pleiades, or catch

The full moon's earliest glance,

That brings into the home-sick mind

All we loved, and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;  
 Brooding on hours mispent,  
 To see the spectre of despair  
 Come to our lonely tent ;  
 Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,  
 Startled by Cæsar's stalworth ghost.

Night is the time to muse :  
 Then from the eye the soul  
 Takes flight, and, with expanding views,  
 Beyond the starry pole,  
 Descries athwart the abyss of night  
 The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray :  
 Our Saviour oft withdrew  
 To desert mountains far away :  
 So will his followers do ;  
 Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,  
 And hold communion there with God !

Night is the time for death ;  
 When all around is peace,  
 Calmly to yield the weary breath,  
 From sin and suffering cease ;  
 Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign  
 To parting friends :—Such death be mine



### LESSON XXXIX.

*The Moon and Stars. A Fable.—IBID.*

ON the fourth day of Creation, when the sun, after a glorious but solitary course, went down in the evening, and darkness began to gather over the face of the uninhabited globe, already arrayed in exuberance of vegetation, and prepared, by the diversity of land and water, for the abode of uncreated animals and man,—a star, single and beautiful, stepped forth into the firmament. Trembling with wonder and delight in new-found existence, she looked abroad, and beheld nothing in heaven or on earth resembling herself. But she was not long alone ; now one, then another, here a third, and there a fourth, resplendent companion had joined her, till, light after light stealing through the gloom, in the lapse of an hour, the whole hemisphere was brilliantly bespangled.



The planets and stars, with a superb comet flaming in the zenith, for a while contemplated themselves and each other; and every one, from the largest to the least, was so perfectly well pleased with himself, that he imagined the rest only partakers of his felicity,—he being the central luminary of his own universe, and all the hosts of heaven beside displayed around him in graduated splendour. Nor were any undeceived with regard to themselves, though all saw their associates in their real situations and relative proportions, self-knowledge being the last knowledge acquired, either in the sky or below it; till, bending over the ocean in their turns, they discovered what they imagined, at first, to be a new heaven, peopled with beings of their own species; but, when they perceived, further, that no sooner had any one of their company touched the horizon than he instantly disappeared, they then recognised themselves in their individual forms, reflected beneath according to their places and configurations above, from seeing others, whom they previously knew, reflected in like manner.

By an attentive but mournful self-examination in that mirror, they slowly learned humility; but every one learned it only for himself, none believing what others insinuated respecting their own inferiority, till they reached the western slope, from whence they could identify their true images in the nether element. Nor was this very surprising: stars being only visible points, without any distinction of limbs, each was all eye, and, though he could see others most correctly, he could neither see himself, nor any part of himself, till he came to reflection! The comet, however, having a long train of brightness streaming sunward, *could* review that, and did review it with ineffable self-complacency:—indeed, after all pretensions to precedence, he was at length acknowledged king of the hemisphere, if not by the universal assent, by the silent envy of all his rivals.

But the object which attracted most attention and astonishment, too, was a slender thread of light, that scarcely could be discerned through the blush of evening, and vanished soon after night-fall, as if ashamed to appear in so scanty a form, like an unfinished work of creation. It was the moon,—the first new moon. Timidly she looked around upon the glittering multitude, that crowded through the dark serenity of space, and filled it with life and beauty. Minute, indeed, they seemed to her, but perfect in symmetry, and formed to shine for ever; while she was unshapen, incomplete, and evanescent. In her humility she was glad to hide

herself from their keen glances in the friendly bosom of the ocean, wishing for immediate extinction.

When she was gone, the stars looked one at another with inquisitive surprise, as much as to say, "What a figure!" It was so evident that they all thought alike, and thought contemptuously of the apparition, (though at first they almost doubted whether they should not be frightened,) that they soon began to talk freely concerning her; of course not with audible accents, but in the language of intelligent sparkles, in which stars are accustomed to converse, with telegraphic precision, from one end of heaven to the other, and which no dialect on earth so nearly resembles as the language of the eyes,—the only one, probably, that has survived in its purity, not only the confusion of Babel, but the revolutions of all ages.—Her crooked form, which they deemed a violation of the order of nature, and her shyness, equally unlike the frank intercourse of stars, were ridiculed and censured from pole to pole; for what good purpose such a monster could have been created, not the wisest could conjecture; yet, to tell the truth, every one, though glad to be countenanced in the affectation of scorn by the rest, had secret misgivings concerning the stranger, and envied the delicate brilliancy of her light, while she seemed but the fragment of a sunbeam,—they, indeed, knew nothing about the sun,—detached from a long line, and exquisitely bended.

All the gay company, however, quickly returned to the admiration of themselves and the inspection of each other. What became of them, when they descended into the ocean, they could not determine; some imagined that they ceased to be; others that they transmigrated into new forms; while a third party thought it probable, as the earth was evidently convex, that their departed friends travelled through an under-arching sky, and might hereafter reascend from the opposite quarter. In this hypothesis they were confirmed by the testimony of the stars that came from the east, who unanimously asserted, that they had been pre-existent for several hours in a remote region of sky, over continents and seas now invisible to them; and, moreover, that, when they rose here, they had actually seemed to set there.

Thus the first night passed away. But, when the east began to dawn, consternation seized the whole army of celestials, each feeling himself fainting into invisibility, and, as he feared, into nothingness, while his neighbours were, one after another, totally disappearing. At length the sun arose, and filled the heavens, and clothed the earth with his glory. How *he* spent that day belongs not to this history; but it is

elsewhere recorded, that, for the first time from eternity, the lark, on the wings of the morning, sprang up to salute him, the eagle, at noon, looked undazzled on his splendour, and, when he went down beyond the deep, leviathan was sporting amidst the multitude of waves.

Then again, in the evening, the vanished constellations awoke gradually, and, on opening their eyes, were so rejoiced at meeting together,—not one being wanting of last night's levee,—that they were in the highest good humour with themselves and one another. Tricked in all their beams, and darting their benignest influence, they exchanged smiles and endearments, and made vows of affection eternal and unchangeable; while, from this nether orb, the song of the nightingale rose out of darkness, and charmed even the stars in their courses, being the first sound, except the roar of ocean, that they had ever heard. "The music of the spheres" may be traced to the rapture of that hour.

The little gleaming horn was again discerned, leaning backward over the western hills. This companionless luminary, they thought,—but they must be mistaken,—it could not be,—and yet they were afraid that it was so,—appeared somewhat stronger than on the former occasion. The moon herself, still only blinking at the scene of magnificence, early escaped beneath the horizon, leaving the comet in proud possession of the sky.

About midnight, the whole congregation, shining in quiet and amicable splendour, as they glided, with unfelt and invisible motion, through the pure blue fields of ether, were suddenly startled by a phantom of fire, on the approach of which the comet himself turned pale, the planets dwindled into dim specks, and the greater part of the stars swooned utterly away. Shooting upwards, like an arrow of flame, from the east,—in the zenith it was condensed to a globe, with scintillating spires diverging on every side,—it paused not a moment there, but rushing, with accelerated velocity, towards the west, burst into a thousand coruscations, that swept themselves into annihilation before it could be said that they *were*.

The blaze of this meteor was so refulgent, that passing blindness struck the constellations, and, after they were conscious of its disappearance, it took many twinklings of their eyes before they could see distinctly again. Then with one accord they exclaimed, "How beautiful! how transient!"—After gravely moralizing for a good while on its enviable glory, but unenviable doom, they were all reconciled to their own milder but more permanent lustre.

One pleasant effect was produced by the visit of the stranger; the comet thenceforward appeared less illustrious in their eyes by comparison with this more gorgeous phenomenon, which, though it came in an instant, and went as it came, never to return, ceased not to shine in their remembrance night after night.

On the third evening, the moon was so obviously increased in size and splendour, and stood so much higher in the firmament than at first, though she still hastened out of sight, that she was the sole subject of conversation on both sides of the galaxy, till the breeze, that awakened newly-created man from his first slumber in paradise, warned the stars to retire, and the sun, with a pomp never witnessed in our degenerate days, ushered in the great Sabbath of creation, when "the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them."

The following night the moon took her station still higher, and looked brighter than before; insomuch that it was remarked of the lesser stars in her vicinity, that many of them were paler, and some no longer visible. As their associates knew not how to account for this, they, naturally enough, presumed that her light was fed by the accession and absorption of theirs; and the alarm became general, that she would thus continue to thrive by consuming her neighbours, till she had incorporated them all with herself.

Still, however, she preserved her humility and shamefacedness, till her crescent had exceeded the first quarter. Hitherto she had only grown lovelier, but now she grew prouder at every step of her preferment. Her rays, too, became so intolerably dazzling, that fewer and fewer of the stars could endure their presence, but shrouded themselves in her light as behind a veil of darkness. When she verged to maturity, the heavens seemed too small for her ambition. She "rose in clouded majesty," but the clouds melted at her approach, or spread their garments in her path, of many a rich and rainbow tint.

She had crossed the comet in her course, and left him as wan as a vapour behind her. On the night of her fulness she triumphed gloriously in mid heaven, smiled on the earth, and arrayed it in a softer day; for she had repeatedly seen the sun, and, though she could not rival him when she was above the horizon, she fondly hoped to make his absence forgotten. Over the ocean she hung, enamoured of her own beauty reflected in the abyss. The few stars, that still could stand amidst her overpowering effulgence, converged their rays, and shrunk into bluer depths of ether, to gaze at a safe



distance upon her. "What more can she be?"—thought these scattered survivors of myriads of extinguished sparklers; for the "numbers without number" that thronged the milky way had altogether disappeared. Again thought these remnants of the host of heaven, "As hitherto she has increased every evening, to-morrow she will do the same, and we must be lost, like our brethren, in her all-conquering resplendence."

The moon herself was not a little puzzled to imagine what might become of her; but vanity readily suggested, that, although she had reached her full form, she had not reached her full size; consequently, by a regular nightly expansion of her circumference, she would finally cover the whole convexity of sky, not only to the exclusion of the stars, but the sun himself, since he occupied a superior region of space, and certainly could not shine through her;—till man, and his beautiful companion woman, looking upward from the bowers of Eden, would see *all moon* above them, and walk in the light of her countenance forever. In the midst of this self-pleasing illusion, a film crept upon her, which spread from her utmost verge athwart her centre, till it had completely eclipsed her visage, and made her a blot on the tablet of the heavens. In the progress of this disaster, the stars, which were hid in her pomp, stole forth to witness her humiliation; but their transport and her shame lasted not long; the shadow retired as gradually as it had advanced, leaving her fairer by contrast than before. Soon afterwards the day broke, and she withdrew, marveling what would next befall her.

Never had the stars been more impatient to resume their places, nor the moon more impatient to rise, than on the following evening. With trembling hope and fear, the planets that came out first after sunset espied her disk, broad and dark red, emerging from a gulf of clouds in the east. At the first glance, their keen celestial sight discovered that her western limb was a little contracted, and her orb no longer perfect. She herself was too much elated to suspect any failing, and fondly imagined, by that species of self-measurement, whereby earthly as well as heavenly bodies are apt to deem themselves greater than they are, that she must have continued to increase all round,—till she had got above the Atlantic; but even then she was only chagrined to perceive that her image was no larger than it had been last night. There was not a star in the horoscope,—no, not the comet himself,—durst tell her she was less.



Another day went, and another night came. She rose, as usual, a little later. Even while she travelled above the land, she was haunted with the idea, that her lustre was rather feebler than it had been; but, when she beheld her face in the sea, she could no longer overlook the unwelcome defect. The season was boisterous; the wind rose suddenly, and the waves burst into foam; perhaps the tide, for the first time, then was affected by sympathy with the moon; and, what had never happened before, an universal tempest mingled heaven and earth in rain, and lightning, and darkness. She plunged among the thickest of the thunder-clouds, and, in the confusion that hid her disgrace, her exulting rivals were all, likewise, put out of countenance.

On the next evening, and every evening afterwards, the moon came forth later, and less, and dimmer; while, on each occasion, more and more of the minor stars, which had formerly vanished from her eye, re-appeared to witness her fading honours and disfigured form. Prosperity had made her vain; adversity brought her to her mind again, and humility soon compensated the loss of glaring distinction with softer charms, that won the regard which haughtiness had repelled; for, when she had worn off her uncouth, gibbous aspect, and through the last quarter her profile waned into a hollow shell, she appeared more graceful than ever in the eyes of all heaven. When she was originally seen among them, the stars contemned her; afterwards, as she grew in beauty, they envied, feared, hated, and finally fled from her. As she relapsed into insignificance, they first rejoiced in her decay, then endured her superiority because it could not last long; but, when they marked how she had wasted away every time they met, compassion succeeded, and on the three last nights, (like a human fair one in the latest stage of decline, growing lovelier and dearer to her friends till the close,) she disarmed hostility, conciliated kindness, and secured affection; she was admired, beloved, and unenvied by all.

At length there came a night when there was no moon. There was silence in heaven all that night. In serene meditation on the changes of a month, the stars pursued their journey from sunset to daybreak. The comet had, likewise, departed into unknown regions. His fading lustre had been attributed, at first, to the bolder radiance of the moon in her meridian, but, during her wane, while inferior luminaries were brightening around her, he was growing fainter and smaller every evening, and now he was no more. Of the rest, planets and stars, all were unimpaired in their light, and the former only slightly varied in their positions.

The whole multitude, wiser by experience, and better for their knowledge, were humble, contented, and grateful, each for his lot, whether splendid or obscure.

Next evening, to the joy and astonishment of all, the moon, with a new crescent, was descried in the west; and instantly, from every quarter of the pole, she was congratulated on her happy resurrection. Just as she went down, while her bow was yet recumbent on the dark purple horizon, it is said that an angel appeared, standing between her horns. Turning his head, his eye glanced rapidly over the universe,—the sun far sunk behind him, the moon under his feet, the earth spread in prospect before him, and the firmament all glittering with constellations above. He paused a moment, and then, in that tongue wherein, at the accomplishment of creation, “the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy,” he thus brake forth:—“Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! In wisdom hast thou made them all.—Who would not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name, for thou only art holy?”—He ceased,—and from that hour there has been harmony in heaven.

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## LESSON XL.

*Our English Descent, and the Advantages of Adversity to our Forefathers.*—E. EVERETT.

I AM not,—I need not say I am not,—the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet, stars, garters, and blue ribbons, seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies, mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire, grasping the farthest east. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections. But it is the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles to which it has been called; the tombs of those who have reflected honour on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the pilgrims; it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without

emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakspeare and Milton ; and I should think him cold in his love for his native land, who felt no melting in his heart for that other native land, which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

But it was not enough that our fathers were of England : the masters of Ireland and the lords of Hindostan are of England too. But our fathers were Englishmen, aggrieved, persecuted, and banished. It is a principle amply borne out by the history of the great and powerful nations of the earth, and by that of none more than the country of which we speak, that the best fruits, and choicest action of the commendable qualities of the national character, are to be found on the side of the oppressed few, and not of the triumphant many. As, in private character, adversity is often requisite to give a proper direction and temper to strong qualities, so the noblest traits of national character, even under the freest and most independent of hereditary governments, are commonly to be sought in the ranks of a protesting minority, or of a dissenting sect. Never was this truth more clearly illustrated than in the settlement of New England.

Could a common calculation of policy have dictated the terms of that settlement, no doubt our foundations would have been laid beneath the royal smile. Convoys and navies would have been solicited to waft our fathers to the coast ; armies, to defend the infant communities ; and the flattering patronage of princes and lords, to espouse their interests in the councils of the mother country. Happy, that our fathers enjoyed no such patronage ; happy, that they fell into no such protecting hands ; happy, that our foundations were silently and deeply cast in quiet insignificance, beneath a charter of banishment, persecution, and contempt ; so that, when the royal arm was at length outstretched against us, instead of a submissive child, tied down by former graces, it found a youthful giant in the land, born amidst hardships, and nourished on the rocks ; indebted for no favours, and owing no duty.

From the dark portals of the star-chamber, and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the pilgrims received a commission, more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate ; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate ; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate ; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever memorable parting at Delfthaven had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England. All this purified

the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those who engaged in it to be so too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause; and, if this sometimes deepened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?

It is sad, indeed, to reflect on the disasters which the little band of pilgrims encountered; sad to see a portion of them, the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound, unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel; one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season; where they are deserted, before long, by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow men, a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, the power, and the temper of the savage tribes, that filled the unexplored continent, upon whose verge they had ventured.

But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurances of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to pre-eminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the pilgrims. No Carr nor Villiers would lead on the ill-provided band of despised Puritans. No well endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals, and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and of snow. No; they could not say they had encouraged, patronised, or helped the pilgrims; their own cares, their own labours, their own councils, their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bore all, sealed all. They could not afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not strewn; and, as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the favour, which had always been withholden, was changed into wrath; when the arm, which had never supported, was raised to destroy.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea.



I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions; crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison; delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route,—and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The labouring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter, without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labour and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?



## LESSON XLI.

*Dangers of Luxury and Ease of the present Times.*—DEWEY.

THE common measure of national intelligence and virtue is no rule for us. It is not enough for us to be as wise and improved, as virtuous and pious, as other nations. Providence, in giving to us an origin so remarkable and signally favoured, demands of us a proportionate improvement. We are in our infancy, it is true; but our existence *began* in an intellectual maturity. Our fathers' virtues were the virtues of the wilderness, yet without its wildness; hardy, and vigorous, and severe, indeed, but not rude, nor mean. Let us beware, lest we become more prosperous than they, more abundant in luxuries and refinements, only to be less temperate, upright, and religious. Let us beware, lest the stern and lofty features of primeval rectitude should be regarded with less respect among us. Let us beware, lest their piety should fall with the oaks of their forests; lest the loosened bow of early habits and opinions, which was once strung in the wilderness, should be too much relaxed.

We are accustomed to speak of the early days of our history as times of danger. But there are dangers still to be encountered: the dangers of comparative abundance and luxury, of comparative ease and safety, of sensuality, of intemperance and effeminacy; dangers to the full as alarming as those that beset our forefathers. Nay, the single evil of intemperance is, at this moment, more to be dreaded in the land than all the hardships and perils of the sea and the wilderness.

The time has been, indeed, when our villages were girded about with palisades, and fear held its nightly watch in all the dwellings of the land; when, at every howl of the faithful guardian without, the mother pressed more closely to her bosom the unconscious babe; when, at every faint and distant note of danger, the father sprung from his couch, and seized the ready weapon of defence;—but, oh! better were this, than for that father to become himself an invader of the midnight silence of his dwelling, as he returns from the revels of the dissolute and profane; and more gently fell the blow of the *savage* invader than the insane imprecations of a husband's wrath, or the blasting stroke of a friend's dishonour.

The zeal of our religion, too, may decline from the earnestness of former days: and if it does; if, in rooting up old prejudices, we tear away the very stock on which these prejudices grew; if our religion becomes little better than a religion of objection and scorn at the faults and errors of those who have gone before us; if the mind and heart of the people, as they

become cultivated and refined, become cold and dead to all the aims and influences of a fervent piety ;—it were little to say, that famine, and cold, and nakedness, that houseless and unsheltered poverty and want, are nothing to be dreaded in the comparison.

## LESSON XLII.

### *The Counsel of Ahithophel defeated.*—HILLHOUSE.

After the revolt of Absalom, and the flight of David from Jerusalem, Ahithophel advises Absalom to pursue his father immediately ; but another counsellor, Hushai, who pretends to favour the usurper, though he is in reality faithful to the old king, recommends delay. His advice is taken, and Absalom is, on the next day, overthrown. The scene here represented is the council-hall, in which ABSALOM, AHITHOPHEL, MANASSES, MALCHIAH, HUSHAI, and others, are engaged in debate.

*Ahith.* My lord, you know them not—you wear, to-day,  
The diadem, and hear yourself proclaimed,  
With trump and timbrel, Israel's joy, and deem  
Your lasting throne established. Canst thou bless,  
Or blast, like Him who rent the waters, clave  
The rock, whose awful clangour shook the world  
When Sinai quaked beneath his majesty ?  
Yet Jacob's seed forsook this thundering guide,  
Even at the foot of the astonished mount !—  
If benefits could bind them, wherefore flames  
The Ammonitish spoil upon thy brows,  
While David's locks are naked to the night dew ?  
Canst thou transcend thy father ? Is thy arm  
Stronger than his who smote from sea to sea,  
And girt us like a band of adamant ?—  
Trust not their faith. Thy father's root is deep ;  
His stock will bourgeon with a single sun ;  
And many tears will flow to moisten him.—  
Pursue, this night, or ruin will o'ertake thee.

*Ab.* What say'st thou, Hushai ? Speak to this, once more.

*Hush.* I listen to my lord Ahithophel,  
As to a heaven-instructed oracle ;  
But what he urges more alarms my fears.  
Thou seest, O king, how night envelopes us ;  
Amidst its perils, whom must we pursue ?  
The son of Jesse is a man of war,  
Old in the field, hardened to danger, skilled  
In every wile and stratagem ; the night  
More welcome than the day. Each mountain path  
He treads instinctive as the ibex ; sleeps,

Moistened with cold, dank drippings of the rock,  
 As underneath the canopy. Some den  
 Will be his bed to-night. No hunter knows,  
 Like him, the caverns, cliffs, and treacherous passes,  
 Familiar to his feet, in former days,  
 As 'twixt the court and tabernacle. What !  
 Know ye not how his great heart swells in danger,  
 Like the old lion's from his lair by Jordan  
 Rising against the strong ? Beware of him by night,  
 While anger chafes him. Never hope  
 Surprisa! While we talk, they lurk in ambush,  
 Expectant of their prey ; the Cherethites,  
 And those blood-thirsty Gittites, crouch around him  
 Like evening wolves ; fierce Joab darts his eyes,  
 Keen as the leopard's, out into the night,  
 And curses our delay ; Abishai raves ;  
 Benaiah, Ittai, and the Tachmonite,  
 And they, the mighty three, who broke the host  
 Of the Philistines, and from Bethlehem's well  
 Drew water, when the king but thirsted, now  
 Raven like beasts bereaved of their young.—  
 We go not after boys, but the Gibborim,  
 Whose bloody weapons never struck but triumphed.

*Malchi.* It were a doubtful quest.

*Hush.* Hear me, O king.

Go not to-night, but summon, with the dawn,  
 Israel's ten thousands ; mount thy conquering car,  
 Surrounded by innumerable hosts,  
 And go, their strength, their glory, and their king,  
 Almighty, to the battle ; for what might  
 Can then resist thee ? Light upon this handful,  
 Like dew upon the earth ; or, if they bar  
 Some city's gates against thee, let the people  
 Level its puny ramparts, stone by stone,  
 And cast them into Jordan. Thus my lord  
 May bind his crown with wreaths of victory,  
 And owe his kingdom to no second arm.

*Ahith.* O blindness ! lunacy !

*Hush.* I would retire ;  
 Ye have my counsel.

*Ahith.* Would thou hadst not come,  
 To linger out with thy pernicious talk  
 The hours of action.

*Hush.* Wise Ahithophel,  
 No longer I'll offend thee. Please the king——

[ABSALOM waves him to resume his seat.]

*Ahith.* By all your hopes, my lord, of life and glory,  
 I do adjure thee shut thine ears to him !  
 His counsel's fatal, if not treacherous.  
 I see its issue clearly as I see  
 The badge of royalty,—not long to sit  
 Where now it sparkles, if his words entice thee.  
 Never was prudence in my tongue, or now.  
 Blanched as I am, weak, withered, winter-stricken,  
 Grant but twelve thousand men, and I'll go forth.  
 Weary, weak-handed, what can they, if taken  
 Now, in their first alarm ?

*Ab.* Were this resolved,  
 We would not task thy age. What think ye, sirs ?

*Manass.* My lord, the risk is great : a night assault  
 Deprives us of advantage from our numbers,  
 Which in the open field ensure success ;  
 And news of a disaster, blown about  
 And magnified, just now, when all are trembling,  
 Might lose a tribe, might wound us fatally.  
 Hushai's advice appears most prudent.

*Ahith.* Fate !

*Malchi.* I think so too, my lord.

*Others.* And I. And I.

*Ahith.* Undone !

*Ab.* The council are agreed, this once,  
 Against you, and with them the king accords.

*Ahith.* (*Stretching his hands towards ABSALOM.*)  
 Against thyself, thy throne, thy life, thy all !  
 Darkness has entered thee ! confusion waits thee !  
 Death brandishes his dart at thee, and grins  
 At thy brief diadem !—Farewell ! Farewell !—  
 Remember me !—I'll not be checked and rated,  
 Branded with treason, see my hoary hairs  
 Hooted and scoffed at,—if they're spared, indeed,  
 For such indignity.—Thou'lt follow soon. [*Exit.*]

*Ab.* Or win or lose, we walk not by thy light.

*Malchi.* The old man's strangely moved.

*Manass.* His fury seemed  
 Prophetical.

*Ab.* The council is dissolved,  
 Here to assemble in the morning early,  
 To order for our absence. Leave us now  
 To private business.

*Counsellors.* Save our lord the king.

## LESSON XLIII.

*Governments of Will, and Governments of Law.*—WAYLAND

THE various forms of government, under which society has existed, may, with sufficient accuracy, be reduced to two; *governments of will*, and *governments of law*.

A government of will supposes that there are created two classes of society, the rulers and the ruled, each possessed of different and very dissimilar rights. It supposes all power to be vested, by divine appointment, in the hands of the rulers; that they alone may say under what form of governments the people shall live; that law is nothing other than an expression of their will; and that it is the ordinance of Heaven that such a constitution should continue unchanged to the remotest generations; and that to all this the people are bound to yield passive and implicit obedience. Thus say the Congress of Sovereigns, which has been styled the Holy Alliance: "All useful and necessary changes ought only to emanate from the free will and intelligent conviction of those, whom God has made responsible for power." You are well aware, that on principles such as these rest most of the governments of continental Europe.

The government of law rests upon principles precisely the reverse of all this. It supposes that there is but one class of society, and that this class is the people; that all men are created equal, and, therefore, that civil institutions are voluntary associations, of which the sole object should be to promote the happiness of the whole. It supposes the people to have a perfect right to select that form of government, under which they shall live, and to modify it, at any subsequent time, as they shall think desirable. Supposing all power to emanate from the people, it considers the authority of rulers purely a delegated authority, to be exercised in all cases according to a written code, which code is nothing more than an authentic expression of the people's will. It teaches that the ruler is nothing more than the intelligent organ of enlightened public opinion, and declares that, if he ceases to be so, he shall be a ruler no longer. Under such a government may it with truth be said of Law, that "her seat is the bosom" of the people, "her voice the harmony" of society; "all men, in every station, do her reverence; the very least as feeling her care, and the very greatest as not exempted from her power; and, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy." I need not add, that our own is an illustrious example of the government of law.



Now which of these two is the right notion of government, I need not stay to inquire. It is sufficient for my purpose to remark, that, whenever men have become enlightened by the general diffusion of intelligence, they have universally preferred the government of law. The doctrines of what has been called legitimacy have not been found to stand the scrutiny of unrestrained examination. And, besides this, the love of power is as inseparable from the human bosom as the love of life. Hence men will never rest satisfied with any civil institutions, which confer exclusively upon a part of society that power, which they believe should justly be vested in the whole; and hence it is evident that no government can be secure from the effects of increasing intelligence, which is not conformed in its principles to the nature of the human heart, and which does not provide for the exercise of this principle, so inseparable from the nature of man.

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#### LESSON XLIV.

*Description of the old Sport of Hawking.*—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

APPREHENSIVE of no evil, and riding gayly on, with the sensation of one escaped from confinement, Eveline moved forward on her lively jennet, as light as a lark; the plumes with which Dame Gillian had decked her riding bonnet dancing in the wind, and her attendants galloping behind her, with dogs, pouches, lines, and all other appurtenances of the royal sport of hawking. After passing the river, the wild greensward path which they pursued began to wind upward among small eminences, sometimes bare and craggy, sometimes overgrown with hazel, sloe-thorn, and other dwarf shrubs, and at length, suddenly descending, brought them to the verge of a mountain rivulet, that, like a lamb at play, leapt merrily from rock to rock, seemingly uncertain which way to run.

“This little stream was always my favourite, Dame Gillian,” said Eveline, “and now methinks it leaps the lighter that it sees me again.”

“Ah! lady,” said Dame Gillian, whose turn for conversation never extended in such cases beyond a few phrases of gross flattery, “many a fair knight would leap shoulder-height for leave to look on you as free as the brook may! more especially now that you have donned that riding-cap, which, in exquisite delicacy of invention, methinks is a bowshot before aught that I ever invented. What thinkest thou, Raoul?”

"I think," answered her well-natured helpmate, "that women's tongues were contrived to drive all the game out of the country. Here we come near to the spot where we hope to speed, or nowhere; wherefore, pray, my sweet lady, be silent yourself, and let us steal along the bank of the pool, under the wind, with our hawks' hoods cast loose, all ready for a flight."

As he spoke, they advanced about a hundred yards up the brawling stream, until the little vale through which it flowed, making a very sudden turn to one side, showed them the Red Pool, the superfluous water of which formed the rivulet it self.

This mountain lake, or tarn, as it is called in some countries, was a deep basin, of about a mile in circumference, but rather oblong than circular. On the side next to our falconers arose a ridge of rock, of a dark red hue, giving name to the pool, which, reflecting this massive and dusky barrier, appeared to partake of its colour. On the opposite side was a heathy hill, whose autumnal bloom had not yet faded from purple to russet; its surface was varied by the dark green furze and the fern, and in many places gray cliffs, or loose stones of the same colour, formed a contrast to the ruddy precipice to which they lay opposed. A natural road of beautiful sand was formed by a beach, which, extending all the way around the lake, separated its waters from the precipitous rock on the one hand, and on the other from the steep and broken hill; and being nowhere less than five or six yards in breadth, and in most places greatly more, offered, around its whole circuit, a tempting opportunity to the rider, who desired to exercise and breathe the horse on which he was mounted. The verge of the pool, on the rocky side, was here and there strewn with fragments of large size, detached from the precipice above, but not in such quantity as to encumber this pleasant horse-course. Many of these rocky masses, having passed the margin of the water in their fall, lay immersed there like small islets; and, placed amongst a little archipelago, the quick eye of Raoul detected the heron which they were in search of.

A moment's consultation was held to consider in what manner they should approach the sad and solitary bird, which, unconscious that itself was the object of a formidable ambuscade, stood motionless on a stone, by the brink of the lake, watching for such small fish or water reptiles as might chance to pass by its lonely stance. A brief debate took place betwixt Raoul and the hawk-merchant on the best mode of starting the quarry, so as to allow Lady Eveline and

her attendants the most perfect view of the flight. The facility of killing the heron at the *far jettee*, or at the *jettee ferre*—that is, upon the hither or farther side of the pool—was anxiously debated in language of breathless importance, as if some great and perilous enterprise was about to be executed.

At length the arrangements were fixed, and the party began to advance towards the aquatic hermit, who, by this time aware of their approach, drew himself up to his full height, erected his long, lean neck, spread his broad, fan-like wings, uttered his usual clanging cry, and, projecting his length of thin legs far behind him, rose upon the gentle breeze. It was then, with a loud whoop of encouragement, that the merchant threw off the noble hawk he bore, having first unhooded her, to give her a view of her quarry.

Eager as a frigate in chase of some rich galleon, darted the falcon towards the enemy, which she had been taught to pursue; while, preparing for defence, if he should be unable to escape by flight, the heron exerted all his powers of speed to escape from an enemy so formidable. Plying his almost unequalled strength of wing, he ascended higher and higher in the air, by short gyrations, that the hawk might gain no vantage ground for pouncing at him; while his piked beak, at the extremity of so long a neck as enabled him to strike an object at a yard's distance in every direction, possessed, for any less spirited assailant, all the terrors of a Moorish javelin.

Another hawk was now thrown off, and encouraged by the halloos of the falconer to join her companion. Both kept mounting, or scaling the air, as it were, by a succession of small circles, endeavouring to gain that superior height, which the heron, on his part, was bent to preserve; and, to the exquisite delight of the spectators, the contest was continued until all three were well nigh mingled with the fleecy clouds, from which was occasionally heard the harsh and plaintive cry of the quarry, appealing, as it were, to the heaven, which he was approaching, against the wanton cruelty of those by whom he was persecuted.

At length one of the falcons had reached a pitch, from which she ventured to stoop at the heron; but so judiciously did the quarry maintain his defence, as to receive on his beak the stroke which the falcon, shooting down at full descent, had made against his right wing; so that one of his enemies, spiked through the body by his own weight, fell, fluttering, into the lake, very near the land, on the side farthest from the falconers, and perished there.

"There goes a gallant falcon to the fishes," said Raoul. "Merchant, thy cake is dough."

Even as he spoke, however, the remaining bird had avenged the fate of her sister; for the success which the heron met with on one side did not prevent his being assailed on the other wing; and the falcon, stooping boldly, and grappling with, or, as it is termed in falconry, *binding* his prey, both came tumbling down together, from a great height in the air. It was then no small object, on the part of the falconers, to come in as soon as possible, lest the falcon should receive hurt from the beak or talons of the heron; and the whole party, the men setting spurs, and the females switching their palfreys, went off like the wind, sweeping along the fair and smooth beach betwixt the rock and the water.

Lady Eveline, far better mounted than any of her train, her spirits elated by the sport, and by the speed at which she moved, was much sooner than any of her attendants at the spot, where the falcon and heron, still engaged in their mortal struggle, lay fighting upon the moss; the wing of the latter having been broken by the stoop of the former. The duty of a falconer, in such a crisis, was to rush in and assist the hawk, by thrusting the heron's bill into the earth, and breaking his legs, and then permitting the falcon to despatch him on easy terms.

Neither would the sex nor quality of the Lady Eveline have excused her becoming second to the falcon in this cruel manner; but, just as she had dismounted for that purpose, she was surprised to find herself seized on by a wild form, who exclaimed in Welsh, that he seized her as a *waif*, for hawking on the demesnes of Dawfyd with the one eye. At the same time many others, to the number of more than a score, showed themselves from behind crags and bushes, all armed at point with the axes called Welsh hooks, long knives, darts, and bows and arrows.

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## LESSON XLV.

*Description and Character of King James. I.—IBID.*

THE scene of confusion, amid which G. Heriot found the king seated, was no bad picture of the state and quality of King James's own mind. There was much that was rich and costly in cabinet pictures, and valuable ornaments: but they were slovenly arranged, covered with dust, and lost



half their value, or at least their effect, from the manner in which they were presented to the eye. The table was loaded with huge folios, amongst which lay light books of jest and ribaldry; and amongst notes of unmercifully long orations, and essays on king-craft, were mingled miserable roundels and ballads by the Royal Prentice, as he styled himself, in the art of poetry; and schemes for the general pacification of Europe, with a list of the names of the king's hounds, and remedies against canine madness.

The king's dress was of green velvet, quilted so full as to be dagger-proof, which gave him the appearance of clumsy and ungainly protuberance; while its being buttoned awry communicated to his figure an air of distortion. Over his green doublet he wore a sad-coloured night-gown, out of the pocket of which peeped his hunting-horn. His high-crowned gray hat lay on the floor, covered with dust, but encircled by a carcanet of large balas rubies; and he wore a blue velvet night cap, in the front of which was placed the plume of a heron, which had been struck down by a favourite hawk, in some critical moment of the flight, in remembrance of which the king wore this highly-honoured feather.

But such inconsistencies in dress and appointments were mere outward types of those which existed in the royal character, rendering it a subject of doubt amongst his cotemporaries, and bequeathing it as a problem to future historians. He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge, sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that and of himself to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold asserter of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and a fearer of war, where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform; and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he showed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppression of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand,



yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities, which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions, were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct; and, showing themselves, as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully—that he was the wisest fool in Christendom.

That the fortunes of this monarch might be as little of a piece as his character, he, certainly the least able of the Stuarts, succeeded peaceably to that kingdom, against the power of which his predecessors had, with so much difficulty, defended his native throne. And, lastly, although his reign appeared calculated to ensure to Great Britain that lasting tranquillity and internal peace, which so much suited the king's disposition, yet, during that very reign, were sown those seeds of dissension, which, like the teeth of the fabulous dragon, had their harvest in a bloody and universal civil war.



## LESSON XLVI.

*Observations on the Vicar of Wakefield.—IBID.*

EXCEPTING some short tales, Goldsmith gave to the department of the novelist only one work, the inimitable Vicar of Wakefield. It was suppressed for nearly two years, until the publication of the Traveller had fixed the author's fame. Goldsmith had, therefore, time for revisal, but he did not employ it. He had been paid for his labour, as he observed, and could have profited nothing by rendering the work ever so perfect.

This, however, was false reasoning, though not unnatural in the mouth of the author, who must earn daily bread by daily labour. The narrative, which in itself is as simple as possible, might have been cleared of certain improbabilities, or rather impossibilities, which it now exhibits. We cannot, for instance, conceive how Sir William Thornhill should continue to masquerade under the name of Burchell, among his own tenantry, and upon his own estate; and it is absolutely impossible to see how his nephew, the son, doubtless, of a younger brother, (since Sir William inherited both title and property,) should be nearly as old as the baronet himself.

It may be added, that the character of Burchell, or Sir William Thornhill, is in itself extravagantly unnatural. A

man of his benevolence would never have so long left his nephew in the possession of wealth which he employed to the worst of purposes. Far less would he have permitted his scheme upon Olivia in a great measure to succeed, and that upon Sophia also to approach consummation; for, in the first instance, he does not interfere at all, and, in the second, his intervention is accidental. These, and some other little circumstances in the progress of the narrative, might easily have been removed upon revisal.

But, whatever defects occur in the tenor of the story, the admirable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the pleasing truth with which the principal characters are designed, make the Vicar of Wakefield one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed. The principal character, that of the simple pastor himself, with all the worth and excellency which ought to distinguish the ambassador of God to man, and yet with just so much of pedantry and literary vanity as serves to show that he is made of mortal mould, and subject to human feelings, is one of the best and most pleasing pictures ever designed. It is, perhaps, impossible to place frail humanity before us in an attitude of more simple dignity than the vicar, in his character of pastor, of parent, and of husband.

His excellent help-mate, with all her motherly cunning, and housewifely prudence, loving and respecting her husband, but counterplotting his wisest schemes, at the dictates of maternal vanity, forms an excellent counterpart. Both, with their children around them, their quiet labour and domestic happiness, compose a fireside picture of such a perfect kind, as, perhaps, is no where else equalled. It is sketched, indeed, from common life, and is a strong contrast to the exaggerated and extraordinary characters and incidents which are the resource of those authors, who, like Bayes, make it their business to elevate and surprise; but the very simplicity of this charming book renders the pleasure it affords more permanent.

We read the Vicar of Wakefield in youth and in age. We return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who continues so well to reconcile us to human nature. Whether we choose the pathetic and distressing incidents of the fire, and the scenes at the jail, or the lighter and humorous parts of the story, we find the best and truest sentiments enforced in the most beautiful language; and perhaps few characters of purer dignity have been described than that of the excellent pastor rising above sorrow and oppression, and labouring for the conversion of those felons

into whose company he had been thrust by his villanous creditor.

In too many works of this class, the critics must apologize for, or censure, particular passages in the narrative, as unfit to be perused by youth and innocence. But the wreath of Goldsmith is unsullied; he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors. We close his volume with a sigh that such an author should have written so little from the stores of his own genius, and that he should have been so prematurely removed from the sphere of literature which he adorned.

## LESSON XLVII.

*Hellvellyn.*—IBID.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn—

Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;  
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,  
And starting around me the echoes replied.

On the right, Studen-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,  
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,

One huge, nameless rock in the front was ascending,  
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was the spot, mid the brown mountain-heather,

Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,  
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,

Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended;

For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,

The much-loved remains of her master defended,

And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?

When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou  
start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

And, oh! was it meet, that,—no requiem read o'er him,

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,

And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,—

Unhonoured, the pilgrim from life should depart!

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,  
 The tapestry wayes dark round the dim-lighted hall ;  
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,  
 And the pages stand mute by the canopied pall ;  
 Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are  
 gleaming ;  
 In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming ;  
 Far down the long aisle sacred music is streaming,  
 Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,  
 To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,  
 When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,  
 And draws his last sob by the side of his dam :  
 And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,  
 Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,  
 With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,  
 In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

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### LESSON XLVIII.

*The War Gathering of Clan-Alpine.*—IBID.

THEN Roderick, with impatient look,  
 From Brian's hand the symbol took :  
 "Speed, Malise, speed !" he said, and gave  
 The Crosslet to his hench-man brave.  
 "The muster-place be Lanrick mead—  
 Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed !"  
 Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,  
 A barge across Loch-Katrine flew :  
 High stood the hench-man on the prow.  
 So rapidly the barge-men row,  
 The bubbles, where they launched the boat,  
 Were all unbroken and afloat,  
 Dancing in foam and ripple still,  
 When it had neared the mainland hill ;  
 And from the silver beach's side  
 Still was the prow three fathom wide,  
 When lightly bounded to the land  
 The messenger of blood and brand.

Speed, Malise, speed ! the dun deer's hide  
 On fleeter foot was never tied.  
 Speed, Malise, speed ! such cause of haste  
 Thine active sinews never braced.

Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast ;  
Burst down like torrent from its crest ;  
With short and springing footstep pass  
The trembling bog and false morass ;  
Across the brook like roe-buck bound,  
And thread the brake like questing hound.  
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,  
Yet shriek not from the desperate leap :  
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,  
Yet by the fountain pause not now ;  
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,  
Stretch onward in thy fleet career !  
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,  
Pursuest not maid through green-wood bough,  
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace  
With rivals in the mountain race ;  
But danger, death, and warrior deed,  
Are in thy course : speed, Malise, speed !  
Fast as the fatal symbol flies,  
In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;  
From winding glen, from upland brown,  
They poured each hardy tenant down.  
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace ;  
He showed the sign, he named the place,  
And, pressing forward like the wind,  
Left clamour and surprise behind.  
The fisherman forsook the strand,  
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;  
With changed cheer, the mower blithe  
Left in the half-cut swath his sithe ;  
The herds without a keeper strayed,  
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,  
The falc'ner tossed his hawk away,  
The hunter left the stag at bay ;  
Prompt at the signal of alarms,  
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms ;  
So swept the tumult and affray  
Along the margin of Achray.  
Alas ! thou lovely lake ! that e'er  
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear !  
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep  
So stilly on thy bosom deep,  
The lark's blithe carol from the cloud  
Seems for the scene too gayly loud.  
Speed, Malise, speed ! the lake is past,  
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,



And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,  
 Half hidden, in the copse so green;  
 There may'st thou rest, thy labour done,  
 Their lord shall speed the signal on.—  
 As stoops the hawk upon his prey,  
 The hench-man shot him down the way.  
 What woful accents load the gale!  
 The funeral yell, the female wail!  
 A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,  
 A valiant warrior fights no more.  
 Who, in the battle or the chase,  
 At Roderick's side shall fill his place!  
 Within the hall, where torch's ray  
 Supplies the excluded beams of day,  
 Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,  
 And o'er him streams his widow's tear.  
 His stripling son stands mournful by,  
 His youngest weeps, but knows not why;  
 The village maids and matrons round  
 The dismal coronach\* resound:

## CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,  
 He is lost to the forest,  
 Like a summer-dried fountain,  
 When our need was the sorest.  
 The font, re-appearing,  
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
 But to us comes no cheering,  
 To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper  
 Takes the ears that are hoary,  
 But the voice of the weeper  
 Wails manhood in glory;  
 The autumn winds rushing  
 Waft the leaves that are searest,  
 But our flower was in flushing,  
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,†  
 Sage counsel in cumber,  
 Red hand in the foray,  
 How sound is thy slumber!

\* Funeral song.

† Or *corri*. The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and forever!

See Stumah,\* who, the bier beside,  
 His master's corpse with wonder eyed,—  
 Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo  
 Could send like lightning o'er the dew,—  
 Bristles his crest, and points his ears,  
 As if some stranger step he hears.  
 'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,  
 Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,  
 But headlong haste, or deadly fear,  
 Urge the precipitate career.  
 All stand aghast:—unheeding all,  
 The hench-man bursts into the hall;  
 Before the dead man's bier he stood,  
 Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood;  
 "The muster-place is Lanrick mead;  
 Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!"

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,  
 Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.  
 In haste the stripling to his side  
 His father's dirk and broad-sword tied:  
 But, when he saw his mother's eye  
 Watch him in speechless agony,  
 Back to her opened arms he flew,  
 Pressed on her lips a fond adieu—  
 "Alas!" she sobbed,—“and yet be gone,  
 And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!”  
 One look he cast upon the bier,  
 Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,  
 Breathed deep, to clear his labouring breast,  
 And tossed aloft his bonnet crest,  
 Then, like the high-bred colt when freed  
 First he essays his fire and speed,  
 He vanished, and o'er moor and moss  
 Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.  
 Suspended was the widow's tear,  
 While yet his footsteps she could hear;  
 And, when she marked the hench-man's eye  
 Wet with unwonted sympathy,  
 "Kinsman," she said, "his race is run,  
 That should have sped thine errand on;

\* *Faithful.* The name of a dog.

The oak has fallen,—the sapling bough  
Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.  
Yet trust I well, his duty done,  
The orphan's God will guard my son.  
And you, in many a danger true,  
At Duncan's hest your blades that drew,  
To arms, and guard that orphan's head!  
Let babes and women wail the dead."—  
Then weapon-clang, and martial call,  
Resounded through the funeral hall,  
While from the walls the attendant band  
Snatched sword and targe, with hurried hand;  
And short and flitting energy  
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,  
As if the sounds to warrior dear  
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier;  
But faded soon that borrowed force;  
Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire;  
It glanced, like lightning, up Strath-Ire.  
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,  
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;  
The tear, that gathered in his eye,  
He left the mountain breeze to dry;  
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,  
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,  
That graced the sable strath with green,  
The chapel of St. Bride was seen.  
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,  
But Angus paused not on the edge;  
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,  
Though reeled his sympathetic eye,  
He dashed amid the torrent's roar;  
His right hand high the Crosslet bore,  
His left the pole-axe grasped, to guide  
And stay his footing in the tide.  
He stumbled twice; the foam splashed high;  
With hoarser swell the stream raced by;  
And had he fallen,—forever there,  
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!  
But still, as if in parting life,  
Firmer he grasped the Cross of Strife,  
Until the opposing bank he gained,  
And up the chapel pathway strained.

A blithsome rout, that morning tide,  
Had sought the chapel of St. Bride.

Her troth Tombea's Mary gave  
To Norman, heir of Ardmantave,  
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,  
The bridal now resumed their march.  
In rude, but glad procession, came  
Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame ;  
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,  
Which snooded maiden would not hear ;  
And children, that, unwitting why,  
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;  
And minstrels, that in measures vied  
Before the young and bonny bride,  
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose  
The tear and blush of morning rose.  
With virgin step, and bashful hand,  
She held the kerchief's snowy band ;  
The gallant bridegroom, by her side,  
Beheld his prize with victor's pride ;  
And the glad mother in her ear  
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

Who meets them at the church-yard gate ?  
The messenger of fear and fate !  
Haste in his hurried accent lies,  
And grief is swimming in his eyes.  
All dripping from the recent flood,  
Panting and travel-soiled he stood,  
The fatal sign of fire and sword  
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word :  
"The mustering place is Lanrick mead.  
Speed forth the signal ! Norman, speed !" —  
And must he change so soon the hand,  
Just linked to his by holy band,  
For the fell Cross of Blood and Brand ?  
O fatal doom ! — he must ! he must !  
Clan-Alpine's cause, her chieftain's trust,  
Her summons dread, brooks no delay :  
Stretch to the race — away ! away !

## LESSON XLIX.

*The Elder's Funeral.*—WILSON.

How beautiful to the eye and to the heart rise up, in a pastoral region, the green, silent hills from the dissolving snow-wreaths that yet linger at their feet! A few warm, sunny days, and a few breezy and melting nights, have seemed to create the sweet season of spring out of the winter's bleakest desolation. We can scarcely believe that such brightness of verdure could have been shrouded in the snow, blending itself, as it now does, so vividly with the deep blue of heaven. With the revival of nature, our own souls feel restored. Happiness becomes milder, meeker, and richer in pensive thought; while sorrow catches a faint tinge of joy, and reposes itself on the quietness of earth's opening breast. Then is youth rejoicing, manhood sedate, and old age resigned. The child shakes his golden curls in his glee; he of riper life hails the coming year with temperate exultation, and the eye, that has been touched with dimness, in the general spirit of delight forgets or fears not the shadows of the grave.

On such a vernal day as this did we, who had visited the elder on his death-bed, walk together to his house in the Hazel-glen, to accompany his body to the place of burial. On the night he died, it seemed to be the dead of winter. On the day he was buried, it seemed to be the birth of spring. The old pastor and I were alone for a while, as we pursued our path up the glen, by the banks of the little burn. It had cleared itself off from the melted snow, and ran so pellucid a race, that every stone and pebble was visible in its yellow channel. The willows, the alders, and the birches, the fairest and the earliest of our native hill trees, seemed almost tinged with a verdant light, as if they were budding; and beneath them, here and there, peeped out, as in the pleasure of new existence, the primrose, lonely, or in little families and flocks. The bee had not yet ventured to leave his cell, yet the flowers reminded one of his murmur. A few insects were dancing in the air, and here and there some little moorland bird, touched at the heart with the warm, sunny change, was piping his love-sweet song among the braes.

It was just such a day as a grave, meditative man, like him we were about to inter, would have chosen to walk over his farm in religious contentment with his lot. That was the thought that entered the pastor's heart, as we paused to enjoy one brighter gleam of the sun in a little meadow-field of peculiar beauty. "This is the last day of the week, and



on that day often did the elder walk through this little happy kingdom of his own, with some of his grandchildren beside and around him, and often his Bible in his hand. It is, you feel, a solitary place; all the vale is one seclusion; and often have its quiet bounds been a place of undisturbed meditation and prayer."

We now came in sight of the cottage, and beyond it the termination of the glen. There the high hills came sloping gently down; and a little waterfall, in the distance, gave animation to a scene of perfect repose. We were now joined by various small parties coming to the funeral through openings among the hills; all sedate, but none sad, and every greeting was that of kindness and peace. The elder had died full of years; and there was no need why any out of his own household should weep. A long life of piety had been beautifully closed; and, therefore, we were all going to commit the body to the earth, assured, as far as human beings may be so assured, that the soul was in heaven. As the party increased on our approach to the house, there was even cheerfulness among us. We spoke of the early and bright promise of spring; of the sorrows and the joys of other families; of marriages and births; of the new school-master; of to-morrow's Sabbath. There was no topic, of which, on any common occasion, it might have been fitting to speak, that did not now perhaps occupy, for a few moments, some one or other of the group, till we found ourselves ascending the green sward before the cottage, and stood below the bare branches of the sycamores. Then we were all silent, and, after a short pause, reverently entered into the house of death.

At the door, the son received us with a calm, humble, and untroubled face; and, in his manner towards the old minister, there was something that could not be misunderstood, expressing penitence, gratitude, and resignation. We all sat down in the large kitchen; and the son decently received each person at the door, and showed him to his place. There were some old, gray heads, more becoming gray, and many bright in manhood and youth. But the same solemn hush was over them all; and they sat all bound together in one uniting and assimilating spirit of devotion and faith. Wine and bread were to be sent round; but the son looked to the old minister, who rose, lifted up his withered hand, and began a blessing and a prayer.

There was so much composure and stillness in the old man's attitude, and something so affecting in his voice, tremulous and broken, not in grief but age, that, no sooner had

he begun to pray, than every heart and every breath at once was hushed. All stood motionless, nor could one eye abstain from that placid and patriarchal countenance, with its closed eyes, and long, silvery hair. There was nothing sad in his words, but they were all humble and solemn, and at times even joyful in the kindling spirit of piety and faith. He spoke of the dead man's goodness as imperfect in the eyes of his Great Judge, but such as, we were taught, might lead, through intercession, to the kingdom of heaven. Might the blessing of God, he prayed, which had so long rested on the head now confined, not forsake that of him who was now to be the father of this house. There was more joy, we were told, in heaven, over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance. Fervently, too, and tenderly, did the old man pray for her, in her silent chamber, who had lost so kind a parent, and for all the little children round her knees. Nor did he end his prayer without some allusion to his own gray hairs, and to the approaching day on which many then present would attend his burial.

Just as he ceased to speak, one solitary, stifled sob was heard, and all eyes turned kindly round to a little boy who was standing by the side of the elder's son. Restored once more to his own father's love, his heart had been insensibly filled with peace since the old man's death. The returning tenderness of the living came in place of that of the dead, and the child yearned towards his father now with a stronger affection, relieved, at last, from all his fear. He had been suffered to sit an hour each day beside the bed on which his grandfather lay shrouded, and he had got reconciled to the cold, but silent and happy looks of death. His mother and his Bible told him to obey God, without repining, in all things; and the child did so with perfect simplicity. One sob had found its way at the close of that pathetic prayer; but the tears that bathed his glistening cheeks were far different from those that, on the day and night of his grandfather's decease, had burst from the agony of a breaking heart. The old minister laid his hand silently upon his golden head; there was a momentary murmur of kindness and pity over the room; the child was pacified; and again all was repose and peace.

A sober voice said that all was ready, and the son and the minister led the way reverently out into the open air. The bier stood before the door, and was lifted slowly up with its sable pall. Silently each mourner took his place. The sun was shining pleasantly, and a gentle breeze, passing through

the sycamores, shook down the glittering rain-drops upon the funeral velvet. The small procession, with an instinctive spirit, began to move along; and as I cast up my eyes to take a farewell look of that beautiful dwelling, now finally left by him who so long had blessed it, I saw, at the half open lattice of the little bed-room window above, the pale, weeping face of that stainless matron, who was taking her last passionate farewell of the mortal remains of her father, now slowly receding from her to the quiet field of graves.

We proceeded along the edges of the hills, and along the meadow-fields, crossed the old wooden bridge over the burn, now widening in its course to the plain; and in an hour of pensive silence, or pleasant talk, we found ourselves entering, in a closer body, the little gateway of the church-yard. To the tolling of the bell we moved across the green mounds, and arranged ourselves, according to the plan and order which our feelings suggested, around the bier and its natural supporters. There was no delay. In a few minutes the elder was laid among the mould of his forefathers, in their long-ago chosen spot of rest. One by one the people dropped away, and none were left by the new-made grave but the son and his little boy, the pastor and myself. As yet nothing was said, and in that pause I looked around me, over the sweet burial ground.

Each tombstone and grave, over which I had often walked in boyhood, arose in my memory, as I looked steadfastly upon their long-forgotten inscriptions; and many had since then been erected. The whole character of the place was still simple and unostentatious; but, from the abodes of the dead, I could see that there had been an improvement in the condition of the living. There was a taste visible in their decorations, not without much of native feeling, and, occasionally, something even of native grace. If there was any other inscription than the name and age of the poor inhabitants below, it was, in general, some short text of Scripture; for it is most pleasant and soothing to the pious mind, when bereaved of friends, to commemorate them on earth by some touching expression taken from that book, which reveals to them a life in heaven.

There is a sort of gradation, a scale of forgetfulness, in a country church-yard, where the processes of nature are suffered to go on over the green place of burial, that is extremely affecting in the contemplation. The soul goes, from the grave just covered up to that which seems scarcely joined together, on and on to those folded and bound by the undisturbed verdure of many, many unremembered years. It then

glides at last into nooks and corners where the ground seems perfectly calm and waveless, utter oblivion having smoothed the earth over the long mouldered bones. Tombstones, on which the inscriptions are hidden in green obliteration, or that are mouldering, or falling to a side, are close to others which last week were brushed by the chisel :—constant renovation and constant decay, vain attempts to adhere to memory, and oblivion now baffled and now triumphant, smiling among all the memorials of human affection, as they keep continually crumbling away into the world of undistinguishable dust and ashes.

The church-yard, to the inhabitants of a rural parish, is the place to which, as they grow older, all their thoughts and feelings turn. The young take a look of it every Sabbath-day, not always perhaps a careless look, but carry away from it, unconsciously, many salutary impressions. What is more pleasant than the meeting of a rural congregation in the church-yard before the minister appears? What is there to shudder at in lying down, sooner or later, in such a peaceful and sacred place, to be spoken of frequently on Sabbath among the groups of which we used to be one, and our low burial-spot to be visited, at such times, as long as there remains on earth any one to whom our face was dear! To those who mix in the strife and dangers of the world, the place is felt to be uncertain wherein they may finally lie at rest. The soldier, the sailor, the traveller, can only see some dim grave dug for him, when he dies, in some place obscure, nameless, and unfixed to imagination. All he feels is, that his burial will be—on earth or in the sea. But the peaceful dwellers, who cultivate their paternal acres, or tilling, at least, the same small spot of soil, shift only from a cottage on the hillside to one on the plain, still within the bounds of one quiet parish,—they look to lay their bones, at last, in the burial-place of the kirk in which they were baptized, and with them it almost literally is but a step from the cradle to the grave.

Such were the thoughts that calmly followed each other in my reverie, as I stood beside the elder's grave, and the trodden grass was again lifting up its blades from the pressure of many feet, now all but a few departed. What a simple burial had it been! Dust was consigned to dust—no more. Bare, naked, simple, and austere, is, in Scotland, the service of the grave. It is left to the soul itself to consecrate, by its passion, the mould over which tears, but no words, are poured. Surely there is a beauty in this; for the heart is left unto its own sorrow, according as it is a friend, a brother, a



parent, or a child, that is covered up from our eyes. Yet call not other rites, however different from this, less beautiful or pathetic. For willingly does the soul connect its grief with any consecrated ritual of the dead. Sound or silence, music, hymns, psalms, sable garments, or raiment white as snow, all become holy symbols of the soul's affection; nor is it for any man to say which is the most natural, which is the best of the thousand shows, and expressions, and testimonies of sorrow, resignation, and love, by which mortal beings would seek to express their souls, when one of their brethren has returned to his parent dust.

My mind was recalled from all these sad, yet not unpleasant fancies, by a deep groan, and I beheld the elder's son fling himself down upon the grave, and kiss it passionately, imploring pardon from God. "I distressed my father's heart in his old age; I repented, and received thy forgiveness even on thy death-bed! But how may I be assured that God will forgive me for having so sinned against my old, gray-headed father, when his limbs were weak and his eye-sight dim!" The old minister stood at the head of the grave, without speaking a word, with his solemn and pitiful eyes fixed upon the prostrate and contrite man. His sin had been great, and tears that till now had, on this day at least, been compressed within his heart by the presence of so many of his friends, now poured down upon the sod as if they would have found their way to the very body of his father. Neither of us offered to lift him up, for we felt awed by the rueful passion of his love, his remorse, and his penitence; and nature, we felt, ought to have her way. "Fear not, my son,"—at length said the old man, in a gentle voice,—“fear not, my son, but that you are already forgiven. Dost thou not feel pardon within thy contrite spirit?" He rose up from his knees with a faint smile, while the minister, with his white head yet uncovered, held his hands over him as in benediction; and that beautiful and loving child, who had been standing in a fit of weeping terror at his father's agony, now came up to him, and kissed his cheek; holding in his little hand a few faded primroses, which he had unconsciously gathered together as they lay on the turf of his grandfather's grave.



## LESSON L.

*The Voice of departed Friendship.*—IBID.

I HAD a friend who died in early youth !  
 —And often in those melancholy dreams,  
 When my soul travels through the umbrage deep  
 That shades the silent world of memory,  
 Methinks I hear his voice !—sweet as the breath  
 Of balmy ground-flowers stealing from some spot  
 Of sunshine sacred, in a gloomy wood,  
 To everlasting spring.

In the church-yard,  
 Where now he sleeps,—the day before he died,—  
 Silent we sat together on a grave ;  
 Till, gently laying his pale hand on mine,  
 Pale in the moonlight that was coldly sleeping  
 On heaving sod and marble monument,—  
 This was the music of his last farewell !  
 “Weep not, my brother! though thou seest me led,  
 By short and easy stages, day by day,  
 With motion almost imperceptible,  
 Into the quiet grave. God’s will be done.  
 Even when a boy, in doleful solitude  
 My soul oft sat within the shadow of death !  
 And, when I looked along the laughing earth,  
 Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air,  
 Joyfully ringing with the sky-lark’s song,  
 I wept, and thought how sad for one so young  
 To bid farewell to so much happiness !  
 But Christ hath called me from this lower world,  
 Delightful though it be ; and, when I gaze  
 On the green earth and all its happy hills,  
 ’Tis with such feelings as a man beholds  
 A little farm which he is doomed to leave  
 On an appointed day. Still more and more  
 He loves it as that mournful day draws near,  
 But hath prepared his heart, and is resigned.”  
 —Then, lifting up his radiant eyes to heaven,  
 He said with fervent voice—“ O what were life,  
 Even in the warm and summer-light of joy,  
 Without those hopes, that, like refreshing gales  
 At evening from the sea, come o’er the soul,  
 Breathed from the ocean of eternity.”

## LESSON LI.

*The Glory of God displayed in the Heavens.*—CAPPE.

IN the productions of human power and skill, there is ordinarily something, even in the first appearance, previous to any diligent examination, without any accurate survey, which bespeaks the excellency (if the works be indeed excellent) of the hand that made them, and which demonstrates that they are the performance of a Master : in the works of God, therefore, we may reasonably expect, that, on the most transient survey, there should appear something infinitely magnificent and great, something that should mark them as divine. The expectation is just, and in no instance will it ever be disappointed ; but in no instance will it be more completely satisfied than in the contemplation of the heavens.

In that azure vault, though we regard not the luminaries that revolve there, the most perfect simplicity is united with the most majestic grandeur. Who could stretch out the heavens but an Almighty arm ? or who could paint them in their various attractive and ever-changing beauties, but an all-skilful Artist ? In the noon of day, what surpassing glory ! in the noon of night, what solemn shades ! If we look to the rising sun, how majestic is his motion ! how bright his radiance ! the whole scene of his appearance, how magnificent and sublime ! If we gaze on the setting sun, what eye is not struck by the innumerable dyes, with which he tinges the western heavens ? What art can rival the painting of his declining beams, or what heart does not feel itself composed and softened by a spectacle so tranquil and serene ? The mid-day blaze is at once an image and a proof of his unutterable glory, who dwells in light to which no man can approach ; the ten thousand lamps, that adorn the nightly firmament, that even cheer its horrors, while they make its gloom more sensible and awful, could be suspended by no other than an Almighty Architect. That solemn scene declares his power to involve us in most tremendous ruin ; it speaks also of his readiness to set before us all the profusion of his glory and his love ! The source of day speaks aloud the praise of that uncreated light, in which there is no darkness at all : and when the moon issues forth to supply his absence, most powerfully does she remind us of the tender mercy of God, who gives to man every blessing in its season, and who would not leave us to despondence or to want. Whilst her incessant changes exhibit to us an emblem of the inconstancy of earthly things, and of human characters, she exhibits a proof, also, of an unchanging hand, that guides and rules her

motions, even the "Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of changing."

The heavens still further reveal the glory of God, if we attend to the magnitude of the celestial bodies, the vast extent of the space in which they move, and the rapidity with which their motions are performed.

With a very few exceptions, every star that we behold is another sun unto another system; placed in the centre of many worlds, and affording unto each, as they revolve around it, their proper measure both of light and heat, in their appointed seasons. If so many suns, how many worlds? If so many worlds, what numbers can express the inconceivable multitude of their inhabitants? all of them the creatures of divine power, the monuments of divine wisdom, the objects of divine love!—Think then, while you are gazing on the starry firmament, how many myriads of unnumbered worlds are at that moment rejoicing in the goodness of their Maker, and are even then praising Him, whose praise the starry firmament invites us also to celebrate.

These observations may a little assist you in conceiving something of the vast magnitude of the works of God; but, would you be informed how wide is the extent of his creation, I can do little more than tell you, that, as his works for number are innumerable, so the space they occupy for extent is immeasurable. It may aid your thoughts to be told, that, if you travelled round this globe for more than three thousand times, you would not have travelled by much so far as the earth is distant from the sun; and that, taking even the velocity of a cannon-ball, you could not complete your journey thither in twenty-two years. Yet, astonishing as is the space that is stretched out between our world and the sun which enlightens it daily by his beams, if compared with the space that is comprehended within all the worlds that revolve around him, it is not so much as the area of this house to the town wherein it stands, and, in comparison of the universe, even that space is not as a hand's breadth to this globe! What an idea does this give us of the extent of the Divine Presence! God is wherever there are any of his creatures; out of his sight, or reach, or power, or knowledge, you cannot go. Though you flew with the rapidity of a ray of light, and prolonged your flight unto eternity, still, as you left new worlds behind, new worlds would be continually passed by, and new worlds continually coming into view!

It remains to be observed under this head, that the glory of God appears not only in the immense extent of the heavens, and in the magnitude of the celestial orbs, but also in the in-

conceivable rapidity of their motions. There is, even in our own system, a planetary world, which proceeds in its course with a speed so vast and astonishing, that even thought is unable to keep pace with it. Since the commencement of the present hour, now near its close, it has passed through no less a space than upwards of 40,000 miles. Such is the rapidity of this earth, on which we live, in its annual circuit round the sun, and equal to this, or even greater, is the velocity of some others of the planetary worlds.—Measure, if thou canst, my soul, or own that no finite creature can measure, the amazing power that fashioned these mighty orbs, or the force that impels them in their courses!

The heavens will reveal to us still more of the glory of God, if we attend to the constancy and harmony of their motions. It was originally a promise of the Creator, and it has been graciously fulfilled from the beginning, that seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, heat and cold, day and night, should not fail. As was the first day that shone upon the world, so has this day been. As was the first night that overshadowed it, so will the night that is approaching be. One year, like every other year, is made up of seasons, regularly and uniformly interchanging. The aspect of the heavens, and the appearance of the earth, at any given period, have exactly answered to their aspect and appearance in any other corresponding period, from this day backwards, through six thousand years, to the birthday of our world! And what is true of this world for that period is doubtless true of ten thousand other worlds, for a period perhaps ten thousand times as long.

What an argument is here of an all-wise, almighty, and all-gracious Providence! continually presiding over the worlds that he has made; actuating, directing, controlling, and governing all their revolutions! If, at any one moment, their beauty, their order, and their magnificence, be a demonstration that they are the creatures of unerring wisdom; the perpetuity of that magnificence, of that order, and of that beauty, is a demonstration equally clear, of the constant agency and providence of God.

Whence is it that the sun never has mistaken its rising, nor the moon her going down? Whence is it that the seasons have never been inverted nor confused? Whence is it that night has always come at its expected period to the repose of the weary labourer? Whence is it that the harvest never has forgotten to ripen that seed, which the spring invited the industrious husbandman to sow? In the heavenly orbs, whence do the vicissitudes of day and night, and of the sea-



sons, flow? There is in them no memory, no reason, no intelligence; they move as they are impelled, and have no other powers or influences than those that are imparted to them, or impressed upon them, by a foreign hand, by the energy of an omnipresent Spirit: it is to the glory, therefore, of that omnipresent Spirit, that they shine. In all their changes they obey his will, and in all their revolutions they manifest his wisdom and his goodness. It is because he changes not, that the order, which was first established, is not inverted or invaded; "all things continue unto this day according to his ordinances, because all are his servants."

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### LESSON LII.

*Humanity inculcated from the evanescent Nature of Man.*—  
JOSEPH FAWCETT.

MILTON has described the first moment of human enmity. He has painted the parents of mankind at variance with each other, after the loss of their innocence; when the sentence of death, which had been passed upon them, was, every hour, expected by them to be put in execution. Upon this occasion, the poet has put these words into the mouth of the mother of mankind:

"While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace!"

The proposal cannot but be considered as highly becoming the sad situation into which they were fallen. Let me adopt this pacific proposition, which one of our first parents is thus pathetically represented as addressing to the other with so beautiful propriety, and let me address it this day to their descendants. "While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,"—long, at most, we have not any of us to live,—"between us *all* let there be peace!"

Let every man consider his brother as a creature, whose days are hastening to an end, and pity will not let him use him ill: he will feel himself kindly affectioned towards him; he will wish him well, with the warmest benevolence; and feel a tender solicitude to shed as much sunshine upon this little day, and to disperse as many of its clouds, as he can. Who is there, that could meet a victim on its way to the altar, and see the knife of sacrifice in readiness, and indulge a desire to give the devoted animal a moment's pain, as it pursues its path to slaughter? And can any one consider man in the light of a passenger to the grave, and endure the



idea of throwing so much as a single thorn in his way? No: he will rather fetch as many flowers as he can find, to scatter along it; and smooth away from it every asperity, which it is in his power to remove. He will not trample upon a creature, over whom he sees the uplifted foot of Death. He will not bruise, to-day, the worm that is to be crushed to-morrow. He will permit the fleeting shadow to flee away in peace.

However far we may be from entertaining such feelings and sentiments as these before our brother sleeps in the dust, if, in their absence, we are tempted, while he lives, to do him wrong; as soon as we see him laid in his lowly bed, they are sure, with more or less force, to arise within us. Then they rush upon us in a swarm of stings, and revenge the injuries we rendered him. When it is too late to undo what has been done against him, by an adequate amends, then that pity, which should have prevented us from doing it, takes possession of our hearts, and severely punishes us for having done it. That compassion, which we should have drawn from the consideration of our fellow-creature's rapidly-approaching dissolution, when we see him actually no more, forces itself upon our hearts, without waiting for the call of consideration, and loudly upbraids the cruelty of our conduct. He, who could injure a living man without remorse, has not been able without remorse to look upon his grave. Then he has relented, and repented; he has sighed, and said to himself, "Poor, departed mortal! why did I imbitter thy moment of existence? Short has been thy dance of joy; it was cruel in me to damp, for an instant, the harmony of it! Quickly hast thou passed away; I must have been a monster to disturb thy passage! A few short hours the God of nature gave thee, thou insect of a day, to sport and glitter in the sun; ah! wherefore, during any part of it, did I prove an interposing cloud?"

And, perhaps, the most painful sensation, of which our nature is susceptible, is that, which is experienced by a sincere penitent, possessed of some share of native sensibility, when, in the melting moment of contrition for his past conduct in general, and in the generous moment of virtuous resolution to devote his future days to the discharge of his duties, he looks around him for some one, whom, during the slumber of his reason, and the dream of his folly, he had wronged, with an intention to make him all the recompense in his power,—but finds him vanished away from the world, and laid down in that house of silence, whence no cries of his can ever recall him; where none of his good offices can ever reach him; where he is equally unable to revive his resent-

ment by a repetition, or procure his pardon by a reparation of the wrong he did him; and where the object of his past injustice, and his present repentance, sleeps too soundly to hear the sigh of his remorse, should he go, in the agony of it, and groan over his grave.

Among the tears that, in the moment of conversion from vice to virtue, roll down his face, this, which retrospective and impotent compassion calls into his eye, is a big and a bitter drop, which he will often renew, and which it will be long before he is able to wipe away. The amendment of his manners shall procure him the peace arising from the hope of heaven, and the pardon of his sins; but will not soon quiet the pain he feels, from the recollection, whenever he renews it, of having thrown one bitter ingredient into a creature's draught of joy, whose life, now it is past, appears to him so small a cup, and capable of containing so little! The regret of that action, as often as it recurs to his remembrance, shall ache at his heart, and put it out of the power of the penitent to yield a perfect compliance with the encouragement of Christianity to "be of good cheer." Pity for the departed object of his cruelty shall rise up in his bosom, and oppose the pardon of it; social sorrow shall deny him self-forgiveness; the injured shade of a short-lived creature shall present itself to his imagination; and, in proportion to his improvement in the generous affections, shall be the pain, which its silent reproaches excite in his breast.

Let him who has injured another, if he would save himself from the sorrow of a repentance, in this respect too late and fruitless, repair in time the wrong he has done, and do all he can to wipe from his brother's breast the impression of his past unkindness, by offices of good will and friendship. Let him make him what amends he may immediately. Let not a moment's delay be indulged. There is not a moment to be lost. Hasten,—fly,—or the fleeting creature will be gone. For soon shall he sleep in the dust, and thou shalt seek him in the morning, but he shall not be.

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### LESSON LIH.

*Opportunities of doing Good not confined to the Rich.*—IBID.

God has bestowed upon us all a portion of that power to bless, which himself possesses in an infinite degree. The opportunities of splendid service to society are confined to a few. Few are able to give endowment to charitable institutions, encouragement to ingenuity, or patronage to genius.

Small is the number of them who can supply new discoveries to science, or inventions to art, or improvements to government; who can communicate instruction to society, throw illumination over senates, and shed felicity upon nations. Both the virtues and the faults of the majority of us are circumscribed within narrow walls. We have few of us an opportunity of being greatly injurious, or eminently useful; of being execrated or adored by mankind.

But some evil, and some good, there are none who may not do, if they will. Every one has something in his hand, which some one around him wants. It is given to us all, (blessed be the bountiful Distributer of bliss!) it is given to us all, to express good will, to produce happiness, to earn the gratitude of man, and imitate the conduct of Heaven. Gold is not the only gift of man; nor is it the best. Peter and John did more for the lame man they healed, than if they had given him bread. The instructions of Christ did more for mankind than feed and clothe them: and there are offices of kindness, in the power of us all, of more importance than the communication of property.

We have ample encouragement, whatever our condition in life, and however humble our powers of imparting benefit, to do all we can for our fellow creatures, by the consideration, that all the honest exertions of goodness are equally calculated to invigorate the principle of it, whether the effect those exertions produce be large or small. As muscular vigour is improved by muscular motion, whether the mechanical value of that motion be great or little, so every exercise of real goodness adds to its strength, whether the happiness communicated by it be considerable or trivial.

The contributions we make to the happiness of mankind render our characters also equally acceptable to the Judge of all men, however unequal, in their value to society, those contributions may be, if they spring from equal goodness of heart. It is not what we give, but the pleasure with which we give it, the disposition that goes along with the gift, which determines the value of the act in the divine estimation.

The poor man that gives but a word, from an honest wish to remove misery, to communicate comfort and happiness, gives as much, for him, as the rich man that, of his abundance, bestows the largest sum of money. The poor man that, with soothing consolation, seeks to bind up one broken heart, and administer balm to a bruised spirit, does as much, for him, as he who, with the wealth he does not want, prepares a receptacle where the broken bones of thousands may rejoice.

Let the consideration of the number of our opportunities for virtue impress upon all our minds the extent of our obligations. Let us open our eye, and take in the whole of the field of duty, the whole of the school of moral discipline, in which we are placed. Our probation is not confined to striking points and periods of our time, but diffused over the whole of it. Every hour of every day, we may do something that is right, or something that is wrong: conscience may contract, or be kept void of, some offence either towards God or towards man. As devotion is not a duty shut up in particular seasons and situations, but the companion of our path all along our way; as the devout man does not satisfy himself with saying, "In the morning thou shalt hear my voice;" or even with professing, "Morning, and evening, and noon, will I pray;" or even with declaring, "Seven times a day do I praise thee;" as his more moral and virtuous protestation is, "I will be in the fear of the Lord all the day long;" "I have set the Lord always before me,"—so charity is not merely the occasional improvement of the opportunities of pecuniary beneficence, that occasionally and seldom occur, but the habitual seizure of that uninterrupted succession of opportunities for communicating happiness, in some way or other, that is continually running along through the whole of every man's life.

Charity is no intermittent thing, that now and then breaks out into brilliant munificence, and then retires to slumber in the lap of sensuality and selfish repose; that, like a burning mountain, darts forth occasional shoots and flashes of splendour, and then rolls up nothing but smoke and darkness; it is a lamp that is always burning, sometimes with a brighter, and sometimes with a fainter light, but that is never out. It is a vital principle, a generous life; the pulses of which are continually proceeding, now with stronger, and now with more languid beats, but never stopping. The life of a charitable man consists not merely of a few detached acts of desultory bounty, separated from each other by long intervals: his heart is a benignant fountain, that pours from it a flow of benefits, either large or little; that supplies a current of kind attentions; that sends forth a stream of services to his fellow creatures, few of which can be signal, but all of which are sincere; and which, though separately considered they may seem but small, yet, collectively received, are of large amount.

Let us keep in view this extent and comprehension of our probation. Let us remember, that, almost every hour of our lives, we may exercise, in some way or other, goodness or



malignity, virtue or vice, wisdom or folly. Every social circle, into which we enter, presents to us an opportunity of exercising some good or some evil passion; of vindicating innocence, or joining in the calumny of it; of extenuating another's indiscretion, or blackening its shade; of consoling or creating discontent; of encouraging or oppressing diffidence; of inflaming or assuaging contention; of adhering to veracity, or departing from it; of practising moderation in debate, and a single love of truth, or a criminal pride, by shutting our eyes to evidence, and sacrificing conviction to the desire of victory. Every transaction in traffic presents an opportunity of exercising an honourable equity, fairness, and candour, or of uttering deceit, and practising fraud.

In short, the opportunities of man for virtuous improvement and practice follow one another in such a train, that it is impossible to say to what a degree of virtuous eminence that man might attain, even in the short space of human life, who should omit no one, in the long series of virtuous exercises, which it is in his power to perform. This degree of moral vigilance and activity has, probably, never yet been practised by man. Let us all be persuaded to practise as much of it as the infirmity of nature will allow: and may all our attempts to promote our own improvement in virtue, and increase the felicity of our fellow creatures, be crowned with the blessing of Almighty God.

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## LESSON LIV.

### *Pleasures of Memory.*—ROGERS.

TWILIGHT'S soft dews steal o'er the village green,  
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.  
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,  
When, round the ruins of their ancient oak,  
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,  
And games and carols closed the busy day.  
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more  
With treasured tales, and legendary lore.  
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows  
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.  
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!  
What secret charms this silent spot endear?

Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,  
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.  
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,  
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.



The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,  
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;  
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,  
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

See, through the fractured pediment revealed,  
Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptured shield,  
The martin's old, hereditary nest.

Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest !

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call !

Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall !

That hall, where once, in antiquated state,

The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stained with dew, with cobwebs darkly hung,

Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung ;

When round yon ample board, in due degree,

We sweetened every meal with social glee.

The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest,

And all was sunshine in each little breast.

'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound,

And turned the blindfold hero round and round.

'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring,

And fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.

Giants and genii chained each wondering ear,

And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.

Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood,

Or viewed the forest feats of Robin Hood :

Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,

With startling step, we scaled the lonely tower,

O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,

Murdered, by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Ye household Deities ! whose guardian eye

Marked each pure thought, ere registered on high ;

Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,

And breathe the soul of inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,

Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.

The storied arras, source of fond delight,

With old achievement charms the wildered sight ;

And still, with heraldry's rich hues impressed,

On the dim window glows the pictured crest.

The screen unfolds its many-coloured chart,

The clock still points its moral to the heart.

That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear !

When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near :

And has its sober hand, its simple chime,

Forgot to trace the feathered feet of time ?

That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,  
Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive thought ;  
Those muskets, cased with venerable rust ;  
Those once-loved forms, still breathing through their dust,  
Still, from the frame in mould gigantic cast,  
Starting to life,—all whisper of the past !

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## LESSON LV.

*Saturday Morning.*—BOWRING.

ANOTHER portion of life rolls on,  
The week glides calmly by ;  
And down the swift stream of time we run,  
To the sea of eternity.  
Who knows how soon the hour will come  
When the sun shall put out his light,  
And the Master shall call his labourers home,  
To sleep in the valleys of night ?

And then shall He take a strict account  
Of duties neglected and done,  
And millions shall read their vast amount  
Recorded one by one.  
And every bosom shall be unveiled,  
And every secret known ;  
And none another's sins shall shield,  
And none shall hide his own !

We live, in this narrow world below,  
The victims of self-deceit ;  
But, in the bright world to which we go,  
No artifice can cheat.  
Folly can there no more assume  
Wisdom's imposing dress ;  
Nor hypocrisy wear the towering plume  
Of conscious righteousness.

O nothing then will avail us there  
But deeds of mercy and love ;  
For each his burden of sin must bear,  
At the high tribunal above ;  
To have trained our spirits to forgive,  
As we hope to be forgiven,  
And have lived on earth as they should live,  
Whose hopes and home are heaven.

We are weak and vain, but God is strong ;  
 We are blind, but his piercing eye,  
 To whose orbit all space and time belong,  
 Embraces infinity.  
 We wander ; his spirit leads us back  
 To the heavenward path of peace,  
 And his glory lights the holy track  
 That ends in eternal bliss.

He smiles on all ; and, though drear and dark  
 Our journey may seem to be,  
 A joyous, a bright, though lonely spark,  
 Shines from eternity.  
 As beneath the curtains of silver snow  
 The flowers of the valley are hid,  
 So the flowers of hope and beauty grow  
 'Neath the grave's pyramid.

Even in the shadiest, darkest night,  
 The stars shine on unseen ;  
 And the sun is clad in his robes of light,  
 Though mists intrude between.  
 And the grave, though dreary, and dull, and deep,  
 Is bright with a heaven-born ray,  
 And its long and seemingly listless sleep  
 Shall be crowned with eternal day.

## LESSON LVI.

*Portrait of a worldly Woman.*—FREEMAN.

A WOMAN has spent her youth without the practice of any remarkable virtue, or the commission of any thing which is flagrantly wrong ; and she is now united with a man, whose moral endowments are not more distinguished than her own, but who is industrious, rich, and prosperous. Against the connexion she had no objection ; and it is what her friends entirely approved. His standing in life is respectable ; and they both pass along without scandal, but without much approbation of their own consciences, and without any loud applause from others ; for the love of the world is the principle which predominates in their bosoms ; and the world never highly praises its own votaries.

She is not absolutely destitute of the external appearance of religion ; for she constantly attends church in the afternoon, unless she is detained by her guests ; and in the morning, unless she is kept at home by a slight indisposition, or

unfavourable weather,—which she supposes happens more frequently on Sundays than other days,—and which, it must be confessed, are several degrees less inconvenient and less unpleasant than similar causes, which prevent her from going to a party of pleasure. This, however, is the end of her religion, such as it is; for, when she is at church, she does not think herself under obligations to attend to what is passing there, and to join in the worship of her Maker. She cannot, with propriety, be called a woman professing godliness; for she makes no public profession of love to her Saviour: she does only what is customary; and she would do still less, if the omission were decorous.

Of domestic religion there is not even a semblance. As her husband does not think proper to pray with his family, so she does not think proper to pray with her children, or to instruct them in the doctrines and duties of Christianity. On the Gospel, however, no ridicule nor contempt is cast; and, twice or thrice in a year, thanks are given to God at her table,—that is, when a minister of religion is one of her guests. No time being consumed in devotion, much is left for the care of her house, to which she attends with worldly discretion. Her husband is industrious in acquiring wealth, and she is equally industrious in spending it in such a manner as to keep up a genteel appearance. She is prudent in managing her affairs, and suffers nothing to be wasted through thoughtlessness. In a word, she is a reasonable economist; and there is a loud call, though she is affluent, that she should be so, as her expenses are necessarily great.

But she is an economist, not for the indigent, but for herself; not that she may increase her means of doing good, but that she may adorn her person, and the persons of her children, with gold, and pearls, and costly array; not that she may make a feast for the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, but that she may make a dinner or a supper for her rich neighbours, who will bid her again. Though the preparations for these expensive dining and evening parties are more irksome than the toils of the common labourer, yet she submits to them with readiness; for she loves the world, and she loves the approbation, which she hopes the world will bestow on the brilliancy of her decorations, and the exquisite taste of her high-seasoned viands and delicious wines. For this reputation she foregoes the pleasure which she would feel, in giving bread to the fatherless, and in kindling the cheerful fire on the hearth of the aged widow. Thus, though she has many guests at her board, yet she is not hospitable; and,

though she gives much away, yet she is not charitable; for she gives to those who stand in no need of her gifts.

I call not this woman completely selfish; for she loves her family. She is sedulous in conferring on her daughters a polite education, and in settling them in the world as respectably as she is established herself. For her sons she is still more anxious; because the sons of the rich are too much addicted to extravagance; and she is desirous to preserve them from dissipations, which would tarnish the good name that she would have them enjoy in the world, and which, above all, would impair their fortunes. But here her affection terminates. She loves nothing out of the bosom of her own family: for the poor and the wretched she has no regard. It is not strictly accurate to say, that she bestows nothing on them; because she sometimes gives in public charities, when it would not be decent to withhold her donations; and she sometimes gives more privately, when she is warmly solicited, and when all her friends and neighbours give: but in both cases she concedes her alms with a cold and unwilling mind. She considers it in the same light as her husband views the taxes which he pays to the government,—as a debt which must be discharged, but from which she would be glad to escape.

As a rational woman, however, must not be supposed to conduct herself without reason, she endeavours to find excuses for her omissions. Her first and great apology is, that she has poor relations to provide for. In this apology there is truth. Mortifying as she feels it to be, it must be confessed that she is clogged with indigent connexions, who are allowed to come to her house, when she has no apprehension that they will be seen by her wealthy visitants. As it would be a gross violation of decency, and what every one would condemn as monstrous, for her to permit them to famish, when she is so able to relieve them, she does indeed bestow something on them; but she gives it sparingly, reluctantly, and haughtily. She flatters herself, however, that she has now done every thing which can with justice be demanded of her, and that other indigent persons have not a claim on her bounty.

Another apology is, that the poor are vicious, and do not deserve her beneficence. By their idleness and intemperance they have brought themselves to poverty. They have little regard to truth; and, though it must be allowed that their distress is not altogether imaginary, yet they are ever disposed to exaggerate their sufferings. Whilst they are ready to devour one another, they are envious toward the rich, and the kindness of their benefactors they commonly



repay with ingratitude. To justify these charges, she can produce many examples; and she deems that they are sufficient excuses for her want of humanity. But she forgets, in the mean while, that the Christian woman, who sincerely loves God and her neighbour, in imitation of her heavenly Father, is kind to the evil as well as the good, to the unthankful as well as the grateful.

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## LESSON LVII.

*The Indian Summer of New England.*—IBID.

THE southwest is the pleasantest wind which blows in New England. In the month of October, in particular, after the frosts, which commonly take place at the end of September, it frequently produces two or three weeks of fair weather, in which the air is perfectly transparent, and the clouds, which float in the sky of the purest azure, are adorned with brilliant colours. If at this season a man of an affectionate heart and ardent imagination should visit the tombs of his friends, the southwestern breezes, as they breathe through the glowing trees, would seem to him almost articulate. Though he might not be so rapt in enthusiasm as to fancy that the spirits of his ancestors were whispering in his ear, yet he would at least imagine that he heard the small voice of God. This charming season is called the Indian Summer, a name which is derived from the natives, who believe that it is caused by a wind, which comes immediately from the court of their great and benevolent God Cautantowwit, or the southwestern God, the God who is superior to all other beings, who sends them every blessing which they enjoy, and to whom the souls of their fathers go after their decease.

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## LESSON LVIII.

*Steam-boats on the Mississippi.*—T. FLINT.

THE advantage of steam-boats, great as it is every where, can no where be appreciated as on the Mississippi. The distant points of the Ohio and Mississippi used to be separated from New Orleans by an internal obstruction, far more formidable in the passing than the Atlantic. If I may use a hard word, they are now brought into *juxtaposition*. To feel what an invention this is for these regions, one must have seen and felt, as I have seen and felt, the difficulty and danger

of forcing a boat against the current of these mighty rivers, on which a progress of ten miles in a day is a good one. Indeed, those huge and unwieldy boats, the barges in which a great proportion of the articles from New Orleans used to be transported to the upper country, required twenty or thirty hands to work them. I have seen them, day after day, on the lower portions of the Mississippi, where there was no other way of working them up than carrying out a cable half a mile in length, in advance of the barge, and fastening it to a tree. The hands on board then draw it up to the tree. While this is transacting, another yawl, still in advance of that, has ascended to a higher tree, and made another cable fast to it, to be ready to be drawn upon as soon as the first is coiled. This is the most dangerous and fatiguing way of all, and six miles' advance in a day is good progress.

It is now refreshing, and imparts a feeling of energy and power to the beholder, to see the large and beautiful steam-boats scudding up the eddies, as though on the wing, and, when they have run out the eddy, strike the current. The foam bursts in a sheet quite over the deck. She quivers for a moment with the concussion; and then, as though she had collected her energy, and vanquished her enemy, she resumes her stately march, and mounts against the current, five or six miles an hour. I have travelled in this way, for days together, more than a hundred miles in a day, against the current of the Mississippi. The difficulty of ascending used to be the only circumstance of a voyage that was dreaded in the anticipation. This difficulty now disappears. A family in Pittsburg wishes to make a social visit to a kindred family on Red River. The trip is but two thousand miles. They all go together; servants, baggage, or "plunder," as the phrase is, to any amount. In twelve days they reach the point proposed. Even the return is but a short voyage. Surely the people of this country will have to resist strong temptations, if they do not become a social people. You are invited to a breakfast at seventy miles' distance. You go on board the passing steam-boat, and awake in the morning in season for your appointment. The day will probably come, when the inhabitants of the warm and sickly regions of the lower points of the Mississippi will take their periodical migrations to the north, with the geese and swans of the gulf, and with them return in the winter.

A sea voyage, after all that can be said in its favour, is a very different thing from all this. The barren and boundless expanse of waters soon tires upon every eye but a seaman's. I say nothing of fastening tables, and holding fast to beds,

or inability to write or to cook. I leave out of sight seasickness, and the danger of descending to those sea-green caves, of which poetry has so much to say. Here you are always near the shore, always see the green earth, can always eat, write, and sleep undisturbed. You can always obtain cream, fowls, vegetables, fruit, wild game; and, in my mind, there is no kind of comparison between the comforts and discomforts of a sea and river voyage.

A stranger to this mode of travelling would find it difficult to describe his impressions upon first descending the Mississippi in one of the better steam-boats. He contemplates the prodigious establishment, with all its fitting of deck common, and ladies' cabin apartments. Over head, about him, and below him, all is life and movement. He sees its splendid cabin, richly carpeted, its finishing of mahogany, its mirrors and fine furniture, its bar-room, and sliding-tables, to which eighty passengers can sit down with comfort. The fare is sumptuous, and every thing in a style of splendour, order, quiet, and regularity, far exceeding that of taverns in general. You read, you converse, you walk, you sleep, as you choose; for custom has prescribed that every thing shall be without ceremony. The varied and verdant scenery shifts around you. The trees, the green islands, have an appearance, as by enchantment, of moving by you. The river-fowl, with their white and extended lines, are wheeling their flight above you. The sky is bright. The river is dotted with boats above you, beside, and below you. You hear the echo of their bugles reverberating from the woods. Behind the wooded point, you see the ascending column of smoke rising above the trees, which announces that another steam-boat is approaching you. This moving pageant glides through a narrow passage between the main shore and an island, thick set with young cotton-woods, so even, so regular, and beautiful, that they seem to have been planted for a pleasure ground.

As you shoot out again into the broad stream, you come in view of a plantation, with all its busy and cheerful accompaniments. At other times, you are sweeping along, for many leagues together, where either shore is a boundless and pathless wilderness. And the contrast, which is thus so strongly forced upon the mind, of the highest improvement and the latest invention of art, with the most lonely aspect of a grand but desolate nature,—the most striking and complete assemblage of splendour and comfort, the cheerfulness of a floating hotel, which carries, perhaps, two hundred guests, with a wild and uninhabited forest, one hundred

miles in width, the abode only of owls, bears, and noxious animals,—this strong contrast produces, to me at least, something of the same pleasant sensation that is produced by lying down to sleep with the rain pouring on the roof, immediately over head.

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## LESSON LIX.

### *Cypress Swamps of the Mississippi.*—IBID.

BEYOND the lakes, there are immense swamps of cypress, which swamps constitute a vast proportion of the inundated lands of the Mississippi and its waters. No prospect on earth can be more gloomy. The poetic Styx or Acheron had not a greater union of dismal circumstances. Well may the cypress have been esteemed a funereal and lugubrious tree. When the tree has shed its leaves, for it is a deciduous tree, a cypress swamp, with its countless interlaced branches of a hoary gray, has an aspect of desolation and death, that, often as I have been impressed with it, I cannot describe. In summer its fine, short, and deep green leaves invest these hoary branches with a drapery of crape. The water in which they grow is a vast and dead level, two or three feet deep, still leaving the innumerable cypress “knees,” as they are called, or very elliptical trunks, resembling circular bee-hives, throwing their points above the waters. This water is covered with a thick coat of green matter, resembling green buff velvet. The moschetoes swarm above the water in countless millions.

A very frequent adjunct to this horrible scenery is the moccason snake, with his huge scaly body lying in folds upon the side of a cypress knee; and, if you approach too near, lazy and reckless as he is, he throws the upper jaw of his huge mouth almost back to his neck, giving you ample warning of his ability and will to defend himself. I travelled forty miles along this river swamp, and a considerable part of the way in the edge of it; in which the horse sunk, at every step, half up to his knees. I was enveloped, for the whole distance, with a cloud of moschetoes. Like the ancient Avernus, I do not remember to have seen a single bird, in the whole distance, except the blue jay. Nothing interrupted the death-like silence, but the hum of moschetoes.

There cannot be well imagined another feature to the gloom of these vast and dismal forests, to finish this kind of landscape, more in keeping with the rest, than the long moss, or Spanish beard; and this funereal drapery attaches itself to



the cypress in preference to any other tree. There is not, that I know, an object in nature, which produces such a number of sepulchral images as the view of the cypress forests, all shagged, dark, and enveloped in hanging festoons of moss. If you would inspire an inhabitant of New England, possessed of the customary portion of feeling, with the degree of home-sickness which would strike to the heart, transfer him instantly from the hill and dale, the bracing air and varied scenery of the North, to the cypress swamps of the South, that are covered with the long moss.

This curious appendage to the trees is first visible in the cypress swamps at about thirty-three degrees, and is seen thence to the gulf. It is the constant accompaniment of the trees in deep bottoms and swampy lands, and seems to be an indication of the degree of humidity in the atmosphere. I have observed that, in dry and hilly pine woods, far from streams and stagnant waters, it almost wholly disappears; but in the pine woods it reappears as you approach bottoms, streams, and swamps. I have remarked too, that, where it so completely envelopes the cypress as to show nothing but the festoons of the dark gray moss, other trees are wholly free from it. It seems less inclined to attach itself to the cotton-wood trees than to any other.

This moss is a plant of the parasitical species, being propagated by seed, which forms in a capsule that is preceded by a very minute, but beautiful purple flower. Although, when the trees that have cast their leaves are covered with it, they look as if they were dead, yet the moss will not live long on a dead tree. It is well known that this moss, when managed by a process like that of preparing hemp, or flax, separates from its bark, and the black fibre that remains is not unlike horse-hair, elastic, incorruptible, and an admirable and cheap article for mattresses, of which are formed most of the beds of the southern people of this region.

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## LESSON LX.

### *Influence of the Dead on the Living.*—NORTON.

THE relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us. Their names and characters dwell in our thoughts and hearts. We live and commune with them in their writings. We enjoy the benefit of their labours. Our institutions have been founded by them. We are surrounded by



the works of the dead. Our knowledge and our arts are the fruit of their toil. Our minds have been formed by their instructions. We are most intimately connected with them by a thousand dependencies. Those whom we have loved in life are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their power over us remains. They are with us in our solitary walks, and their voices speak to our hearts in the silence of midnight.

Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part of our treasure laid in heaven. For, above all, we are separated from them but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those whom we have loved, we too shall soon join the innumerable company of the spirits of just men made perfect. Our affections and our hopes are not buried in the dust, to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance and their love for us in heaven; and we will cherish our remembrance and our love for them while on earth.

Creatures of imitation and sympathy as we are, we look around us for support and countenance even in our virtues. We recur for them most securely to the examples of the dead. There is a degree of insecurity and uncertainty about living worth. The stamp has not yet been put upon it, which precludes all change, and seals it as a just object of admiration for future times. There is no service, which a man of commanding intellect can render his fellow creatures, better than that of leaving behind him an unspotted example. If he do not confer upon them this benefit; if he leave a character, dark with vices in the sight of God, but dazzling with shining qualities to the view of men; it may be that all his other services had better have been forborne, and he had passed inactive and unnoticed through life. It is a dictate of wisdom, therefore, as well as feeling, when a man, eminent for his virtues and talents, has been taken away, to collect the riches of his goodness, and add them to the treasury of human improvement. The true Christian *liveth not for himself, and dieth not for himself*; and it is thus, in one respect, that he dieth not for himself.

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## LESSON LXI.

*Cultivation of Moral Taste.*—FRISBIE.

A LITERARY taste, while it has its principles in the nature of the mind, is formed by the study and imitation of the best

models, and by having the attention habitually directed to what is truly beautiful. Moral taste is founded in like manner in our constitution, is cherished and cultivated by familiarity with moral beauty, and by avoiding whatever has a tendency to impair the love of what is right, and the aversion to what is wrong.

As our opinion of duty is greatly influenced by our moral taste, so, on the other hand, moral taste is much affected by our judgment of what is right. Hence it is above all things necessary, that this taste should be founded in just notions of rectitude, and supported by virtuous conduct. It is impossible that he should long love virtue, whose actions are habitually at variance with her principles and rules. But it is to influences more remote and indirect, influences less suspected, and, therefore, more to be feared, that I would call your attention. There are many circumstances, which do not solicit us to violate our sense of duty, which yet lessen our reverence for virtue, and abhorrence of vice, and thus fatally break down the barriers to practical aberrations from the course of rectitude.

The first I shall mention is intimacy with such individuals as combine amiable qualities, intelligent minds, and cultivated manners, with a disregard of principle and corrupt morals. As bigotry, cant and superstition often give a disgusting, ridiculous, or repulsive air even to true piety, which it requires no small effort of the mind to separate from it; in like manner, vice is often so united with engaging qualities, that it is either "pardoned for the association, or lost in the assemblage." The ingenuous and well educated youth is at first, perhaps, offended, and even pained by the indecent allusion or profane jest; but they are uttered in such good company, and seasoned with so much wit, that they are forgiven, as the venial errors of a good heart. When this is the case, it is too certain they will soon be heard with indifference, and at last joined in without compunction.

The same effect is produced by two classes of books. The one, where the power of the writer has concealed the deformity of vice under refinement of expression, or confounded its nature by associating it with qualities which are interesting and amiable. Here, perhaps, the *delicacy* of taste is not so much impaired as its *correctness* perverted; it is not insensibility, but error, which is produced. The warmth of genius, like that of the tropical sun, has called up a luxuriance of vegetation; and the unwary observer is unconscious of the poison that is breathed from flowers so sweet, or the reptiles that hide under foliage so beautiful.

But there is another class of books, in which there is no disguise ; and profligacy and vice appear without a veil ; although, perhaps, their names may be a little changed. Drunkenness is conviviality, and libertinism warmth of constitution. Yet there is so much to awaken curiosity in the narrative, so much of humour, of truth, and of human nature in the characters and incidents, that, by many, the faults are pardoned for the sake of the excellencies, till these very faults increase the relish of the whole. I have heard the putting of such books into the hands of the young defended by an argument like this ; that they are a sort of preparatory discipline for the temptations of real life ; that, in the commerce of the world, the young cannot but be exposed to the seductions of vice, and it is best they should know beforehand something of its nature and power, that they may be the better able to withstand them.

In answer to this, it may, I think, be said, that those circumstances, which impair the delicacy of moral feeling, and silently seduce the imagination and passions, without directly leading to conduct, are more dangerous, in their effects, than temptations, which immediately allure us to act wrong ; because the former, calling for no resistance, and producing no reaction, leave the principles of virtue enfeebled ; whereas the latter, requiring an active determination of the will, the same mind would recoil from them with abhorrence. Impressions merely passive steal upon the heart, and pollute the sources of moral health ; while temptations, counteracted by positive resistance and opposite conduct, produce a salutary exercise, by which the moral powers are invigorated.

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## LESSON LXII.

*Moral Influence of the Writings of Lord Byron and Miss Edgeworth.—IBID.*

IN no productions of modern genius is the reciprocal influence of morals and literature more distinctly seen than in those of the author of *Childe Harold*. His character produced the poems, and it cannot be doubted that his poems are adapted to produce such a character. His heroes speak a language supplied not more by imagination than consciousness. They are not those machines, that, by a contrivance of the artist, send forth a music of their own ; but instruments through which he breathes his very soul, in tones of agonized sensibility, that cannot but give a sympathetic impulse to those who hear. The desolate misanthropy of

his mind rises, and throws its dark shade over his poetry, like one of his own ruined castles: we feel it to be sublime, but we forget that it is a sublimity it cannot have, till it is abandoned by every thing that is kind, and peaceful, and happy, and its halls are ready to become the haunts of outlaws and assassins.

Nor are his more tender and affectionate passages those to which we can yield ourselves without a feeling of uneasiness. It is not that we can here and there select a proposition formally false or pernicious; but that he leaves an impression unfavourable to a healthful state of thought and feeling, peculiarly dangerous to the finest minds and most susceptible hearts. They are the scene of a summer evening, where all is tender, and beautiful, and grand; but the damps of disease descend with the dews of heaven, and the pestilent vapours of night are breathed in with the fragrance and balm, and the delicate and fair are the surest victims of the exposure.

Although I have illustrated the moral influence of literature principally from its mischiefs, yet it is obvious, if what I have said be just, it may be rendered no less powerful, as a means of good. Is it not true that, within the last century, a decided and important improvement in the moral character of our literature has taken place? and, had Pope and Smollett written at the present day, would the former have published the imitations of Chaucer, or the latter the adventures of Pickle and Random? Genius cannot now sanctify impurity or want of principle; and our critics and reviewers are exercising jurisdiction, not only upon the literary but moral blemishes of the authors that come before them. We notice with peculiar pleasure the sentence of just indignation, which the Edinburgh tribunal has pronounced upon Moore, Swift, Goëthe, and in general the German sentimentalists.

Indeed, the fountains of literature into which an enemy has sometimes infused poison, naturally flow with refreshment and health. Cowper and Campbell have led the muses to repose in the bowers of religion and virtue; and Miss Edgeworth has so cautiously combined the features of her characters, that the predominant expression is ever what it should be; she has shown us, not vices ennobled by virtues, but virtues degraded and perverted by their union with vices. The success of this lady has been great, but, had she availed herself more of the motives and sentiments of religion, we think it would have been greater. She has stretched forth a powerful hand to the impotent in virtue; and had she ad-



ded, with the apostle, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, we should almost have expected miracles from its touch.

### LESSON LXIII.

*Scene from "The Vespers of Palermo."*—MRS. HEMANS.

The sea shore. RAIMOND DI PROCIDA alone.

*Rai.* WHEN shall I breathe in freedom, and give scope  
To those untameable and burning thoughts,  
And restless aspirations, which consume  
My heart i' th' land of bondage? Oh! with you,  
Ye everlasting images of power,  
And of infinity! thou blue rolling deep,  
And you, ye stars! whose beams are characters  
Wherewith the oracles of fate are traced;  
With you my soul finds room, and casts aside  
The weight that doth oppress her.—But my thoughts  
Are wandering far; there should be one to share  
This awful and majestic solitude  
Of sea and heaven with me.

(PROCIDA enters unobserved.)

It is the hour

He named, and yet he comes not.

*Procida.* (coming forward) He is here.

*Rai.* Now, thou mysterious stranger, thou, whose glance  
Doth fix itself on memory, and pursue  
Thought, like a spirit, haunting its lone hours;  
Reveal thyself; who art thou?

*Pro.* One, whose life  
Hath been a troubled stream, and made its way  
Through rocks and darkness, and a thousand storms,  
With still a mighty aim. But now the shades  
Of eve are gathering round me, and I come  
To this, my native land, that I may rest  
Beneath its vines in peace.

*Rai.* Seek'st thou for peace?  
This is no land of peace; unless that deep  
And voiceless terror, which doth freeze men's thoughts  
Back to their source, and mantle its pale mien  
With a dull, hollow semblance of repose,  
May so be called.

*Pro.* There are such calms full oft  
Preceding earthquakes. But I have not been  
So vainly schooled by fortune, and inured  
To shape my course on peril's dizzy brink,



That it should irk my spirit to put on  
Such guise of hushed submissiveness as best  
May suit the troubled aspect of the times.

*Rai.* Why, then, thou art welcome, stranger, to the land  
Where most disguise is needful. He were bold  
Who now should wear his thoughts upon his brow  
Beneath Sicilian skies. The brother's eye  
Doth search distrustfully the brother's face;  
And friends, whose undivided lives have drawn  
From the same past their long remembrances,  
Now meet in terror, or no more; lest hearts  
Full to o'erflowing, in their social hour,  
Should pour out some rash word, which roving winds  
Might whisper to our conquerors.—This it is  
To wear a foreign yoke.

*Pro.* It matters not  
To him who holds the mastery o'er his spirit,  
And can suppress its workings till endurance  
Becomes as nature. We can tame ourselves  
To all extremes, and there is that in life  
To which we cling with most tenacious grasp,  
Ev'n when its lofty claims are all reduced  
To the poor, common privilege of breathing.—  
Why dost thou turn away?

*Rai.* What would'st thou with me?  
I deemed thee, by th' ascendant soul which lived  
And made its throne on thy commanding brow,  
One of a sovereign nature, which would scorn  
So to abase its high capacities  
For aught on earth.—But thou art like the rest.  
What would'st thou with me?

*Pro.* I would counsel thee.  
Thou must do that which men—ay, valiant men—  
Hourly submit to do; in the proud court,  
And in the stately camp, and at the board  
Of midnight revellers, whose flushed mirth is all  
A strife, won hardly.—Where is he, whose heart  
Lies bare, through all its foldings, to the gaze  
Of mortal eye?—If vengeance wait the foe,  
Or fate th' oppressor, 'tis in depths concealed  
Beneath a smiling surface.—Youth! I say  
Keep thy soul down! Put on a mask! 'tis worn  
Alike by power and weakness, and the smooth  
And specious intercourse of life requires  
Its aid in every scene.

*Rai.* Away, dissembler !

Life hath its high and its ignoble tasks  
Fitted to every nature. Will the free  
And royal eagle stoop to learn the arts  
By which the serpent wins his spell-bound prey?  
It is because I *will* not clothe myself  
In a vile garb of coward semblances,  
That now, e'en now, I struggle with my heart,  
To bid what most I love a long farewell,  
And seek my country on some distant shore,  
Where such things are unknown!

*Pro.* (exultingly) Why, this is joy!

After long conflict with the doubts and fears,  
And the poor subtleties of meaner minds,  
To meet a spirit, whose bold, elastic wing  
Oppression hath not crushed. High-hearted youth !  
Thy father, should his footsteps e'er again  
Visit these shores--

*Rai.* My father ! what of him ?

Speak! was he known to thee?

*Pro.* In distant lands

With him I've traversed many a wild, and looked  
On many a danger; and the thought that thou  
Wert smiling then in peace, a happy boy,  
Oft through the storm hath cheered him.

Rai. Dost thou deem

That still he lives ?—Oh ! if it be in chains,  
In wo, in poverty's obscurest cell,  
Say but he lives, and I will track his steps  
E'en to earth's verge !

*Pro.* It may be that he lives :

Though long his name hath ceased to be a word  
Familiar in man's dwellings. But its sound  
May yet be heard!—Raimond di Procida!  
—Rememberest thou thy father?

*Rai.* From my mind

His form hath faded long, for years have passed  
Since he went forth to exile : but a vague,  
Yet powerful image of deep majesty,  
Still dimly gathering round each thought of him,  
Doth claim instinctive reverence ; and my love  
For his inspiring name hath long become  
Part of my being.

*Pro.* Raimond! doth no voice

Speak to thy soul, and tell thee whose the arms  
That would enfold thee now?—My son! my son!

*Rai.* Father!—Oh God!—my father! Now I know  
Why my heart woke before thee!

*Pro.* Oh! this hour  
Makes hope reality, for thou art all  
My dreams had pictured thee!

*Rai.* Yet why so long,  
Ev'n as a stranger, hast thou crossed my paths,  
One nameless and unknown?—and yet I felt  
Each pulse within me thrilling to thy voice.

*Pro.* Because I would not link thy fate with mine,  
Till I could hail the day-spring of that hope  
Which now is gathering round us.—Listen, youth!

*Thou* hast told *me* of a subdued, and scorned,  
And trampled land, whose very soul is bowed  
And fashioned to her chains:—but *I* tell *thee*  
Of a most generous and devoted land;

A land of kindling energies; a land  
Of glorious recollections!—proudly true  
To the high memory of her ancient kings,  
And rising, in majestic scorn, to cast  
Her alien bondage off!

*Rai.* And where is this?

*Pro.* Here, in our isle, our own fair Sicily!  
Her spirit is awake, and moving on,  
In its deep silence mightier, to regain  
Her place amongst the nations: and the hour  
Of that tremendous effort is at hand.

*Rai.* Can it be thus indeed? Thou pour'st new life  
Through all my burning veins! I am as one  
Awakening from a chill and death-like sleep  
To the full, glorious day.

*Pro.* Thou shalt hear more!  
Thou shalt hear things, which would—which *will* arouse  
The proud, free spirits of our ancestors  
E'en from their marble rest. Yet, mark me well!  
Be secret!—for along my destined path  
I yet must darkly move. Now follow me,  
And join a band of men, in whose high hearts  
There lies a nation's strength.

*Rai.* My noble father!  
Thy words have given me all for which I pined—  
An aim, a hope, a purpose! and the blood  
Doth rush in warmer currents through my veins,  
As a bright fountain from its icy bonds  
By the quick sun-stroke freed.

*Pro.* Ay, this is well !  
Such natures burst men's chains !—Now follow me.

LESSON LXIV.

*The Treasures of the Deep.*—IBID.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells ?  
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main !  
—Pale, glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured sheils,  
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain.  
—Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !

We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more !—What wealth untold,  
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies !  
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,  
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.  
—Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main !  
Earth claims not these again !

Yet more, the depths have more !—Thy waves have rolled  
Above the cities of a world gone by !  
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,  
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry !  
—Dash o'er them, ocean ! in thy scornful play :  
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more !  
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast !  
They hear not now the booming waters roar ;  
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.  
—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave !  
Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely !—those for whom  
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,  
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,  
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song.  
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,  
—But all is not thine own !

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,  
Dark flow the tides o'er manhood's noble head,  
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown ;  
—Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead !  
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee ;  
Restore the dead, thou sea !

## LESSON LXV.

*Circumstances under which Milton wrote Paradise Lost and the Sonnets.*—EDINBURGH REVIEW.

MILTON had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. That hateful proscription, facetiously termed the Act of Indemnity and Oblivion, had set a mark on the poor, blind, deserted poet, and held him up, by name, to the hatred of a profligate court and an inconstant people! Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pandar in the style of a bellman, were now the favourite writers of the sovereign and the public. It was a loathsome herd; which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus. Amidst these his muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the Masque, lofty, spotless, and serene, to be chattered at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole rabble of satyrs and goblins.

If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, they might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was, when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions, and glowing with patriotic hopes; such it continued to be, when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature—old, poor, sightless, and disgraced,—he retired to his hovel to die!

Hence it was, that, though he wrote the *Paradise Lost* at a time of life when images of beauty and tenderness are, in general, beginning to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effaced by anxiety and disappointment, he adorned it with all that is most lovely and delightful in the physical and in the moral world. Neither Theocritus nor Ariosto had a finer or a more healthful sense of the pleas-



antness of external objects, or loved better to luxuriate amidst sunbeams and flowers, the songs of nightingales, the juice of summer fruits, and the coolness of shady fountains. His poetry reminds us of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy land, are imbosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche.\*

Traces, indeed, of the peculiar character of Milton may be found in all his works; but it is most strongly displayed in the Sonnets. Those remarkable poems have been undervalued by critics who have not understood their nature. They have no epigrammatic point. They are simple but majestic records of the feelings of the poet; as little tricked out for the public eye as his diary would have been. A victory, an expected attack upon the city, a momentary fit of depression or exultation, a jest thrown out against one of his books, a dream, which, for a short time restored to him that beautiful face over which the grave had closed for ever, led him to musings which, without effort, shaped themselves into verse.

The Sonnets are more or less striking, according as the occasions which gave birth to them are more or less interesting. But they are, almost without exception, dignified by a sobriety and greatness of mind, to which we know not where to look for a parallel. It would, indeed, be scarcely safe to draw any decided inferences, as to the character of a writer, from passages directly egotistical. But the qualities which we have ascribed to Milton, though perhaps most strongly marked in those parts of his works which treat of his personal feelings, are distinguishable in every page, and impart to all his writings, prose and poetry, English, Latin, and Italian, a strong family likeness.

His public conduct was such as was to be expected from a man of a spirit so high, and an intellect so powerful. He lived at one of the most memorable eras in the history of mankind; at the very crisis of the great conflict between Oromasdes† and Arim'anes†—liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice. That great battle was fought for no single generation, for no single land. The destinies of the human race were staked on the same cast with the freedom of the English people. Then were first proclaimed those mighty principles, which have since worked their way into the

\* The immense masses of snow, which, having long accumulated, sometimes fall in the valleys on the sides of the Alps, carrying ruin in their progress, are called by this name.

† Names given to the good and the evil spirit in the religious books of the ancient Persians. Oromasdes is represented as the cause of all good; Arim'anes as the cause of all evil. Between these is perpetual contention.

depths of the American forests, which have roused Greece from the slavery and degradation of two thousand years, and which, from one end of Europe to the other, have kindled an unquenchable fire in the hearts of the oppressed, and loosed the knees of the oppressors with a strange and unwonted fear !

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## LESSON LXVI.

*Character of the Puritans.—IBID.*

THE Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him, on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognised no title to superiority but his favour ; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands ; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away !

On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt : for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language ; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being, to whose fate a mysterious and ter-

rible importance belonged ; on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events, which shortsighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God !

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men,—the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion ; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker ; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels, or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the beatific vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried, in the bitterness of his soul, that God had hid his face from him. But, when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the Puritans but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh, who encountered them in the hall of debate, or in the field of battle.

The Puritans brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose, which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were, in fact, the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them

stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artegales's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities ; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain ; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners ; we dislike the gloom of their domestic habits ; we acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach ; and we know that, in spite of their hatred of popery, they too often fell into the vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body.

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## LESSON LXVII.

*Extract from the Prisoner of Chillon.*—BYRON.

A LIGHT broke in upon my brain,—  
It was the carol of a bird ;  
It ceased, and then it came again,  
The sweetest song ear ever heard ;  
And mine was thankful till my eyes  
Ran over with the glad surprise,  
And they that moment could not see  
I was the mate of misery :  
But then, by dull degrees, came back  
My senses to their wonted track :  
I saw the dungeon walls and floor  
Close slowly round me as before ;  
I saw the glimmer of the sun  
Creeping as it before had done ;  
But through the crevice where it came  
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,  
And tamer than upon the tree ;  
A lovely bird with azure wings,  
And song that said a thousand things,  
And seemed to say them all for me !

I never saw its like before,  
I ne'er shall see its likeness more :  
It seemed, like me, to want a mate,  
But was not half so desolate,  
And it was come to love me, when  
None lived to love me so again,  
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,  
Had brought me back to feel and think.  
I know not if it late were free,  
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,  
But, knowing well captivity,  
Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !  
Or if it were, in winged guise,  
A visitant from paradise ;  
For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while  
Which made me both to weep and smile—  
I sometimes deemed that it might be  
My brother's soul come down to me ;  
But then, at last, away it flew,  
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew ;  
For he would never thus have flown,  
And left me twice so doubly lone,—  
Lone, as the corse within its shroud,  
Lone, as a solitary cloud,  
A single cloud on a sunny day,  
While all the rest of heaven is clear,  
A frown upon the atmosphere,  
That hath no business to appear  
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate,  
My keepers grew compassionate ;  
I know not what had made them so,  
They were inured to sights of wo ;  
But so it was :—my broken chain  
With links unfastened did remain,  
And it was liberty to stride  
Along my cell from side to side,  
And up and down, and then athwart,  
And tread it over every part ;  
And round the pillars one by one,  
Returning where my walk begun,  
Avoiding only, as I trod,  
My brothers' graves without a sod ;  
For, if I thought with heedless tread  
My step profaned their lowly bed,



My breath came gaspingly and thick,  
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,  
It was not therefrom to escape,  
For I had buried one and all,  
Who loved me in a human shape ;  
And the whole earth would henceforth be  
A wider prison unto me :  
No child, no sire, no kin had I,  
No partner in my misery ;  
I thought of this, and I was glad,  
For thought of them had made me mad ;  
But I was curious to ascend  
To my barred windows, and to bend  
Once more upon the mountains high  
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them—and they were the same,  
They were not changed like me in frame ;  
I saw their thousand years of snow  
On high—their wide, long lake below,  
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;  
I heard the torrents leap and gush  
O'er channelled rock and broken bush ;  
I saw the white-walled, distant town,  
And whiter sails go skimming down ;  
And then there was a little isle,  
Which in my very face did smile,

The only one in view :

A small, green isle, it seemed no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,  
But in it there were three tall trees,  
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
And by it there were waters flowing,  
And on it there were young flowers growing,  
Of gentle breath and hue.

'The fish swam by the castle wall,  
And they seemed joyous each and all.  
The eagle rode the rising blast,  
Methought he never flew so fast  
As then to me he seemed to fly ;  
And then new tears came in my eye,  
And I felt troubled, and would fain  
I had not left my recent chain ;  
And, when I did descend again,

The darkness of my dim abode  
Fell on me as a heavy load ;  
It was as is a new-dug grave,  
Closing o'er one we sought to save,  
And yet my glance, too much oppressed,  
Had almost need of such a rest.

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LESSON LXVIII.

*The Immortal Mind.*—IBID.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,  
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind ?  
It cannot die, it cannot stay,  
But leaves its darkened dust behind.  
Then, unimbodied, doth it trace  
By steps each planet's heavenly way ?  
Or fill at once the realms of space,  
A thing of eyes, that all survey ?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,  
A thought unseen, but seeing all,  
All, all in earth or skies, displayed,  
Shall it survey, shall it recall :  
Each fainter trace that memory holds  
So darkly of departed years,  
In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,  
Its eye shall roll through chaos back ;  
And where the furthest heaven had birth,  
The spirit trace its rising track ;  
And where the future mars or makes,  
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,  
While sun is quenched or system breaks,  
Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,  
It lives all passionless and pure :  
An age shall fleet like earthly year ;  
Its years as moments shall endure.  
Away, away, without a wing,  
O'er all, through all, its thought shall fly !  
A nameless and eternal thing,  
Forgetting what it was to die.

## LESSON LXIX.

*What is Poetry?*—CHANNING.

By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence, in this sphere, may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's gifts of intellect, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great works with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst, or aspiration—to which no mind is wholly a stranger—for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords.

No doctrine is more common, among Christians, than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty, though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He who cannot interpret, by his own consciousness, what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigour, and wings herself for her heavenward flight.

In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, power of original and ever-growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it "makes all things new" for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature;

imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendours of the outward creation ; describes the surrounding universe in the colours which the passions throw over it, and depicts the mind in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings ; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses—the laws of the immortal intellect ; it is trying and developing its best faculties ; and, in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendour, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created.

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity ; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions ; but, when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power ; and, even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good.

Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward nature and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions ; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep, though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life ;—to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature

by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views, and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service, which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earthborn prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being.

In poetry the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And, if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire;—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures



which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being.

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## LESSON LXX.

*Character and Pursuits of Ulrich Zwingle, the Swiss Reformer.*—HESS' LIFE OF ZWINGLE.

THE cares required in the defence of the reformation against the dangers that threatened it from without, did not prevent Zwingle from labouring to strengthen it in his own country. He instructed his flock daily from the pulpit; and, possessing in the highest degree the art of speaking to the comprehension of every one, he was able to give to his sermons an ever-new attraction. Full of force and vehemence when he attacked vice, of gentleness and persuasion when he endeavoured to reclaim men to virtue, he disdained that kind of eloquence which merely serves to set off the orator, and dwelt only upon arguments adapted to convince and move. He was still more admirable in his private conversations. With affecting condescension he brought himself down to a level with the most humble capacities, and tranquillized such as came to confide to him their doubts, and disclose the agitation of their minds. He diverted such persons from speculative subjects above their reach, and succeeded in restoring them to serenity: but when he had to do with an inquirer capable of thoroughly investigating a question, he followed him step by step in his reasonings; showed him where he had quitted the right road, and pointed out the beacons which might direct him in future. What particularly inclined all hearts to open themselves to him, and gave weight to his words, was the sweetness of his disposition, his active benevolence, and the irreproachable purity of his morals. His house was the asylum of all the unfortunate, and he employed his small income, his credit, his connexions, his ascendancy, in rendering service to those who had need of him. His friends sometimes reproached him with giving way too much to his natural benevolence, but they could never persuade him to exercise it with more circumspection.

They who witnessed the patience with which Zwingle listened to all those who came to him in search of instruction, assistance, or consolation, might have thought that he had no other functions to fulfil than those of his pastoral office; but occupations of a very different nature claimed an equal portion of his time. In all difficult conjunctures the council summoned him to its sittings; and, such was the

opinion entertained of his wisdom, his penetration, and his knowledge, that magistrates and statesmen, who had grown old in office, came to ask advice of a simple theologian, whom his occupations and habitual studies seemed to render a stranger to politics. He was also the person employed by the government to draw up several new laws, which had been rendered necessary by the reformation. Of this number were such as related to ecclesiastical discipline, those which regulated the course to be followed in causes which were formerly within the cognizance of the episcopal chambers, and sumptuary laws. In the midst of these different occupations, Zwingle also kept up an extensive correspondence with the celebrated men of his time, and composed a great number of works, in which he treated on the most important questions of morals and theology.

When we think of all that he performed during his abode at Zurich, it seems as if a whole life would scarcely suffice for so many labours; yet it was in the short space of twelve years, that he succeeded in changing the manners, the religious ideas, and the political principles of his adopted country, and in founding establishments, many of which have endured for three centuries. Such is the power of a man who is governed by a single purpose; who pursues one only end, from which he suffers himself to be diverted neither by fear, nor by seduction! The frivolous pleasures and amusements of the world occupied no place in the life of Zwingle; his only passion was to propagate truth, his only interest to promote its triumph; this was the secret of his means and his success.

If Zwingle disdained those pleasures which can neither enlarge the faculties of the mind, nor procure real enjoyment, he at least knew how to appreciate the enjoyments of intimate society. It was in the midst of his friends that he sought relaxation from labour. His serenity and cheerfulness gave a great charm to his conversation; his temper was naturally hasty, and he sometimes gave way too much to his first feelings; but he knew how to efface the painful impression that he had produced, by a prompt and sincere return of kindness. Incapable of retaining the smallest degree of rancour from the recollection of his own faults or those of others, he was equally inaccessible to the sentiments of hatred, jealousy, and envy.

The amiable qualities of his disposition gained him the attachment of his colleagues, who united around him as a common centre; and it is worthy of remark, that, at this period, when all the passions were in motion, nothing ever troubled the harmony that prevailed among them; yet they were neither

united by family connexions, nor by early acquaintance; they were strangers attracted to Zurich by the protection afforded to the reformed, or sent for by Zwingle, to take part in the labour of public instruction. They came with habits already formed, with ideas already fixed, and of an age when the ardour of youth, so favourable to the formation of friendships, was past; but a stronger tie than any other united them—their common interest in the new light that began to dawn over Europe.

These learned men communicated to each other all their ideas without reserve; they consulted upon the works that they meditated, and sometimes united their talents and their knowledge in undertakings which would have exceeded the powers of any one singly. The dangers that they had to fear for themselves, the persecutions to which they saw their partisans exposed in the neighbouring countries, served to draw the bonds of their friendship still closer. In our days, each individual seems to be connected by a thousand threads with all the members of a society; but these apparent ties have no real strength, and are broken by the first shock. The men of the sixteenth century had something more masculine and more profound in their affections; they were capable of a forgetfulness of self, which we find it difficult to conceive.

The friends, with whom Zwingle had encircled himself, loved him with that entire devotedness, which belongs only to strong minds: without base adulation or servile deference, they did homage to the superiority of his genius, while the reformer was far from abusing his ascendancy over them so as to make it the means of erecting a new spiritual dictatorship on the ruins of the old one.

There is nothing exaggerated in the morality of Zwingle. It announces a man who is a zealous friend of virtue, but who knows the world and its temptations; who requires from no one a chimerical perfection; and who, notwithstanding the severity of his own morals, preserves his indulgence for the weakness of others.

The more we examine the writings of Zwingle, and reflect on the whole tenor of his life, the more shall we be persuaded that the love of virtue, and the desire of rendering himself useful, were the sole springs of his actions. "A generous mind," would he often say, "does not consider itself as belonging to itself alone, but to the whole human race. We are born to serve our fellow creatures, and by labouring for their happiness, even at the hazard of our repose or our life, we approach most nearly to the Deity."

## LESSON LXXI.

*The Advantages of Sickness.*—BUCKMINSTER.

SICKNESS teaches not only the uncertain tenure, but discovers the utter vanity and unsatisfactoriness of the dearest objects of human pursuit. Introduce into the chamber of a sick and dying man the whole pantheon of idols, which he has vainly worshipped—fame, wealth, pleasure, beauty, power. What miserable comforters are they all! Bind that wreath of laurel round his brow, and see if it will assuage his aching temples. Spread before him the deeds and instruments, which prove him the lord of innumerable possessions, and see if you can beguile him of a moment's anguish; see if he will not give you up those barren parchments for one drop of cool water, one draught of pure air. Go, tell him, when a fever rages through his veins, that his table smokes with luxuries, and that the wine moveth itself aright, and giveth its colour in the cup, and see if this will calm his throbbing pulse. Tell him, as he lies prostrate, helpless, and sinking with debility, that the song and dance are ready to begin, and that all without him is life, alacrity, and joy. Nay, more, place in his motionless hand the sceptre of a mighty empire, and see if he will be eager to grasp it. The eye of Cæsar could not gain its lustre by the recollection, that its "bend could awe the world," nor his shaking limbs be quieted by remembering that his nod had commanded obedience from millions of slaves. This is the school in which our desires must be disciplined, and our judgment corrected. The man, who from such dispensations learns nothing but perverseness, must be fearfully insensible. Let us then remember, that every man, at what he supposes his best estate, is altogether vanity. God grant that *we* may understand it, before others are called to learn it from our graves, or to read it upon our tomb-stones.

But if sickness puts to the proof these worthless objects of our confidence, it ought also to direct us to that staff which cannot be broken. Till we learn to lean on an Almighty arm, and to support a mind vigorous with trust, and warm with devotion, in the midst of a racked and decaying frame, the work of sickness is but half completed. To learn the emptiness of the world, is to learn but a lesson of misanthropy, if it do not generate and awaken that confidence, which gladly casts itself on God alone. When affliction has had her perfect work, we shall involuntarily adopt this language of a pious sufferer, Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in thee; yea, in the shadow



of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast. I will commit my soul unto thee, as unto a faithful Creator.

Violent diseases show us, also, our dependence upon one another. Man, unaided by his fellow man, is the most weak and helpless of animals. Placed beyond the reach of the kind, watchful, and sympathetic aid of others, his first malady would be his last; and the lord of this lower world would sink under the first blow, which should strike his brittle tenement. Take the most proud and fiery spirit, which ever animated a muscular and gigantic frame, one who disdains to be obliged, and spurns alike the control and the assistance of others. Stretch him on the bed of sickness, languishing, faint, and motionless. Where now is that surly independence, that irritable haughtiness of soul? Nay, where now is that resistless strength of limb, that mighty bone and lofty step? Has it come to this? that a child may lead so untractable a spirit? that a child may contend with that withered arm?

It is a common remark, that death is the universal leveller. The same is true, in its degree, of sickness. When we are reduced to such weakness that we cannot help ourselves, we find that many, whom we despised, can essentially help us. We find that the meanest of our species can lay us under obligations, which we can never discharge. We find ourselves at the mercy of those, on whom, if we have ever bestowed a thought, we have been accustomed to look down with pity or contempt. But from a sick bed it is impossible to look down on any one. On the contrary, I appeal to you, who have ever suffered, whether you have not sometimes gazed with grateful admiration at the patient, condescending, untired offices of affectionate fidelity and tender watchfulness, which have at once ennobled in your esteem, and endeared to your affections, the humblest of your species.

But it is the tendency of sickness not only to reduce our extravagant self-estimation, by exhibiting our solitary helplessness, but, by leading our friends to perform for us innumerable and nameless offices of affection, it confirms and fastens forever those tender ties, which bind us to each other. Often, indeed, has a severe and tedious confinement added new strength to the attachments of consanguinity, and new delicacy to the bonds of friendship. Often, in the chamber of the sick, a stern temper has been melted to forgiveness, indifference has ripened into love, aversion has changed into regard, and regard mellowed into attachment.



It is the tendency of sickness to soften the heart. It is impossible properly to commiserate afflictions, which we have never experienced, and cannot therefore estimate. Of course, every variety of suffering aids the general growth of compassion. A new affliction strings a new chord in the heart, which responds to some new note of complaint within the wide scale of human wo. Since the pains and weaknesses of the body constitute so large a portion of the afflictions, which besiege the path of human life, who of you is unwilling to acquire, even by personal suffering, a sympathy for the exercise of which your intercourse with mankind will present innumerable opportunities? See with what facility and advantage one, who has endured pain, will anticipate the wants of a sick companion, and administer relief, or whisper cheering consolations, while another is standing by, who, if not insensible, is at least dumb and useless, unable to comfort, because he knows not how to commiserate. Whatever he, who has grown callous through uninterrupted prosperity, and presumptuous by perpetual health, may think of his immunity from pain, there is a satisfaction, a luxury, in being able to exclaim with Paul, that sympathetick apostle, Who is weak, and I am not weak; who is offended, and I burn not!

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## LESSON LXXII.

### *The Government of the Tongue.—IBID.*

A VERY important branch of self-command is, the government of the tongue. If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man. This will not appear an extravagant assertion, when we consider how numerous are the vices in which this little member takes an active part; that it is this, which wearies us with garrulity, defames us with calumny, deceives us with falsehood; and that, but for this, we should be no more offended with obscenity, shocked with oaths, or overpowered with scandalous abuse. Well might the apostle write, If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain.

If we consider these vices of the tongue in the order of their enormity, we shall see how easily one generates another. Talkativeness, the venial offspring of a lively, not to say an unrestrained fancy, hardly rises to a fault, till it is found that he who talks incessantly must often talk foolishly, and that the prattle of a vain and itching tongue degenerates rapidly into that foolish talking and jesting, which, as an apostle says, are not convenient. Loquacity is forward and

assuming, and soon becomes tiresome. The story, a thousand times told, loses, at last, its humour; and a jest, a thousand times repeated, is despoiled of its point, and palls upon the ear. Something must then be found to revive flagging attention; and what so universally interesting as slander? The faults of our neighbour are then dressed up in all the charms of exaggeration; and the interest of a description is found to be amazingly heightened by a stroke of ridicule, or a tinge of sarcasm. In a listening audience, at every new calumny passed upon another's reputation, some one is found, whose fancied credit revives, and rises on its ruins in all the lustre of comparison. The tongue then riots in its new privilege, till, at length, "at every word a reputation dies."

All this may be done without deliberate malignity, and without violation of truth; because, to speak evil of most men, it is not necessary to speak falsehood; and to pour contempt upon another, it is not necessary to hate or to abhor him. Remember, then, that the tongue must be sometimes restrained, even in uttering truth. To justify a froward mouth by a zeal for truth, is commonly to assign, as a previous motive, what occurred only as an after apology. As we may flatter by an unseasonable and lavish expression of merited approbation, so we may calumniate by an incautious and unrestrained disclosure of real defects. A word spoken in due season, how good is it!—but remember, that death and life are in the power of the tongue, and the tongue of the wise only useth knowledge aright.

Thus far the unguarded talker, we observe, may have proceeded without misrepresentation, and without mischievous intention; but he, whose vanity has been long flattered by the attention of an audience, will not easily relinquish the importance he has acquired in particular circles, or see, without uneasiness, that interest decline, which his company has been accustomed to excite. Hence, as the stock of scandalous truths is exhausted, fiction lends her aid; and he, who was before only a prater, a jester, or a tattler, degenerates into a liar, who entertains by falsehood, and a calumniator, who lives by abuse; and instances are not unfrequent of men, whose moral sense, by a process similar to this, has become so entirely obscured or corrupted, that they will utter falsehoods with the most unconscious rapidity, and the most unreflecting indifference. Such are the habits, which follow, in alarming progression, from an unrestrained indulgence of the tongue. Is not the danger formidable enough to induce us to say, I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress; I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue?

The catalogue of sins is not completed. Impurity and profaneness are not far behind. The first, indeed, bespeaks such grossness of vice, and the latter such thoughtless impiety, that we presume it is almost superfluous to denounce them in this state of society. If, for every idle, unprofitable, false, or calumniating word, which men shall speak, they shall give an account in the day of judgment, what account shall those men render, whose conversation first polluted the pure ear of childhood, first soiled the chastity and whiteness of the young imagination, whose habitual oaths first taught the child to pronounce the name of God without reverence, or to imprecate curses on his mates with all the thoughtlessness of youth, but with all the passion and boldness of manhood?

Who, then, is a wise man, and endued with knowledge? Let him show, out of a good conversation, his words with meekness of wisdom; for by thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned.

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### LESSON LXXIII.

#### *Self-Knowledge.*—IBID.

If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. Let us consider the difficulty, the advantages, and the means of forming a correct estimate of ourselves. The portions of our character, which it most concerns us to understand aright, are, the extent of our powers, and the motives of our conduct. But, on these subjects, every thing conspires to deceive us. No man, in the first place, can come to the examination of himself with perfect impartiality. His wishes are all necessarily engaged on his own side: and, though he may place the weights in the balance with perfect fairness and accuracy, he places them in scales unequally adjusted. He is, at once, the criminal, the accuser, the advocate, the witness, and the judge.

Another difficulty, which prevents our passing a correct judgment on our own characters, is, that we can always find excuses for ourselves, which no other person can suspect. The idea of possessing an excuse, which it would be improper to communicate to others, is consolatory beyond expression. Frivolous as the apology may be, it appears satisfactory, because, while no one knows its existence, no one can dispute its value. From repeated failures in any undertaking few men learn their own incapacity; because success depends upon such a concurrence of circumstances,

minute as they are numerous, that it is much easier to lament the blameless omission of something, which would have ensured success, than to look full in the face our own deficiencies. It is the same with the opinions we form of our moral worth. The motives, which cooperate in producing almost every action, are so various and almost imperceptible, that, in contemplating our conduct, we can select those that are honourable, and assign them that influence afterwards, which they ought to have had before. By frequently defending, also, the purity of our motives, we learn, at last, to believe that they are precisely what they ought to be; and mistake the eloquence of self-apology for the animation of conscious integrity.

Another, and very essential cause of our ignorance of ourselves, is, that few men venture to inform us of our real character. We are flattered, even from our cradles. The caresses of parents, and the blandishments of friends, transmute us into idols. A man must buffet long with the world, ere he learns to estimate himself according to his real importance in society. He is obliged to unlearn much of what he has been told by those, who, in flattering him, have long been used to flatter themselves. And when, at last, he learns to compare himself with others, to correct his false estimates, and to acquiesce in the rank which society assigns him, he is assisted, not by the kind admonitions of friends, not by the instructions of those who take an affectionate interest in his character; but he must gather it from the cold indifference of some, from the contempt and scorn of others; he must be taught it by the bitterness of disappointment, and the rudeness of superiority, or the smiles of exulting malice.

This leads us to the last difficulty, which we shall mention, as preventing our forming a correct estimate of our own characters. We fondly imagine, that no one can know us as well as we know ourselves; and that every man is interested to depreciate, even when he knows the worth of another. Hence, when reprov'd, we cannot admit, that we have acted amiss. It is much more easy to conclude, that we have been misrepresented by envy, or misunderstood by prejudice, than to believe in our ignorance, incapacity, or guilt. Nothing, also, more directly tends to swell into extravagance a man's opinion of his moral or intellectual worth, than to find, that his innocence has, in any instance, been falsely accused, or his powers inadequately estimated. In short, unless a person has been long accustomed to compare himself with others, to scrutinize the motives of his conduct, to meditate



on the occurrences of his life, to listen to, nay, even to court the admonitions of the wise and good, and to hearken to the language of calumny itself, he may pass through life intimate with every heart but that which beats in his own bosom, a stranger in no mansion so much as his own breast.

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## LESSON LXXIV.

### *Recollections of Childhood.*—AKENSIDE.

A PLEASING task remains; the secret paths  
Of early genius to explore; to trace  
Those haunts where fancy her predestined sons,  
Like to the demigods of old, doth nurse  
Remote from eyes profane. Ye happy souls  
Who now her tender discipline obey,  
Where dwell ye? What wild river's brink at eve  
Imprint your steps? What solemn groves at noon  
Use ye to visit, often breaking forth  
In rapture mid your dilatory walk,  
Or musing, as in slumber, on the green?  
—Would I again were with you! O ye dales  
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands! where,  
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,  
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,  
Stops short the pleased traveller to view  
Presiding o'er the scene some rustic tower  
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands.  
O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook  
The rocky pavement and the mossy falls  
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream!  
How gladly I recall your well-known seats  
Beloved of old, and that delightful time  
When, all alone, for many a summer's day,  
I wandered through your calm recesses, led  
In silence by some powerful hand unseen.  
Nor will I e'er forget you. Nor shall e'er  
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice  
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim  
Those studies which possessed me in the dawn  
Of life, and fixed the colour of my mind  
For every future year: whence, even now,  
From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,  
And, while the world around lies overwhelm'd



In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts  
Of honourable fame, of truth divine  
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won  
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse.

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## LESSON LXXV.

*The Shipwrecked Solitary's Song to the Night.*—

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THOU spirit of the spangled night!  
I woo thee from the watch-tower high,  
Where thou dost sit to guide the bark  
Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds,  
The distant main is moaning low;  
Come, let us sit and weave a song—  
A melancholy song!

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,  
And sweet the noontide's fervid beam,  
But sweeter far the solemn calm  
That marks thy mournful reign.

I've passed here many a lonely year,  
And never human voice have heard;  
I've passed here many a lonely year,  
A solitary man.

And I have lingered in the shade,  
From sultry noon's hot beam. And I  
Have knelt before my wicker door,  
To sing my ev'ning song.

And I have hailed the gray morn high,  
On the blue mountain's misty brow,  
And tried to tune my little reed  
To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,  
At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet  
As when upon the ocean shore  
I hail'd thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,  
The moon it whispers not of peace,  
But, oh! when darkness robes the heavens,  
My woes are mixed with joy.

And then I talk, and often think  
 Aerial voices answer me ;  
 And, oh ! I am not then alone—  
     A solitary man.

And when the blust'ring winter winds  
 Howl in the woods that clothe my cave,  
 I lay me on my lonely mat,  
     And pleasant are my dreams.

And fancy gives me back my wife ;  
 And fancy gives me back my child ;  
 She gives me back my little home,  
     And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour,  
 That calls me from the dream of bliss,  
 To find myself still lone, and hear  
     The same dull sounds again,—

The deep-toned winds, the moaning sea,  
 The whisp'ring of the boding trees,  
 The brook's eternal flow, and oft  
     The caudor's hollow scream.

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## LESSON LXXVI.

*Religion a social Principle.*—CHANNING.

RELIGION is a social concern, for it operates powerfully on society ; contributing, in various ways, to its stability and prosperity. Religion is not merely a private affair ; the community is deeply interested in its diffusion, for it is the best support of the virtues and principles on which social order rests. Pure and undefiled religion, according to Scripture, is to do good ; and it follows very plainly, that, if God be the author and friend of society, then the recognition of him must enforce all social duty, and enlightened piety must give its whole strength to the cause of public order.

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain ; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God ; how palsied would be human benevolence were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it ; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruins, were the ideas of a Supreme

Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind. Once let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance ; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs ; but that all their improvements perish for ever at death ; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger ; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good ; that an oath is unheard in heaven ; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator ; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend ; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction ;—once let men *thoroughly* abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow ?

We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches could illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day ? and what is he more, if atheism be true ? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be, a companion for brutes.

It particularly deserves attention, in this discussion, that the Christian religion is singularly important to *free* communities. In truth, we may doubt whether civil freedom can subsist without it. This, at least, we know, that equal rights and an impartial administration of justice have never been enjoyed where this religion has not been understood. It favours free institutions ; first, because its spirit is the very spirit of liberty, that is, a spirit of respect for the interests and rights of others. Christianity recognises the essential equality of mankind ; beats down, with its whole might, those aspiring and rapacious principles of our nature, which have subjected the many to the few ; and, by its refining influence, as well as by direct precept, turns to God, and to Him only, that supreme homage which has been so impiously lavished on crowned and titled fellow creatures. Thus its whole tendency is free. It lays deeply the *only* foundations of liberty, which are the

principles of benevolence, justice, and respect for human nature. The spirit of liberty is not merely, as multitudes imagine, a jealousy of *our own* particular rights, an unwillingness to be oppressed ourselves ; but a respect for the rights of others, and an unwillingness that any man, whether high or low, should be wronged and trampled under foot. Now this is the spirit of Christianity ; and liberty has no security any farther than this uprightness and benevolence of sentiment actuates a community.

In another method religion befriends liberty. It diminishes the necessity of public restraints, and supersedes, in a great degree, the use of force in administering the laws : and this it does, by making men a law to themselves, and by repressing the disposition to disturb and injure society. Take away the purifying and restraining influence of religion, and selfishness, rapacity and injustice will break out in new excesses ; and, amidst the increasing perils of society, government must be strengthened to defend it, must accumulate means of repressing disorder and crime ; and this strength and these means may be, and often have been, turned against the freedom of the state which they were meant to secure.

Diminish principle, and you increase the need of force in a community. In this country, government needs not the array of power, which you meet in other nations ; no guards of soldiers, no hosts of spies, no vexatious regulations of police ; but accomplishes its beneficent purposes by a few unarmed judges and civil officers, and operates so silently around us, and comes so seldom in contact with us, that many of us enjoy its blessings with hardly a thought of its existence : and this is the perfection of freedom ; and to what do we owe this condition ? I answer, to the power of those laws which religion writes on our hearts, which unite and concentrate public opinion against injustice and oppression, which spread a spirit of equity and good will through the community. Thus religion is the soul of freedom ; and no nation under heaven has such an interest in it as ourselves.

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## LESSON LXXVII.

*The Banian Tree.*—POLEHAMPTON'S GALLERY.

THE banian tree is a native of several parts of the East Indies. It has a woody stem, branching to a great height, and prodigious extent, with heart-shaped, entire leaves, ending in acute points. Milton has thus beautifully and cor-

rectly described it, as the plant to which Adam advised to have recourse after having eaten the forbidden fruit :

So counselled he ; and both together went  
Into the thickest wood : there soon they chose  
The fig-tree ; not that kind for fruit renowned,  
But such as at this day, to Indians known  
In Malabar or Deccan, spreads her arms,  
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
About the mother tree, a pillared shade  
High over-arched, and echoing walks between.  
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,  
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade : those leaves  
They gathered, broad as Amazonian targe,  
And, with what skill they had, together sewed,  
To gird their waist.

Indeed the banian tree, or Indian fig, is perhaps the most beautiful of nature's productions in that genial climate, where she sports with so much profusion and variety. Some of these trees are of amazing size and great extent, as they are continually increasing, and, contrary to most other things in animal and vegetable life, seem to be exempted from decay. Every branch from the main body throws out its own roots ; at first, in small, tender fibres, several yards from the ground : these continually grow thicker until they reach the surface ; and there, striking in, they increase to large trunks, and become parent trees, shooting out new branches from the top : these in time suspend their roots, which, swelling into trunks, produce other branches ; thus continuing in a state of progression as long as the earth, the first parent of them all, contributes her sustenance. The Hindoos are peculiarly fond of the banian tree ; they look upon it as an emblem of the Deity, from its long duration, its out-stretching arms, and overshadowing beneficence ; they almost pay it divine honours, and

“Find a fane in every sacred grove.”

Near these trees the most esteemed pagodas are generally erected ; under their shade the Brahmins spend their lives in religious solitude ; and the natives of all casts and tribes are fond of recreating in the cool recesses, beautiful walks, and lovely vistas of this umbrageous canopy, impervious to the hottest beams of a tropical sun.

A remarkably large tree of this kind grows on an island in the river Nerbedda, ten miles from the city of Baroche,



in the province of Guzerat, a flourishing settlement lately in possession of the East India Company. It is distinguished by the name of Cubbeer Burr, which was given it in honour of a famous saint. It was once much larger than at present; but high floods have carried away the banks of the island where it grows, and with them such parts of the tree as had thus far extended their roots; yet what remains is about 2000 feet in circumference, measured round the principal stems; the overhanging branches, not yet struck down, cover a much larger space. The chief trunks of this single tree (which in size greatly exceed our English elms and oaks) amount to three hundred and fifty; the smaller stems, forming into stronger supporters, are more than 3000; and every one of these is casting out new branches, and hanging roots, in time to form trunks, and become the parents of a future progeny.

Cubbeer Burr is famed throughout Hindostan for its great extent and surpassing beauty. The Indian armies generally encamp around it, and, at stated seasons, solemn jatarras, or Hindoo festivals, are held there, to which thousands of votaries repair from various parts of the Mogul empire. It is said that 7000 persons find ample room to repose under its shade. The English gentlemen, on their hunting and shooting parties, used to form extensive encampments, and spend weeks together under this delightful pavilion; which is generally filled with green wood-pigeons, doves, peacocks, and a variety of feathered songsters; crowded with families of monkeys performing their antic tricks, and shaded by bats of a large size, many of them measuring upwards of six feet from the extremity of one wing to the other. This tree not only affords shelter, but sustenance, to all its inhabitants, being covered, amidst its bright foliage, with small figs of a rich scarlet, on which they all regale with as much delight as the lords of creation on their more various and costly fare.

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### LESSON LXXVIII.

*Extract from "The Siege of Valencia."*—MRS. HEMANS.

Scene. Interior of a church.

*Ximena.*

FOR me, my part is done!  
The flame, which dimly might have lingered yet  
A little while, hath gathered all its rays  
Brightly to sink at once; and it is well!  
The shadows are around me; to thy heart  
Fold me, that I may die.

*Elmina.* My child!—What dream  
Is on thy soul?—Even now thine aspect wears  
Life's brightest inspiration!

*Ximena.* Death's!

*Elmina.* Away!  
Thine eye hath starry clearness, and thy cheek  
Doth glow beneath it with a richer hue  
Than tinged its earliest flower!

*Ximena.* It well may be!  
There are far deeper and far warmer hues  
Than those which draw their colouring from the founts  
Of youth, or health, or hope.

*Elmina.* Nay, speak not thus!  
There's that about thee shining, which would send  
E'en through *my* heart a sunny glow of joy,  
Wer't not for these sad words. The dim, cold air,  
And solemn light, which wrap these tombs and shrines  
As a pale gleaming shroud, seem kindled up  
With a young spirit of ethereal hope  
Caught from thy mien!—Oh no! this is not death!

*Ximena.* Why should not He, whose touch dissolves our  
chain,  
Put on his robes of beauty when he comes  
As a deliverer?—He hath many forms;  
They should not all be fearful!—If his call  
Be but our gathering to that distant land,  
For whose sweet waters we have pined with thirst,  
Why should not its prophetic sense be borne  
Into the heart's deep stillness, with a breath  
Of summer-winds, a voice of melody,  
Solemn, yet lovely?—Mother! I depart!  
—Be it thy comfort, in the after-days,  
That thou hast seen me thus!

*Elmina.* Distract me not  
With such wild fears! Can I bear on with life  
When thou art gone?—thy voice, thy step, thy smile,  
Passed from my path?—Alas! even now thine eye  
Is changed; thy cheek is fading!

*Ximena.* Ay, the clouds  
Of the dim hour are gathering o'er my sight,  
And yet I fear not, for the God of help  
Comes in that quiet darkness!—It may soothe  
Thy woes, my mother! if I tell thee now  
With what glad calmness I behold the veil  
Falling between me and the world, wherein  
My heart so ill hath rested.

*Elmina.*

Thine !

*Ximena.*

Rejoice

For her, that, when the garland of her life  
 Was blighted, and the springs of hope were dried,  
 Received her summons hence, and had no time,  
 Bearing the canker at th' impatient heart,  
 To wither, sorrowing for that gift of Heaven,  
 Which lent one moment of existence light,  
 That dimmed the rest for ever !

*Elmina.*

How is this ?

My child, what mean'st thou ?

*Ximena.*

Mother ! I have loved,

And been beloved !—The sunbeam of an hour,  
 Which gave life's hidden treasures to mine eye,  
 As they lay shining in their secret founts,  
 Went out, and left them colourless.—'Tis past—  
 And what remains on earth ?—The rain-bow mist,  
 Through which I gazed, hath melted, and my sigh  
 Is cleared to look on all things as they are !  
 —But this is far too mournful !—Life's dark gift  
 Hath fallen too early and too cold upon me !  
 —Therefore I would go hence !

*Elmina.*

And thou hast loved

Unknown——

*Ximena.*

Oh ! pardon, pardon that I veiled  
 My thoughts from thee !—But thou hadst woes enough,  
 And mine came o'er me when thy soul had need  
 Of more than mortal strength ! For I had scarce  
 Given the deep consciousness that I was loved  
 A treasure's place within my secret heart,  
 When earth's brief joy went from me !

'Twas at morn

I saw the warriors to their field go forth,  
 And he—my chosen—was there amongst the rest,  
 With his young, glorious brow !—I looked again—  
 The strife grew dark beneath me ; but his plume  
 Waved free above the lances.—Yet again—  
 —It had gone down ! and steeds were trampling o'er  
 The spot to which mine eyes were riveted,  
 Till blinded by th' intenseness of their gaze !  
 And then, at last, I hurried to the gate,  
 And met him there—I met him !—on his shield,  
 And with his cloven helm, and shivered sword,  
 And dark hair, steeped in blood !—They bore him past—  
 Mother !—I saw his face !—Oh ! such a death

Works fearful changes on the fair of earth,  
The pride of woman's eye !

*Elmina.* Sweet daughter, peace !  
Wake not the dark remembrance ; for thy frame——

*Ximena.* —There *will* be peace ere long. I shut my  
heart,

Even as a tomb, o'er that lone, silent grief,  
That I might spare it thee ! But now the hour  
Is come when that which would have pierced thy soul  
Shall be its healing balm. Oh ! weep thou not,  
Save with a gentle sorrow !

*Elmina.* Must it be ?  
Art thou indeed to leave me ?

*Ximena.* (*exultingly.*) Be thou glad !  
I say, rejoice above thy favoured child !  
Joy, for the soldier when his field is fought ;  
Joy, for the peasant when his vintage-task  
Is closed at eve ! But most of all for her,  
Who, when her life had changed its glittering robes  
For the dull garb of sorrow, which doth cling  
So heavily around the journeyers on,  
Cast down its weight—and slept !

## LESSON LXXIX.

*Parentage of General Lafayette, and his first Visit to the  
United States of America.*—TICKNOR.

THE family of General Lafayette has long been distinguished in the history of France. As early as 1422, the Marshal de Lafayette defeated and killed the Duke of Clarence at Beaugé, and thus saved his country from falling entirely into the power of Henry Fifth, of England. Another of his ancestors, though not in the direct line, Madame de Lafayette, the intimate friend and correspondent of Madame de Sévigné, and one of the most brilliant ornaments of the court of Louis Fourteenth, was the first person who ever wrote a romance, relying for its success on domestic character, and thus became the founder of the most popular department in modern literature. His father fell in the battle of Munden, and therefore survived the birth of his son only two years. These, with many more memorials of his family, scattered through the different portions of French history for nearly five centuries, are titles to distinction, which it is particularly pleasant to recollect, when they fall, as they now do, on one so singularly fitted to receive and increase them.

General Lafayette himself was born in Auvergne in the south of France, on the 6th of September, 1757. When quite young, he was sent to the College of Du Plessis at Paris, where he received that classical education, of which, when recently at Cambridge, he twice gave remarkable proof in uncommonly happy quotations from Cicero, suited to circumstances that could not have been foreseen. Somewhat later, he was sent to Versailles, where the court constantly resided; and there his education was still further continued, and he was made, in common with most of the young noblemen, an officer in the army. When only between sixteen and seventeen, he was married to the daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, son of the Duke de Noailles, and grandson to the great and good Chancellor d'Aguesseau; and thus his condition in life seemed to be assured to him among the most splendid and powerful in the empire. His fortune, which had been accumulating during a long minority, was vast; his rank was with the first in Europe; his connexions brought him the support of the chief persons in France; and his individual character, the warm, open, and sincere manners, which have distinguished him ever since, and given him such singular control over the minds of men, made him powerful in the confidence of society wherever he went. It seemed, indeed, as if life had nothing further to offer him, than he could surely obtain by walking in the path that was so bright before him.

It was at this period, however, that his thoughts and feelings were first turned towards these thirteen colonies, then in the darkest and most doubtful passage of their struggle for independence. He made himself acquainted with our agents at Paris, and learned from them the state of our affairs. Nothing could be less tempting to him, whether he sought military reputation or military instruction; for our army, at that moment retreating through New Jersey, and leaving its traces in blood from the naked and torn feet of the soldiery, as it hastened onward, was in a state too humble to offer either. Our credit, too, in Europe was entirely gone, so that the commissioners, as they were called, without having any commission, to whom Lafayette still persisted in offering his services, were obliged, at last, to acknowledge that they could not even give him decent means for his conveyance. "Then," said he, "I shall purchase and fit out a vessel for myself." He did so. The vessel was prepared at Bordeaux, and sent round to one of the nearest ports in Spain, that it might be beyond the reach of the French government. In order more effectually to conceal his purposes, he made, just



before his embarkation, a visit of a few weeks in England, the only time he was ever there, and was much sought in English society. On his return to France, he did not stop at all in the capital, even to see his own family, but hastened, with all speed and secrecy, to make good his escape from the country. It was not until he was thus on his way to embark, that his romantic undertaking began to be known.

The effect produced in the capital and at court by its publication, was greater than we should now, perhaps, imagine. Lord Stormont, the English ambassador, required the French ministry to despatch an order for his arrest not only to Bordeaux, but to the French commanders on the West India station; a requisition with which the ministry readily complied, for they were, at that time, anxious to preserve a good understanding with England, and were seriously angry with a young man, who had thus put in jeopardy the relations of the two countries. In fact, at Passage, on the very borders of France and Spain, he was arrested and carried back to Bordeaux. There, of course, his enterprise was near being finally stopped; but, watching his opportunity, and assisted by one or two friends, he disguised himself as a courier, with his face blacked and false hair, and rode on, ordering post-horses for a carriage which he had caused to follow him at a suitable distance for this very purpose, and thus fairly passed the frontiers of the two kingdoms, only three or four hours before his pursuers reached them.

Immediately on arriving the second time at Passage, the wind being fair, he embarked. The usual course for French vessels attempting to trade with our colonies at that period, was, to sail for the West Indies, and then, coming up along our coast, enter where they could. But this course would have exposed Lafayette to the naval commanders of his own nation; and he had almost as much reason to dread them as to dread British cruisers. When, therefore, they were outside of the Canary Islands, Lafayette required his captain to lay their course directly for the United States. The captain refused, alleging that, if they should be taken by a British force and carried into Halifax, the French government would never reclaim them, and they could hope for nothing but a slow death in a dungeon or a prison-ship. This was true, but Lafayette knew it before he made the requisition. He, therefore, insisted until the captain refused in the most positive manner. Lafayette then told him that the ship was his own private property, that he had made his own arrangements concerning it, and that if he, the captain, would not

sail directly for the United States, he should be put in irons, and his command given to the next officer. The captain, of course, submitted, and Lafayette gave him a bond for forty thousand francs, in case of any accident. They, therefore, now made sail directly for the southern portion of the United States, and arrived unmolested at Charleston, S. C. on the 25th of April, 1777.

The sensation produced by his appearance in this country was, of course, much greater than that produced in Europe by his departure. It still stands forth, as one of the most prominent and important circumstances in our revolutionary contest; and, as has often been said by one who bore no small part in its trials and success, none but those who were then alive can believe what an impulse it gave to the hopes of a population almost disheartened by a long series of disasters. And well it might; for it taught us that in the first rank of the first nobility in Europe, men could still be found, who not only took an interest in our struggle, but were willing to share our sufferings; that our obscure and almost desperate contest for freedom, in a remote quarter of the world, could yet find supporters among those, who were the most natural and powerful allies of a splendid despotism; that we were the objects of a regard and interest throughout the world, which would add to our own resources sufficient strength to carry us safely through to final success.

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### LESSON LXXX.

*Address of the President to Lafayette on his Departure from the United States, 1825.—J. Q. ADAMS.*

GENERAL LAFAYETTE,

It has been the good fortune of many of my distinguished fellow citizens, during the course of the year now elapsed, upon your arrival at their respective abodes, to greet you with the welcome of the nation. The less pleasing task now devolves upon me, of bidding you, in the name of the nation, adieu.

It were no longer seasonable, and would be superfluous, to recapitulate the remarkable incidents of your early life—incidents which associated your name, fortunes, and reputation, in imperishable connexion with the independence and history of the North American Union. The part which you performed at that important junction was marked with characters so peculiar, that, realizing the fairest fable of antiquity,

its parallel could scarcely be found in the authentic records of human history.

You deliberately and perseveringly preferred toil, danger, the endurance of every hardship, and the privation of every comfort, in defence of a holy cause, to inglorious ease, and the allurements of rank, affluence, and unrestrained youth, at the most splendid and fascinating court of Europe. That this choice was not less wise than magnanimous, the sanction of half a century, and the gratulations of unnumbered voices, all unable to express the gratitude of the heart, with which your visit to this hemisphere has been welcomed, afford ample demonstration.

When the contest of freedom, to which you had repaired as a voluntary champion, had closed, by the complete triumph of her cause in this country of your adoption, you returned to fulfil the duties of the philanthropist and patriot in the land of your nativity. There, in a consistent and undeviating career of forty years, you have maintained, through every vicissitude of alternate success and disappointment, the same glorious cause, to which the first years of your active life had been devoted—the improvement of the moral and political condition of man.

Throughout that long succession of time, the people of the United States, for whom, and with whom, you have fought the battles of liberty, have been living in the full possession of its fruits, one of the happiest among the family of nations;—spreading in population, enlarging in territory, acting and suffering according to the condition of their nature, and laying the foundations of the greatest, and, we humbly hope, the most beneficent power that ever regulated the concerns of man upon earth.

In that lapse of forty years, the generation of men with whom you co-operated in the conflict of arms, has nearly passed away. Of the general officers of the American army in that war, you alone survive. Of the sages who guided our councils; of the warriors who met the foe in the field or upon the wave, with the exception of a few, to whom unusual length of days has been allotted by Heaven, all now sleep with their fathers. A succeeding, and even a third generation, have arisen to take their places; and their children's children, while rising up to call them blessed, have been taught by them, as well as admonished by their own constant enjoyment of freedom, to include in every benison upon their fathers the name of him who came from afar, with them and in their cause to conquer or to fall.

The universal prevalence of these sentiments was signally manifested by a resolution of Congress, representing the whole people, and all the States of this Union, requesting the President of the United States to communicate to you the assurances of the grateful and affectionate attachment of this government and people, and desiring that a national ship might be employed, at your convenience, for your passage to the borders of our country.

The invitation was transmitted to you by my venerable predecessor; himself bound to you by the strongest ties of personal friendship; himself one of those whom the highest honours of his country had rewarded for blood early shed in her cause, and for a long life of devotion to her welfare. By him the services of a national ship were placed at your disposal. Your delicacy preferred a more private conveyance, and a full year has elapsed since you landed upon our shores. It were scarcely an exaggeration to say, that it has been to the people of the Union a year of uninterrupted festivity and enjoyment, inspired by your presence. You have traversed the twenty-four States of this great confederacy. You have been received with rapture by the survivors of your earliest companions in arms. You have been hailed as a long absent parent by their children, the men and women of the present age. And a rising generation, the hope of future time, in numbers surpassing the whole population at that day, when you fought at the head and by the side of their forefathers, have vied with the scanty remnants of that hour of trial, in acclamations of joy at beholding the face of him whom they feel to be the common benefactor of all. You have heard the mingled voices of the past, the present, and the future age, joining in one universal chorus of delight at your approach; and the shouts of unbidden thousands, which greeted your landing on the soil of freedom, have followed every step of your way, and still resound, like the rushing of many waters, from every corner of our land.

You are now about to return to the country of your birth, of your ancestors, of your posterity. The Executive Government of the Union, stimulated by the same feeling which had prompted the Congress to the designation of a national ship for your accommodation in coming hither, has destined the first service of a frigate recently launched at this metropolis, to the less welcome, but equally distinguished trust, of conveying you home. The name of the ship has added one more memorial to distant regions and to future ages of a stream



already memorable\* at once in the story of your sufferings and of our independence.

The ship is now prepared for your reception, and equipped for sea. From the moment of her departure, the prayers of millions will ascend to heaven, that her passage may be prosperous, and your return to the bosom of your family as propitious to your happiness as your visit to this scene of your youthful glory has been to that of the American people.

Go, then, our beloved friend ; return to the land of brilliant genius, of generous sentiment, of heroic valour ; to that beautiful France, the nursing mother of the Twelfth Louis, and the Fourth Henry ; to the native soil of Bayard and Coligni, of Turenne and Catinat, of Fenelon and D'Aguesseau. In that illustrious catalogue of names which she claims as of her children, and, with honest pride, holds up to the admiration of other nations, the name of LAFAYETTE has already for centuries been enrolled. And it shall henceforth burnish into brighter fame ; for if, in after days, a Frenchman shall be called to indicate the character of his nation by that of one individual, during the age in which we live, the blood of lofty patriotism shall mantle in his cheek, the fire of conscious virtue shall sparkle in his eye, and he shall pronounce the name of LAFAYETTE. Yet we, too, and our children, in life and after death, shall claim you for our own. You are ours by that more than patriotic self-devotion with which you flew to the aid of our fathers at the crisis of their fate ; ours by that long series of years in which you have cherished us in your regard ; ours by that unshaken sentiment of gratitude for your services which is a precious portion of our inheritance ; ours by that tie of love, stronger than death, which has linked your name, for the endless ages of time, with the name of WASHINGTON.

At the painful moment of parting from you, we take comfort in the thought, that, wherever you may be, to the last pulsation of your heart, our country will be ever present to your affections ; and a cheerful consolation assures us that we are not called to sorrow most of all, that we shall see your face no more. We shall indulge the pleasing anticipation of beholding our friend again. In the mean time, speaking in the name of the whole people of the United States, and at a loss only for language to give utterance to that feeling of attachment with which the heart of the nation beats as the heart of one man, I bid you a reluctant and affectionate farewell !

\* The Brandywine



## LESSON LXXXI.

*Reply of Lafayette to the foregoing Address.*—LAFAYETTE.

AMIDST all my obligations to the General Government, and particularly to you, sir, its respected Chief Magistrate, I have most thankfully to acknowledge the opportunity given me, at this solemn and painful moment, to present the people of the United States with a parting tribute of profound, inexpressible gratitude.

To have been, in the infant and critical days of these States, adopted by them as a favourite son; to have participated in the toils and perils of our unspotted struggle for independence, freedom, and equal rights, and in the foundation of the American era of a new social order, which has already pervaded this, and must, for the dignity and happiness of mankind, successively pervade every part of the other hemisphere; to have received, at every stage of the revolution, and during forty years after that period, from the people of the United States, and their representatives at home and abroad, continual marks of their confidence and kindness,—has been the pride, the encouragement, the support, of a long and eventful life.

But how could I find words to acknowledge that series of welcomes, those unbounded universal displays of public affection, which have marked each step, each hour, of a twelve months' progress through the twenty-four States, and which, while they overwhelm my heart with grateful delight, have most satisfactorily evinced the concurrence of the people in the kind testimonies, in the immense favours, bestowed on me by the several branches of their representatives in every part, and at the central seat of the confederacy.

Yet gratifications still higher await me. In the wonders of creation and improvement that have met my enchanted eye; in the unparalleled and self-felt happiness of the people; in their rapid prosperity and ensured security, public and private; in a practice of good order, the appendage of true freedom; and a national good sense, the final arbiter of all difficulties,—I have had proudly to recognise a result of the republican principles for which we have fought, and a glorious demonstration to the most timid and prejudiced minds, of the superiority, over degrading aristocracy or despotism, of popular institutions, founded on the plain rights of man, and where the local rights of every section are preserved under a constitutional bond of union. The cherishing of that union between the States, as it has been the farewell

entreaty of our great, paternal WASHINGTON, and will ever have the dying prayer of every American patriot, so it has become the sacred pledge of the emancipation of the world, an object in which I am happy to observe that the American people, while they give the animating example of successful free institutions, in return for an evil entailed upon them by Europe, and of which a liberal, enlightened sense is every where more and more generally felt, show themselves every day more anxiously interested.

And now, sir, how can I do justice to my deep and lively feelings, for the assurances, most peculiarly valued, of your esteem and friendship; for your so very kind references to old times, to my beloved associates, to the vicissitudes of my life; for your affecting picture of the blessings poured by the several generations of the American people on the remaining days of a delighted veteran; for your affectionate remarks on this sad hour of separation, on the country of my birth—full, I can say, of American sympathies—on the hope, so necessary to me, of my seeing again the country that has deigned, near half a century ago, to call me hers? I shall content myself, refraining from superfluous repetitions, at once before you, sir, and this respected circle, to proclaim my cordial confirmation of every one of the sentiments which I have had daily opportunities publicly to utter, from the time when your venerable predecessor, my old brother in arms and friend, transmitted to me the honourable invitation of Congress, to this day, when you, my dear sir, whose friendly connexion with me dates from your earliest youth, are going to consign me to the protection, across the Atlantic, of the heroic national flag, on board the splendid ship, the name of which has been not the least flattering and kind among the numberless favours conferred upon me.

God bless you, sir, and all who surround us! God bless the American people, each of their States, and the Federal Government! Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart; such will be its last throb when it ceases to beat.

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## LESSON LXXXII.

*The Fall of Niagara.*—BRAINARD.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,  
While I look upward to thee. It would seem  
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"  
And hung his bow upon thy awful front;  
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed, to him

Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,  
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade  
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,  
That hear the question of that voice sublime!  
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung  
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!  
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,  
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!  
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to HIM,  
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains!—a light wave,  
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.



### LESSON LXXXIII.

*Principles of the American Revolution.*—QUINCY.

WHEN we speak of the glory of our fathers, we mean not that vulgar renown to be attained by physical strength, nor yet that higher fame to be acquired by intellectual power. Both often exist without lofty thought, or pure intent, or generous purpose. The glory which we celebrate was strictly of a moral and religious character; righteous as to its ends, just as to its means. The American Revolution had its origin neither in ambition, nor avarice, nor envy, nor in any gross passion; but in the nature and relation of things, and in the thence resulting necessity of separation from the parent State. Its progress was limited by that necessity. During the struggle, our fathers displayed great strength and great moderation of purpose. In difficult times, they conducted with wisdom; in doubtful times, with firmness; in perilous, with courage;—under oppressive trials, erect; amidst great temptations, unseduced; in the dark hour of danger, fearless; in the bright hour of prosperity, faithful.

It was not the instant feeling and pressure of the arm of despotism that roused them to resist, but the principle on which that arm was extended. They could have paid the stamp-tax, and the tea-tax, and the other impositions of the British government, had they been increased a thousand fold. But payment acknowledged the right; and they spurned the consequences of that acknowledgment. In spite of those acts, they could have lived, and happily; and bought, and sold, and got gain, and been at ease. But they would have held

those blessings on the tenure of dependence on a foreign and distant power; at the mercy of a king, or his minions; or of councils, in which they had no voice, and where their interests could not be represented, and were little likely to be heard. They saw that their prosperity in such case would be precarious, their possessions uncertain, their ease inglorious.

But, above all, they realized that those burdens, though light to them, would, to the coming age, to us, their posterity, be heavy, and probably insupportable. Reasoning on the inevitable increase of interested imposition, upon those who are without power and have none to help, they foresaw that, sooner or later, desperate struggles must come. They preferred to meet the trial in their own times, and to make the sacrifices in their own persons. They were willing themselves to endure the toil, and to incur the hazard, that we and our descendants, their posterity, might reap the harvest and enjoy the increase.

Generous men! exalted patriots! immortal statesmen! For this deep moral and social affection, for this elevated self-devotion, this noble purpose, this bold daring, the multiplying myriads of your posterity, as they thicken along the Atlantic coast, from the St. Croix to the Mississippi, as they spread backwards to the lakes, and from the lakes to the mountains, and from the mountains to the western waters, shall, on this day,\* annually, in all future time, as we, at this hour, come up to the temple of the Most High, with song, and anthem, and thanksgiving, and choral symphony, and halleluia; to repeat your names; to look steadfastly on the brightness of your glory; to trace its spreading rays to the points from which they emanate; and to seek, in your character and conduct, a practical illustration of public duty, in every occurring social exigence.

#### LESSON LXXXIV.

*Lines written in a Churchyard.*—HERBERT KNOWLES.

“It is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.” *Matt. xvii 4*

METHINKS it is good to be here;  
If thou wilt, let us build: but for whom?  
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,  
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,  
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

\* 4th July.

Shall we build to ambition? Ah no!  
Affrighted he shrinketh away;  
For, see, they would pin him below  
In a small, narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,  
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To beauty? Ah no! she forgets  
The charm which she wielded before;  
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets  
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,  
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of pride?  
The trappings which dizen the proud?  
Alas! they are all laid aside,  
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,  
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To riches? Alas! 'tis in vain:  
Who hid in their turns have been hid:  
The treasures are squandered again;  
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,  
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which mirth can afford?  
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?  
Ah! here is a plentiful board;  
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,  
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to affection and love?  
Ah no! they have withered and died,  
Or fled with the spirit above:  
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,  
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto sorrow? The dead cannot grieve;  
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,  
Which compassion itself could relieve.  
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear;  
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto death, to whom monarchs must bow?  
Ah no! for his empire is known,  
And here there are trophies enow.  
*Beneath*, the cold dead, and *around*, the dark stone,  
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to hope we will build,  
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!



The second to faith, which ensures it fulfilled ;  
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,  
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

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## LESSON LXXXV.

*Account of the Quicksilver Mine in Idria, in Carniola,  
Germany.—RUSSELL.*

NEXT morning we proceeded, during an hour, over the same barren country. Of a sudden, the road seems to disappear right before the eyes of the traveller, and he finds himself on the brink of a huge hollow in the mountains. The effect is singular and striking. He looks down into the whole of this kettle, surrounded on every side by irregular, towering crags, which are here and there tufted with patches of fir, but in general exhibit only the naked and dreary rock. The picture was entirely changed by the mist in which every thing was enveloped. The morning was not sufficiently advanced ; the sun, though bright and warm above, had not yet penetrated into the gulf, which was filled to the brim with white, fleecy vapour, into which the road seemed to descend, as if into mere air. All around, the rugged cliffs rose above its surface, like the rocky shores of a mountain lake, and imagination could assign no depth to the abyss over which its light and hovering mantle was spread. As the sun came nearer the meridian, the vapour began to rise slowly, but without dividing itself into those distinct, and rapidly ascending columns, which often produce such fantastic appearances, in the higher passages of the Swiss Alps. In a short time the whole kettle was visible, terminating below in a narrow, irregular valley. The Idria, issuing at once from the mountains on the south, rushed along in the bottom. On the crags, which, circling round, seemed to shut out this spot from all communication with the world, not a cottage was to be seen, for they are too precipitous ; and only here and there a few scanty patches of cultivation, for they are too barren. In the centre of the valley, and about seven hundred feet below the brink, the eye rested on the little town of Idria, and the huts scattered round the base of the mountain which contains the entrance to the mines.

The discovery of these mercurial mines, like that of so many other mines, is attributed to accident. A Carniolian peasant, who drove a small trade in wooden vessels, was in the habit of groping his way into this recess, at that time entirely covered with wood, to procure materials for his tubs

and pails, which he sometimes finished on the spot. He had placed some pails in a small pool, in a rivulet which issued from the mountain, for the purpose of "seasoning" them, as we should express it. To keep them under water, he put into them a quantity of sand taken from the bed of the stream. In the morning he found all his strength scarcely sufficient to lift one of them out of the water. He could ascribe this only to the weight of the sand, which he had thrown in by handfuls the evening before; sand so heavy was to him a phenomenon, and he carried some of it to the pastor of his village. The latter, suspecting what might be the reason, sent it to the Imperial Director of mines, and, on examination, it was found to contain above half its weight of quicksilver.

The whole of what now constitutes the department of Idria was immediately declared a domain of the crown; but the mines were first worked by private adventurers on leases, and the miners have still preserved various traditions of the ruin of some, and the difficulties which all of these speculators had to encounter. The shafts were driven deep in the solid rock, but no quicksilver appeared. One after another, the speculators drew back from the undertaking, and it centred, at last, in one who was more sanguine and persevering. But he, too, hoped and laboured in vain; and the destitution, into which he had plunged his family by the unsuccessful adventure, brought him to his grave. His widow was compelled to give up the operations; but the workmen declared they would still make an attempt for the family of him who had so long given them bread, and continue the search fourteen days longer, without wages. The fourteenth of these days arrived, but no quicksilver appeared. Towards the afternoon, the workmen, who had been annoyed all day long by sulphureous vapours and a more uncomfortable atmosphere than usual, were about to give up their task for ever in despondency, and prepare to celebrate, above ground, the festival of their patron saint, of which this happened to be the eve, when a shout, from the lowest part of the shaft, announced that the deep concealed vein had, at length, been dragged from its lurking place. The saint was postponed, and the mercury pursued. It was soon ascertained that the labours and expense of years would be amply repaid. The revived widow prudently sold her remaining right to the government, and, since that period, during more than four hundred years, Idria has not ceased to pour its thousands into the imperial treasury.

The entrance to the mine is a little to the southward of the town, in the side of a small hillock, which rises in front of the mountainous wall that surrounds the dell. The visitor puts on a miner's dress. It is not only necessary to leave behind watches, rings, snuff-boxes, and similar articles, which would infallibly be affected by the quicksilver; but, for the same reason, the accompanying miner insists on your dispensing with all coats and waistcoats, which have metal buttons. In every case a miner's dress is at once more convenient, and more independent of the moisture and rubbings, which may be encountered below ground, although, in this beautiful mine, there is little to be apprehended from either. The miners have not yet ceased their jokes on two ladies, who went down with some fashionable company, during the Congress in the neighbouring Laybach, and returned, the one with her gold watch converted into a tin trinket by the quicksilver, and the fair cheeks and neck of the other bedaubed with the blackness of falsehood by the sulphur.

The descent can be made to the very bottom of the mine in less than five minutes, in one of the large buckets in which the ore is brought above ground. This mode, though the less fatiguing, is not therefore the better; for, in descending the shaft on foot, one can observe much better the care and regularity with which all the operations have been carried on, particularly in later times. From the first step, daylight is excluded; for the passage, hewn in the rock, descends at a very acute angle: were it a smooth surface, it would be impracticable. Excepting the steepness, it has no other inconvenience. Instead of clambering down a wet, slippery, wooden ladder, as in Freyburgh, you descend on successive flights of steps, as regular as if they had been constructed for a private dwelling.

Here and there are landing places, where galleries branch off, through which veins have been followed, or the shaft descends in a new direction. This is the regular mode in which the mining is carried on, from the surface of the earth to the lowest part of the mine, forming a subterraneous staircase, descending about seven hundred feet; for the mine as yet is no deeper, owing to the superabundance and richness of the ore. All is pierced in the hard limestone rock. A still more useful degree of care has been bestowed on the walls and ceilings. Instead of leaving the bare, rugged rock, as is still frequently done elsewhere, or supporting the roof with wood, as was in former times the universal practice, this passage into the earth is lined with a strong wall of hewn stone, arched above: so that the de-

scent is in reality through a commodious vaulted passage, about four feet wide, and, in average height, rather more than six. The walling with stone is preferable, both in security and duration, to the old custom of lining and supporting the shafts with wood; the increasing scarcity and value of wood have, likewise, made it the cheaper mode. Neither is the labour so great as at first sight might be imagined. The stones used are those cut out in carrying the shaft itself downwards. All the trouble in transporting them along a gallery to the bottom of the perpendicular shaft, by which the ore and rubbish are conveyed above ground, is thus saved. No mine could be more fortunate in regard to the absence of water. A slight degree of moisture on the walls and ceiling is all that can be occasionally traced. The atmosphere is perfectly dry and comfortable except in the neighbourhood of rich veins.

The only unpleasant accompaniment of the ore is the sulphur which almost universally attends it; its fumes were strongest in the lowest galleries. The miners have learned to consider it as a prognostic of good ore; for it is universally observed that the richer the vein is, the greater is the quantity of sulphur; they have never pure air and good ore together. But neither the action of the sulphur, nor of the mercury, on the health and appearance of the workmen, is at all so striking as it has sometimes been represented. That the mercury brings on a periodical salivation, is merely a joke. Its effects are most observable on the teeth, which are generally deficient and discoloured.

The preparatory processes, through which the ore must pass before being finally carried to the roasting ovens, are performed on the other side of the town, on the banks of the Idria. But it is only with the inferior ores that such processes are necessary; all that are held to contain sixty-five per cent. of quicksilver, or upwards, are put immediately into the oven. This may be represented as a square building, divided, by brick floors, into five or six compartments. These floors are not continuous, but are pierced with a number of holes, that the flame and smoke may ascend from the one to the other. The ore is spread out upon them, the apertures being left uncovered. The fire is kindled between the lowest floor and the ground, and every outlet and crevice in the whole fabric is then carefully shut. The action of the fire, gradually extending itself from one layer to another, through the openings in the floors, separates the quicksilver from its accompanying fossils; it rises, sublimated, along with the smoke, to the top, from whence it has no passage but by



flues, which are led through the walls in a winding direction, that it may cool by continued circulation. As it cools, the pure quicksilver is precipitated, and descends, by internal communications between the flues, to the lower part of the wall. The fire is kept up, till it is ascertained by the disappearance of vapours, that all the mercury has been disengaged; nor are the outlets opened, till the whole is so cool that all the quicksilver must have been deposited. The metal is found deposited in hollows at the bottom of the walls, made on purpose to receive it, and communicating with the flues. The sulphur is gained at the same time. The quicksilver is then tied up in sheep or goat skins prepared with alum, these having been found to be the cheapest and most convenient of the materials which will contain mercury without being injured.

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### LESSON LXXXVI.

*The Ocean.*—ANONYMOUS.

THE ocean, rolling its surges from world to world, is the most august object under the whole heaven. It is a spectacle of magnificence and terror, which fills the mind and amazes the imagination.

Let us examine a single drop of water, only so much as will adhere to the point of a needle. In this speck an eminent philosopher computes no less than thirteen thousand globules. And, if so many thousand exist in so small a speck, how many must there be in the unmeasured extent of the ocean!

It is remarkable that sand is a more effectual barrier against the sea than rock; accordingly the sea is continually gaining upon a rocky shore, and losing upon a sandy shore, unless where it sets in with an eddy. Thus it has been gaining from age to age upon the Isle of Portland, and the Land's-end in Cornwall, undermining, throwing down, and swallowing up one huge rock after another. Meanwhile the sandy shores, both on our southern and western coasts, gain continually upon the sea.

Beneath the boundary of rocks frequently lies a smooth, level sand, almost as firm as a well compacted causeway; insomuch that the tread of a horse scarcely impresses it, and the waters never penetrate it. Without this wise contrivance, the searching waves would insinuate into the heart of the earth; and the earth itself would in some places be hollow as a honey-comb, in others bibulous as a sponge.



Nor are the regions of the ocean without their proper inhabitants, clothed in exact conformity to the clime ; not in swelling wool or buoyant feathers, but with as much compactness and as little superfluity as possible. They are clad, or rather sheathed, in scales which adhere close, and are laid in a kind of natural oil ; than which nothing can be more light, and, at the same time, nothing more solid. It hinders the fluid from penetrating their flesh ; it prevents the cold from chilling their blood ; and enables them to make their way through the waters with the utmost facility. And they have each an air bladder, a curious instrument, by expanding or compressing which, they rise to what height, or sink to what depth, they please.

It is impossible to enumerate the various species of the scaly herds. Among them are animals of amazing shapes and amazing qualities. The upper jaw of the sword-fish is lengthened into a strong and sharp sword, with which, though he is not above sixteen feet long, he scruples not to engage the whale himself. The sun-fish is one round mass of flesh : only it has two fins which act the part of oars. The poly-pus, with its numerous feet and claws, seems fitted only to crawl : yet an excrescence, rising on the back, enables it to steer a steady course through the waves. The shell of the nautilus forms a kind of boat, and he unfurls a membrane to the wind for a sail. He extends, also, two arms, with which, as with oars, he rows himself along. When he is disposed to dive, he strikes sail, and at once sinks to the bottom. When the weather is calm, he mounts again, and performs his voyage without either chart or compass.

Some, lodged in their shells, seem to have no higher employ than to imbibe nutriment, and are almost rooted to the rocks on which they lie ; while others shoot along the yielding flood, and range the spacious regions of the deep. How various is their figure ! The shells of some seem to be the rude productions of chance, rather than of skill and design ; yet even in these we find the nicest dispositions. Uncouth as they appear, they are exactly suited to the exigencies of their respective tenants. The structure of others is all symmetry and elegance, and no enamel can be comparable to their polish.

The mackerel, herring, and various other kinds, throng our creeks and bays, while those of enormous size and appearance, which would fright the valuable fish from our coasts, are kept in the abysses of the ocean ; as wild beasts, compelled by the same overruling power, hide themselves in the recesses of the forest.

## LESSON LXXXVII.

*The old Servant.*—KEATE.

THE reflected light from the white cliffs of France, on which my eyes were fixed, made them appear to press forward on my sight; and, while my imagination was taking a frisk from the Straits of Dover to the Mediterranean, and dropping a sigh over political necessity, I found I had thrown the reins of my horse on his neck, who had taken advantage of my inattention to pick up a little clover that grew by the way-side.

—Nay,—if it be thy will, old companion, says I, e'en take the other bite; the farmer will be never the poorer for the mouthful thou shalt carry away: did he know thy good qualities, he would let thee eat thy fill.

—I will not interrupt thy pleasurable moments; so, prithee, feed on. Long have I wished an occasion to record thy deserts, thou faithful old servant! It now presents itself, and thou shalt have a page in my book, though it provoke the sneer of the critic. It is thy due, for thou hast given me health. Full many a year hast thou journeyed with me through the uneven ways of the world! We have tugged up many a steep hill, and borne the buffet of the tempest together! I have had the labours of thy youth, and thy age hath a claim on me, which, while I have sixpence in my pocket, I dare not refuse.

—Thou shalt not, when thy strength is exhausted, be consigned to poverty and toil! or, as thou passest by my door, lashed on by some unfeeling owner, look at me with the severe eye of reproach. Had that Hand, which fashioned us both, endued thy species with the faculty of speech, in what bitterness of heart would they complain of the ingratitude of ours!

In the wide extent of the animal reign, there scarce exists an object from which man may not borrow some useful hint: thou, my trusty friend, hast offered me no inconsiderable one; thou never aimedst to appear what thou wast not; a steady walk, or a cheerful trot, was all thou attemptedst; nay, perhaps it was as much as thy master himself aspired to; and, when remembrance shall be weighing thy merits, the scale shall turn in thy favour, when I reflect, that thou scornedst to desert the path of *nature* for the perilous one of *affectation*!

## LESSON LXXXVIII.

*Ode to Tranquillity.*—COLERIDGE.

TRANQUILLITY ! thou better name  
 Than all the family of Fame !  
 Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age  
 To low intrigue, or factious rage :  
 For, oh ! dear child of thoughtful Truth,  
 To thee I gave my early youth,  
 And left the bark, and blest the steadfast shore,  
 Ere yet the tempest rose and scared me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,  
 On him but seldom, power divine,  
 Thy spirit rests ! Satiety  
 And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,  
 Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope  
 And dire Remembrance interlope,  
 To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind :  
 The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead  
 At morning through the accustomed mead ;  
 And in the sultry summer's heat  
 Will build me up a mossy seat !  
 And, when the gust of autumn crowds  
 And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,  
 Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,  
 Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,  
 To thee I dedicate the whole !  
 And, while within myself I trace  
 The greatness of some future race,  
 Aloof, with hermit-eye, I scan  
 The present works of present man—  
 A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,  
 Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile !

## LESSON LXXXIX.

*The Torch of Liberty.*—THOMAS MOORE.

I SAW it all in Fancy's glass—  
 Herself the fair, the wild magician,  
 That bid this splendid day be pass,  
 And named each thing as it was pass,

'Twas like a torch-race—such as they  
Of Greece performed in ages gone,  
When the fleet youths, in long array,  
Passed the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw the expectant nations stand,  
To catch the coming flame in turn—  
I saw, from ready hand to hand,  
The clear, but struggling glory burn.

And, oh ! their joy, as it came near,  
'Twas in itself a joy to see ;  
While Fancy whispered in my ear,  
“That torch they pass is Liberty !”

And each, as they received the flame,  
Lighted his altar with its ray,  
Then, smiling to the next who came,  
SPEEDED it on its sparkling way.

From ALBION, first, whose ancient shrine  
Was furnished with the fire already,  
COLUMBIA caught the spark divine,  
And lit a flame like Albion's steady.

The splendid gift then GALLIA took,  
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising  
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,  
As she would set the world a blazing.

And when she fired her altar, high  
It flashed into the redd'ning air  
So fierce, that Albion, who stood nigh,  
Shrunk, almost blinded by the glare !

Next SPAIN—so new was light to her—  
Leaped at the torch ; but, ere the spark  
She flung upon her shrine could stir,  
'Twas quenched—and all again was dark.

Yet no—not quenched—a treasure, worth  
So much to mortals, rarely dies—  
Again her living light looked forth,  
And shone, a beacon in all eyes.

Who next received the flame ? Alas !  
Unworthy NAPLES ! Shame of shames,  
That ever through such hands should pass  
That brightest of all earthly flames !

Scarce had her fingers touched the torch,  
 When, frightened by the sparks it shed,  
 Nor waiting e'en to feel the scorch,  
 She dropped it to the earth,—and fled !

And fall'n it might have long remained,  
 But GREECE, who saw her moment now,  
 Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stained,  
 And waved it round her beauteous brow.

And Fancy bid me mark where, o'er  
 Her altar, as its flame ascended,  
 Fair laurelled spirits seemed to soar,  
 Who thus in songs their voices blended :

“ Shine, shine forever, glorious flame,  
 Divinest gift of God to men !  
 From Greece thy earliest splendour came,  
 To Greece thy ray returns again.

Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round ;  
 When dimmed, revive ; when lost, return ;  
 Till not a shrine through earth be found,  
 On which thy glories shall not burn !”

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### LESSON XC.

#### *The Carrier Pigeon.*—IBID.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,\*  
 When hastening fondly home,  
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
 Where idle warblers roam.  
 But high she shoots through air and light,  
 Above all low delay,  
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care  
 And stain of passion free,  
 Aloft, through virtue's purer air,  
 To hold my course to thee !  
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay  
 My soul, as home she springs :  
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
 Thy freedom in her wings !

\* The carrier pigeon flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.



## LESSON XCI.

*Falls of Niagara.*—PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

ABOUT four miles above the cataract we began to see the mist, raised by the agitation of the water, ascending in the form of a large white cloud, and continually varying its aspect, as it was blown by the wind into every fantastical shape. At times, it almost entirely disappeared; at others, it burst suddenly upon the sight, and, rising slowly, with great solemnity and grandeur, dispersed its magnificent volumes into the atmosphere. Nothing could afford us more noble anticipations of the splendour of the scene, to which we were approaching.

After dining at Chippeway, we proceeded to the cataract. About a mile from our inn, we were presented with one of the noblest prospects in the world; the more impressive, as none of us had ever heard it mentioned. Here the immense bed of lime-stone, which fills this country, begins rapidly to decline. A number of shelves, parallel to each other, cross the river obliquely, almost to the American shore. They are, however, irregular, broken, and wild; formed into long and short ranges, sudden prominences, and pointed rocks. Over this ragged and finely varied surface, the river rolls its amazing mass of waters with a force and grandeur, of which my own mind had never before formed a conception. The torrent is thrown up with immeasurable violence, as it rushes down the vast declivity, between two and three miles in breadth, into a thousand eminences of foam. All the magnificence of water scenery shrunk in a moment into playthings of Lilliput.

When we came over against the cataract, we secured our horses, and descended the ancient bank of the river, a steep of one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet. The foot-way which conducted us was of clay; and, having been wet by the preceding rain, was so slippery that we could hardly keep our footing. At the bottom we found a swamp, encumbered with trees, bushes, mire, and water. After stooping, struggling, and sliding, near a quarter of a mile, we came to the Table Rock; a part of the stratum over which the river descends, and the edge of the precipice which at this place forms the British bank of the river. This rock is at a small distance from the cataract, and presents the spectator with as perfect a view as can be imagined.

These falls are situated twenty-one miles, reckoned on the British, and twenty-three, reckoned on the American arm of the river, (where it is divided by Grand Isle,) from Buf-

faloe, two miles less from the outlet of Lake Erie, and fourteen miles from the entrance of the river into Lake Ontario, between Newark and Fort Niagara. The river bends, on the American side, about twelve miles to the north-west, and, on the British side, about four, immediately below Navy Island. It is here little less than four miles wide, and sufficiently deep for any navigation. It gradually becomes narrower as it approaches the falls, but immediately above them its breadth is not far from three miles. From one mile and three quarters above, or opposite to the Stedman farm, it begins to descend with a rapid and powerful current. At the falls it turns instantly, with a right angle, to the north-east, and in a moment is contracted to three quarters of a mile.

Below the falls the river is not more, and in some places it is less, than half a mile in breadth. Its depth here is great, being said to exceed three hundred feet; and its current is violent, proportionally to this contraction.

The cataract is formed by the brow of that vast bed of lime-stone, which is the base of all this country. Here its surface is, perhaps, one hundred and fifty feet beneath the common surface of the earth; elsewhere it approaches nearer. The brow extends, as I am informed, into the county of Ontario on the east, and on the west into Upper Canada a distance which is unknown. The great falls of the Genesee are formed by the same brow. On the river Niagara it approaches near to Queenstown, at the distance of seven miles below the cataract. The whole height of the ledge above Lake Ontario is estimated by Mr. Ellicott to be four hundred and ten feet. At Lake Erie the common level of the shore is about twenty feet above its waters. This level continues to the falls, and probably to the neighbourhood of Queenstown; the river gradually declining, till it arrives at the rapids. Here, within the distance of one mile and three fourths, it declines fifty-seven feet.

The precipice, over which the cataract descends, is, according to Major Prescott's survey, one hundred and fifty-one feet. This vast descent is perpendicular, except that the rocks are hollowed underneath the surface, particularly on the western side. The length of the precipice is three fourths of a mile.

At the cataract the river is divided by an island, whose brow is perpendicular, and nearly coincident with the common line of the precipice. It occupies about one fifth or one sixth of the whole breadth. This island, it is reported, was visited by General Putnam during the last Canadian war, or

that which began in the year 1755. A wager, it is said, was laid, that no man in that part of the army would dare to attempt a descent upon it. Putnam, with his customary resolution, undertook the enterprise. Having made fast a strong rope to a batteau, he proceeded a considerable distance up the stream. Then, taking some stout, skilful rowers, he put out into the river directly above the island. The rope, in the mean time, was holden firmly by several muscular soldiers on the shore. The batteau descended securely enough to the island, and, the enterprise being accomplished, was drawn again to the shore by his attendants.\*

The noise of this cataract has often been the object of admiration, and the subject of loose and general description. We heard it distinctly, when crossing the ferry, at the distance of eighteen miles; the wind blowing from the north-west, almost at right angles with the direction of the sound. Two gentlemen, who had lived some time at York, on the north side of Lake Ontario, and who were my companions in the stage, informed me that it was not unfrequently heard there. The distance is fifty miles.

The note or tone, if I may call it such, is the same with the hoarse roar of the ocean; being much more grave, or less shrill, than that which proceeds from other objects of the same nature. It is not only louder, but seems as if it were expanded to a singular extent; as if it filled the atmosphere, and spread over all the surrounding country. The only variety which attends it, is a continual undulation, resembling that of long musical chords, when struck with a forcible impulse. These undulations succeed each other with great rapidity. When two persons stand very near to each other, they can mutually hear their ordinary conversation; when removed to a small distance, they are obliged to halloo; and, when removed a little farther, cannot be heard at all. Every other sound is drowned in the tempest of noise made by the water, and all else in the regions of nature appears to be dumb. This noise is a vast thunder, filling the heavens, shaking the earth, and leaving the mind, although perfectly conscious of safety, and affected with a sense of grandeur only, lost and astonished, swelling with emotions which engross all its faculties, and mock the power of utterance.

The strength of this sound may be illustrated in the following manner: The roar of the ocean on the beach, south of Long Island, is sometimes heard in New Haven, at the distance of forty miles. The cataract of Niagara is heard ten miles farther.

\* A bridge now connects the island with the American shore. 1819.

All cataracts produce greater or less quantities of mist ; a proof to the common eye, that vapour may rise by mere agitation. The mist raised here is proportioned to the greatness of the cause. A large, majestic cloud, visible, from an advantageous position, for a great number of miles, rises without intermission from the whole breadth of the river below ; and, ascending with a slow, solemn progress, partly spreads itself down the stream by an arching, and wonderfully magnificent motion ; and partly mounts towards heaven, blown into every wild and fantastical form ; when, separating into smaller clouds, it successively floats away through the atmosphere.

Nearest to the shore a considerable quantity of this vapour impinges against the rock ; and, continually accumulating, descends in a constant shower of drops and little streams. A person, standing under the shelving part of these rocks, would, in a short time, be wet to the skin.

In the mist, produced by all cataracts, rainbows are ordinarily seen in a proper position, when the sun shines ; always, indeed, unless when the vapour is too rare. Twice, while we were here, the sun broke through the clouds, and lighted up, in a moment, the most lucid rainbow which I ever beheld. In each instance the phenomenon continued a long time, and left us in perfect leisure to enjoy its splendours. It commenced near the precipice, and extended, so far as I was able to judge, at least a mile down the river.

When the eye was fixed upon any spot, commencing a few rods above the precipice, that is, where the cataract begins to be formed, the descending water assumes every where a circular figure from the place where it begins to descend to that where it falls perpendicularly. The motion here remarkably resembles that of a wheel rolling towards the spectator. The section is about one fifth or one sixth part of a circle, perhaps twelve rods in diameter. The effect of this motion of so vast a body of water, equally novel and singular, was exquisitely delightful. It was an object of inexpressible grandeur, united with intense beauty of figure ; a beauty greatly heightened by the brilliant and most elegant sea-green of the waters, fading imperceptibly into a perfect white at the brow of the precipice.

The emotions excited by the view of this stupendous scene are unutterable. When the spectator casts his eye over the long ranges of ragged cliffs, which form the shores of this great river below the cataract ; cliffs one hundred and fifty feet in height, bordering it with lonely gloom and grandeur, and shrouded every where by shaggy forests ; when he



surveys the precipice above, stretching with so great an amplitude, rising to so great a height, and presenting in a single view its awful brow, with an impression not a little enhanced by the division which the island forms between the two great branches of the river; when he contemplates the enormous mass of water, pouring from this astonishing height in sheets so vast, and with a force so amazing; when, turning his eye to the flood beneath, he beholds the immense convulsion of the mighty mass, and listens to the majestic sound which fills the heavens; his mind is overwhelmed by thoughts too great, and by impressions too powerful, to permit the current of the intellect to flow with serenity. The disturbance of his mind resembles that of the waters beneath him. His bosom swells with emotions never felt, his thoughts labour in a manner never known, before. The pleasure is exquisite, but violent. The conceptions are clear and strong, but rapid and tumultuous. The struggle within is discovered by the fixedness of his position, the deep solemnity of his aspect, and the intense gaze of his eye. When he moves, his motions appear uncontrived. When he is spoken to, he is silent; or, if he speaks, his answers are short, wandering from the subject, and indicating that absence of mind, which is the result of labouring contemplation.

All these impressions are heightened to a degree, which cannot be conjectured, by the slowly ascending volumes of mist, rolled and tossed into a thousand forms by the varying blast, and by the splendour of the rainbow successively illuminating their bosom. At the same time, the spectator cannot but reflect, that he is surveying the most remarkable object on the globe. Nor will he fail to remember, that he stands upon a river, in most respects equal, and in several of high distinction superior, to every other; or that the inland seas which it empties, the mass of water which it conveys, the commercial advantages which it furnishes, and the grandeur of its disruption in the spring, are all suitable accompaniments of so sublime and glorious a scene.

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## LESSON XCII.

*Government of the People.*—G. BANCROFT.

THE sovereignty of the people is the basis of our system. With the people the power resides, both theoretically and practically. The government is a democracy, a determined, uncompromising democracy; administered immediately by the people, or by the people's responsible agents. In all



the European treatises on political economy, and even in the state-papers of the holy alliance, the welfare of the people is acknowledged to be the object of government. We believe so too ; but, as each man's interests are safest in his own keeping, so, in like manner, the interests of the people can best be guarded by themselves. If the institution of monarchy were neither tyrannical nor oppressive, it should at least be dispensed with, as a costly superfluity.

We believe the sovereign power should reside equally among the people. We acknowledge no hereditary distinctions, and we confer on no man prerogatives, or peculiar privileges. Even the best services rendered the state cannot destroy this original and essential equality. Legislation and justice are not hereditary offices ; no one is born to power, no one dandled into political greatness. Our government, as it rests for support on reason and our interests, needs no protection from a nobility ; and the strength and ornament of the land consist in its industry and morality, its justice and intelligence.

The states of Europe are all intimately allied with the church, and fortified by religious sanctions. We approve of the influence of the religious principle on public not less than on private life ; but we hold religion to be an affair between each individual conscience and God, superior to all political institutions, and independent of them. Christianity was neither introduced nor reformed by the civil power ; and with us the modes of worship are in no wise prescribed by the state.

Thus, then, the people governs, and solely ; it does not divide its power with a hierarchy, a nobility, or a king. The popular voice is all powerful with us ; this is our oracle ; this, we acknowledge, is the voice of God. Invention is solitary ; but who shall judge of its results ? Inquiry may pursue truth apart ; but who shall decide if truth is overtaken ? There is no safe criterion of opinion but the careful exercise of the public judgment ; and in the science of government, as elsewhere, the deliberate convictions of mankind, reasoning on the cause of their own happiness, their own wants and interests, are the surest revelations of political truth.



### LESSON XCIII.

*Industry necessary to form the Orator.*—H. WARE, JR.

THE history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry ; not an eminent orator has

lived, but is an example of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this, the almost universal feeling appears to be, that industry can effect nothing, that eminence is the result of accident, and that every one must be content to remain just what he may happen to be. Thus multitudes, who come forward as teachers and guides, suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments, and a miserable mediocrity, without so much as inquiring how they might rise higher, much less making any attempt to rise.

For any other art they would have served an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practise it in public before they had learned it. If any one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles, and, only after the most laborious process, dares to exercise his voice in public. This he does, though he has scarce any thing to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies, in sensible forms, before his eye. But the extempore speaker, who is to invent as well as to utter, to carry on an operation of the mind as well as to produce sound, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails !

If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of the sweetest and most impressive execution. If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labour, that he might know its compass and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sound, and its full richness and delicacy of expression. And yet he will fancy, that the grandest, the most various, the most expressive of all instruments, which the infinite Creator has fashioned, by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice ; he comes to it, a mere uninstructed tyro, and thinks to manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power ! He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles in his mind forever, that the attempt is vain.

Success in every art, whatever may be the natural talent, is always the reward of industry and pains. But the instances are many, of men of the finest natural genius, whose beginning has promised much, but who have degenerated wretchedly as they advanced, because they trusted to their gifts, and made no effort to improve. That there have never been other men of equal endowments with Cicero and De-

mosthenes, none would venture to suppose; but who have so devoted themselves to their art, or become equal in excellence? If those great men had been content, like others, to continue as they began, and had never made their persevering efforts for improvement, what would their countries have benefited from their genius, or the world have known of their fame? They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd, that sunk to oblivion around them.

Of how many more will the same remark prove true! What encouragement is thus given to the industrious! With such encouragement, how inexcusable is the negligence, which suffers the most interesting and important truths to seem heavy and dull, and fall ineffectual to the ground, through mere sluggishness in the delivery! How unworthy of one, who performs the high function of a religious instructor, upon whom depend, in a great measure, the religious knowledge, and devotional sentiment, and final character of many fellow beings, to imagine that he can worthily discharge this great concern by occasionally talking for an hour, he knows not how, and in a manner he has taken no pains to render correct, impressive, or attractive; and which, simply through that want of command over himself, which study would give, is immethodical, verbose, inaccurate, feeble, trifling! It has been said of the good preacher,

That truths divine come mended from his tongue.

Alas! they come ruined and worthless from such a man as this. They lose that holy energy, by which they are to convert the soul, and purify man for heaven, and sink, in interest and efficacy, below the level of those principles, which govern the ordinary affairs of this lower world.

#### LESSON XCIV.

*Extract from the Tragedy of Ethwald.*—JOANNA BAILLIE.

Scene. A vaulted Prison. HEREULF, SELRED, ETHELBERT, and THREE THANES\* of their party are discovered walking up and down.

*Her.* WE are prepared: what say ye, noble colleagues?

*First Th.* If that I here a bloody death must meet,  
And in some nook unblessed, far from the tombs  
Of all mine honoured race, these bones be laid,  
I do submit me to the will of Heaven.

*Third Th.* E'en so do I in deep submission bow.

\* Chieftains.

*Sec. Th.* If that no more within my op'ning gates  
My children and my wife shall e'er again  
Greet my return, or this chilled frame again  
E'er feel the kindly warmth of home, so be it !  
His blessed will be done who ruleth all !

*Her.* If these nerved arms, full in the strength of youth,  
Must rot i' th' earth, and all my glorious hopes  
To free this land, with which high beat this heart,  
Must be cut off i' th' midst, I bow my spirit  
To its Almighty Lord ; I murmur not.  
Yet, O that it had been permitted me  
To have contended in that noble cause !  
Low must I sleep in an unnoted grave,  
Whilst the oppressor of my native country  
Riots in brave men's blood !

*Eth.* Peace, noble boy ! he will not riot long.  
They shall arise, who, for that noble cause,  
With better fortune, not with firmer hearts  
Than we to th' work have yoked, will bravely strive.  
To future heroes shall our names be known,  
And in our graves of turf we shall be blessed.

*Her.* Well, then, I'm satisfied : I'll smile in death ;  
Yea, proudly will I smile ! it wounds me not.

*Eth.* How, Selred ? thou alone art silent here :  
To Heaven's high will what off'ring makest thou ?

*Sel.* Nothing, good Ethelbert. What can a man,  
Little enriched with the mind's rare treasure,  
And of th' unrighteous turmoil of this world  
Right weary grown, to his great Maker offer ?  
Yet I can die as meekly as ye will,  
Albeit of his regard it is unworthy.

*Eth.* Give me thy hand, brave man ! Well hast thou  
said !

In truth thy off'ring far outprizes all ;  
Rich in humility. Come, valiant friends ;  
It makes my breast beat high to see you thus  
For fortune's worst prepared with quiet minds.  
I'll sit me down awhile ; come, gather round me,  
And for a little space the time beguile  
With the free use and interchange of thought ;  
Of that which no stern tyrant can control.

(*They all sit down on the ground.*)

*Her.* (*to Eth.*) Nay, on my folded mantle do thou sit.

*Eth.* I thank thee, but I feel no cold. My children !  
We do but want, methinks, a blazing fire,  
To make us thus a friendly, chosen circle



For converse met. Then we, belike, would talk  
Of sprites, and magic power, and marv'llous things,  
That shorten weary hours ; now let us talk  
Of things that do th' inquiring mind of man  
With nobler wonder fill ; that state unseen,  
With all its varied mansions of delight,  
To which the virtuous go, when, like a dream  
Smote by the beams of op'ning day, this life,  
With all its shadowy forms, fades into nothing.

*First Th.* Ay, Ethelbert, thou'rt full of sacred lore :  
Talk thou of this, and we will gladly hear thee.  
How think'st thou we shall feel, when, like a nestling  
Burst from its shell, we wake to this new day ?

*Eth.* Why, e'en, methinks, like to the very thing  
To which, good thane, thou hast compared us :  
For here we are but nestlings, and, I trow,  
Pent up i' the dark we are. When that shall open  
Which human eye hath ne'er beheld, nor mind,  
To human body linked, hath e'er conceived,  
Then, like a guised band, that for a while  
Has mimicked forth a sad and gloomy tale,  
We shall these worthless weeds of flesh cast off,  
And be the children of our father's house.

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## LESSON XCV.

### *Description of Sand-floods in Arabia.*—BRUCE.

AT one o'clock we alighted among some acacia trees at Waadi el Halboub, having gone twenty-one miles. We were here at once surprised and terrified by a sight, surely one of the most magnificent in the world. In that vast expanse of desert from west to north-west of us, we saw a number of prodigious pillars of sand at different distances, at times moving with great celerity, at others stalking on with a majestic slowness : at intervals we thought they were coming in a few minutes to overwhelm us ; and small quantities of sand did actually more than once reach us. Again they would retreat so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds. There the tops often separated from the bodies ; and these, once disjoined, dispersed in the air, and did not appear more. Sometimes they were broken near the middle, as if struck with a large cannon-shot.

About noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon us, the wind being very strong at north. Eleven of them ranged along-side of us, about the distance of three



miles. The greatest diameter of the largest appeared to me, at that distance, as if it would measure ten feet. They retired from us with a wind at south-east, leaving an impression upon my mind to which I can give no name, though surely one ingredient in it was fear, with a considerable deal of wonder and astonishment. It was in vain to think of flying; the swiftest horse or the fastest sailing ship could be of no use to carry us out of this danger; and the full persuasion of this rivetted me as if to the spot where I stood, and let the camels gain on me so much, in my state of lameness, that it was with some difficulty I could overtake them.

On another day the same appearance of moving pillars of sand presented themselves to us, in form and disposition like those we had seen at Waadi el Halboub, only they seemed to be more in number and less in size. They came several times in a direction upon us; that is, I believe, within less than two miles. They began immediately after sun-rise, like a thick wood, and almost darkened the sun: his rays, shining through them for near an hour, gave them an appearance of pillars of fire. Our people now became desperate: the Greek shrieked out, and said it was the day of judgment. Ismael pronounced it to be hell, and the Tucorories, that the world was on fire. I asked Idris if ever he had before seen such a sight. He said he had often seen them as terrible, though never worse; but what he feared most was that extreme redness in the air, which was a sure presage of the coming of the simoon.

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## LESSON XCVI.

### *Description of the Simoon or Hot Wind.—IBID.*

WHILE we contemplated with great pleasure the rugged top of Chiggre, to which we were fast approaching, and where we were to solace ourselves with plenty of good water, Idris, our guide, cried out with a loud voice, "Fall upon your faces, for here is the simoon." I saw from the south-east a haze come, in colour like the purple part of the rainbow, but not so compressed or thick. It did not occupy twenty yards in breadth, and was about twelve feet high from the ground. It was a kind of blush upon the air, and it moved very rapidly, for I scarce could turn to fall upon the ground with my face to the northward, when I felt the heat of its current plainly upon my face. We all lay flat on the ground as if dead, till Idris told us it was blown over. The meteor or purple haze, which I saw, was indeed past, but

the light air that still blew was of heat to threaten suffocation. For my part, I found distinctly in my breast that I had imbibed a part of it, nor was I free of an asthmatic sensation till I had been some months in Italy, at the baths of Poretta, near two years afterwards.

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## LESSON XCVII.

*The Vicar of Madely.*—ANONYMOUS.

MR. FLETCHER, the vicar of Madely, had a very profligate nephew, a military man, who had been dismissed from the Sardinian service for base and ungentlemanly conduct. He had engaged in two or three duels, and dissipated his resources in a career of vice and extravagance. This desperate youth waited one day on his eldest uncle, General de Gons, and, presenting a loaded pistol, threatened to shoot him unless he would advance him five hundred crowns. The general, though a brave man, well knew what a desperado he had to deal with, and gave a draft for the money, at the same time expostulating freely with him on his conduct. The young madman rode off triumphantly with his ill-gotten acquisition.

In the evening, passing the door of his younger uncle, Mr. Fletcher, he determined to call on him; and began with informing him what General de Gons had done, and, as a proof, exhibited the draft under De Gons' own hand. Mr. Fletcher took the draft from his nephew, and looked at it with astonishment; then, after some remarks, putting it into his pocket, said, "It strikes me, young man, that you have possessed yourself of this note by some indirect method, and in honesty I cannot restore it but with my brother's knowledge and approbation." The nephew's pistol was immediately at his breast. "My life," replied Mr. Fletcher, with perfect calmness, "is secure in the protection of an Almighty Power; nor will He suffer it to be the forfeit of my integrity, and your rashness." This firmness drew from the nephew the observation, that his uncle De Gons, though an old soldier, was more afraid of death than his brother. "Afraid of death!" rejoined Mr. Fletcher; "do you think I have been twenty-five years the minister of the Lord of Life to be afraid of death now? No, sir; it is for you to fear death: you are a gamester and a cheat, yet call yourself a gentleman! you are the seducer of female innocence, and still you say you are a gentleman! you are a duellist, and for this you style yourself *a man of honour!* Look there, sir; the broad eye of Heaven is fixed upon us: tremble in the presence of

your Maker, who can in a moment kill your body, and forever punish your soul in hell."

The unhappy man turned pale and trembled alternately with rage—he still threatened his uncle with instant death. Fletcher, though thus menaced, gave no alarm, sought for no weapon, and attempted not to escape: he calmly conversed with his profligate relation; and at length, perceiving him to be affected, addressed him in language truly paternal, till he had fairly disarmed and subdued him. He would not return his brother's draft, but engaged to procure for the young man some immediate relief: he then prayed with him, and, after fulfilling his promise of assistance, parted with him, with much good advice on one side, and many fair promises on the other.

The power of courage, founded on piety and principle, together with its influence in overcoming the wildest and most desperate profligacy, were never more finely illustrated than by this anecdote. It deserves to be put into the hands of every self-styled "man of honour," to show him how far superior is the courage that dares to die, though it dares not to sin, to the boasted prowess of a mere man of the world. How utterly contemptible does the desperation of a duellist appear, when contrasted with the noble intrepidity of such a Christian soldier as the humble vicar of Madely!

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## LESSON XCVIII.

### *The Hatefulness of War.*—CHALMERS.

APART altogether from the evil of war, let us just take a direct look of it, and see whether we can find its character engraven on the aspect it bears to the eye of an attentive observer. The stoutest heart would recoil, were he who owns it to behold the destruction of a single individual by some deed of violence. Were the man, who at this moment stands before you in the full play and energy of health, to be in another moment laid, by some deadly aim, a lifeless corpse at your feet, there is not one of you who would not prove how strong are the relents of nature at a spectacle so hideous as death. There are some of you who would be haunted for whole days by the image of horror you had witnessed,—who would feel the weight of a most oppressive sensation upon your heart, which nothing but time could wear away,—who would be so pursued by it as to be unfit for business or for enjoyment,—who would think of it through the day, and it would spread a gloomy disquietude over your waking moments,—who would dream of it at night, and it would turn

that bed, which you courted as a retreat from the torments of an ever-meddling memory, into a scene of restlessness.

But, generally, the death of violence is not instantaneous; and there is often a sad and dreary interval between its final consummation and the infliction of the blow which causes it. The winged messenger of destruction has not found its direct avenue to that spot where the principle of life is situated; and the soul, finding obstacles to its immediate egress, has to struggle for hours, ere it can make its dreary way through the winding avenues of that tenement, which has been torn open by a brother's hand. O! if there be something appalling in the suddenness of death, think not that, when gradual in its advances, you will alleviate the horrors of this sickening contemplation by viewing it in a milder form. O! tell me, if there be any relentings of pity in your bosom, how could you endure it, to behold the agonies of the dying man, as, goaded by pain, he grasps the cold ground in convulsive energy,—or, faint with the loss of blood, his pulse ebbs low, and the gathering paleness spreads itself over his countenance,—or, wrapping himself round in despair, he can only mark, by a few feeble quiverings, that life still lurks and lingers in his lacerated body,—or, lifting up a faded eye, he casts on you a look of imploring helplessness for that succour which no sympathy can yield him?

It may be painful to dwell on such a representation; but this is the way in which the cause of humanity is served. The eye of the sentimentalist turns away from its sufferings, and he passes by on the other side, lest he hear that pleading voice, which is armed with a tone of remonstrance so vigorous as to disturb him. He cannot bear thus to pause, in imagination, on the distressing picture of one individual: but multiply it ten thousand times,—say, how much of all this distress has been heaped together on a single field,—give us the arithmetic of this accumulated wretchedness, and lay it before us with all the accuracy of an official computation,—and, strange to tell, not one sigh is lifted up among the crowd of eager listeners, as they stand on tiptoe, and catch every syllable of utterance which is read to them out of the registers of death. O! say, what mystic spell is that which so blinds us to the suffering of our brethren,—which deafens to our ear the voice of bleeding humanity, when it is aggravated by the shriek of dying thousands,—which makes the very magnitude of the slaughter throw a softening disguise over its cruelties and its horrors,—which causes us to eye with indifference the field that is crowded with the most revolting abominations, and arrests that sigh, which each individual



would singly have drawn from us, by the report of the many who have fallen, and breathed their last in agony, along with him !

I have no time, and assuredly as little taste, for expatiating on a topic so melancholy ; nor can I afford, at present, to set before you a vivid picture of the other miseries which war carries in its train,—how it desolates every country through which it rolls, and spreads violation and alarm among its villages,—how, at its approach, every home pours forth its trembling fugitives,—how all the rights of property, and all the provisions of justice, must give way before its devouring exactions,—how, when Sabbath comes, no Sabbath charm comes along with it,—and for the sound of the church-bell which wont to spread its music over some fine landscape of nature, and summon rustic worshippers to the house of prayer, nothing is heard but the deathful volleys of the battle, and the maddening outcry of infuriated men,—how, as the fruit of victory, an unprincipled licentiousness, which no discipline can restrain, is suffered to walk at large among the people,—and all that is pure, and reverend, and holy, in the virtue of families, is cruelly trampled on, and held in the bitterest derision. Were we to pursue those details, which no pen ever attempts, and no chronicle perpetuates, we should be tempted to ask, what that is which civilization has done for the character of the species.

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## LESSON XCIX.

*History of the English Language.*—BLAIR.

THE language which is at present spoken throughout Great Britain, is neither the ancient primitive speech of the island, nor derived from it, but is altogether of foreign origin. The language of the first inhabitants of our island, beyond doubt, was the Celtic, or Gaelic, common to them with Gaul ; from which country it appears, by many circumstances, that Great Britain was peopled. This Celtic tongue, which is said to be very expressive and copious, and is probably one of the most ancient languages in the world, obtained once in most of the western regions of Europe. It was the language of Gaul, of Great Britain, of Ireland, and very probably of Spain also ; till, in the course of those revolutions, which, by means of the conquests, first of the Romans, and afterwards of the northern nations, changed the government, speech, and in a manner the whole face of Europe, this tongue was gradually obliterated, and now subsists only in the mountains



of Wales, in the Highlands of Scotland, and among the wild Irish; for the Irish, the Welsh, and the Erse, are no other than different dialects of the same tongue, the ancient Celtic.

This, then, was the language of the primitive Britons, the first inhabitants that we know of in our island, and continued so till the arrival of the Saxons in England, in the year of our Lord 450; who, having conquered the Britons, did not intermix with them, but expelled them from their habitations, and drove them, together with their language, into the mountains of Wales. The Saxons were one of those northern nations that overran Europe; and their tongue, a dialect of the Gothic or Teutonic, altogether distinct from the Celtic, laid the foundation of the present English tongue. With some intermixture of Danish, a language probably from the same root with the Saxon, it continued to be spoken throughout the southern part of the island till the time of William the Conqueror. He introduced his Norman or French as the language of the court, which made a considerable change in the speech of the nation; and the English, which was spoken afterwards, and continues to be spoken now, is a mixture of the ancient Saxon and this Norman French, together with such new and foreign words as commerce and learning have, in progress of time, gradually introduced.

The history of the English language can, in this manner, be clearly traced. The language spoken in the Low Countries of Scotland is now, and has been for many centuries, no other than a dialect of the English. How, indeed, or by what steps, the ancient Celtic tongue came to be banished from the Low Country in Scotland, and to make its retreat into the Highlands and islands, cannot be so well pointed out, as how the like revolution was brought about in England. Whether the southernmost part of Scotland was once subject to the Saxons, and formed a part of the kingdom of Northumberland; or whether the great number of English exiles that retreated into Scotland upon the Norman conquest, and upon other occasions, introduced into that country their own language, which afterwards, by the mutual intercourse of the two nations, prevailed over the Celtic, are uncertain and contested points, the discussion of which would lead us too far from our subject.

From what has been said it appears, that the Teutonic dialect is the basis of our present speech. It has been imported among us in three different forms,—the Saxon, the Danish, and the Norman; all which have mingled together

in our language. A very great number of our words, too, are plainly derived from the Latin. These we had not directly from the Latin, but most of them, it is probable, entered into our tongue through the channel of that Norman French which William the Conqueror introduced. For, as the Romans had long been in full possession of Gaul, the language spoken in that country, when it was invaded by the Franks and Normans, was a sort of corrupted Latin, mingled with Celtic, to which was given the name of Romanshe; and as the Franks and Normans did not, like the Saxons in England, expel the inhabitants, but, after their victories, mingled with them, the language of the country became a compound of the Teutonic dialect imported by these conquerors, and of the former corrupted Latin. Hence the French language has always continued to have a very considerable affinity with the Latin; and hence a great number of words of Latin origin, which were in use among the Normans in France, were introduced into our tongue at the conquest; to which, indeed, many have since been added directly from the Latin, in consequence of the great diffusion of Roman literature throughout all Europe.

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### LESSON C.

#### *The Slave Trade.*—COWPER.

HEAVEN speed the canvass, gallantly unfurled  
 To furnish and accommodate a world,  
 To give the pole the produce of the sun,  
 And knit the unsocial climates into one !  
 Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave  
 Impel the fleet whose errand is to save,  
 To succour wasted regions, and replace  
 The smile of opulence in sorrow's face !  
 Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,  
 Impede the bark that ploughs the deep serene,  
 Charged with a freight, transcending in its worth  
 The gems of India, nature's rarest birth,  
 That flies, like Gabriel on his Lord's commands,  
 An herald of God's love to pagan lands !

But, ah ! what wish can prosper, or what prayer,  
 For merchants, rich in cargoes of despair,  
 Who drive a loathsome traffic, gauge, and span,  
 And buy, the muscles and the bones of man.  
 The tender ties of father, husband, friend,  
 All bonds of nature, in that moment end ;

And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,  
 A stroke as fatal as the sithe of death.  
 The sable warrior, frantic with regret  
 Of her he loves, and never can forget,  
 Loses in tears the far receding shore,  
 But not the thought that they must meet no more ;  
 Deprived of her and freedom at a blow,  
 What has he left that he can yet forego ?  
 Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resigned,  
 He feels his body's bondage in his mind ;  
 Puts off his generous nature ; and, to suit  
 His manners with his face, puts on the brute.

Oh ! most degrading of all ills that wait  
 On man, a mourner in his best estate ;  
 All other sorrows virtue may endure,  
 And find submission more than half a cure ;  
 Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestowed  
 T' improve the fortitude that bears the load,  
 To teach the wand'rer, as his woes increase,  
 The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace ;—  
 But slavery !—virtue dreads it as her grave :  
 Patience itself is meanness in a slave :  
 Or, if the will and sovereignty of God  
 Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod,  
 Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,  
 And snap the chain the moment when you may.



## LESSON CI.

*The Mail.*—IBID.

HARK ! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,  
 That, with its wearisome but needful length,  
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon  
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright :—  
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
 With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks,  
 News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.  
 True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,  
 Yet careless what he brings, his one concern  
 Is to conduct it to the destined inn,  
 And, having dropped th' expected bag, pass on.  
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,  
 Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief  
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;  
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.

Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,  
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet  
 With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks  
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,  
 Or charged with am'rous sighs of absent swains,  
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect  
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.

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## LESSON CII.

### *Recollections.—IBID.*

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds ;  
 And, as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased  
 With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave.  
 How soft the music of those village bells,  
 Falling at intervals upon the ear  
 In cadence sweet, now dying all away,  
 Now pealing loud again, and louder still,  
 Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on !  
 With easy force it opens all the cells,  
 Where memory slept. Wherever I have heard  
 A kindred melody, the scene recurs,  
 And with it all its pleasures and its pains.  
 Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,  
 That in a few short moments I retrace  
 The windings of my way for many years.

Short as in retrospect the journey seems,  
 It seemed not always short ; the rugged path,  
 And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,  
 Moved many a sigh at its disheartening length :  
 Yet, feeling present evils, while the past  
 Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,  
 How readily we wish time spent revoked,  
 That we might try the ground again, where once  
 (Through inexperience, as we now perceive)  
 We missed that happiness we might have found !

Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend,  
 A father, whose authority, in show  
 When most severe, and mustering all its force,  
 Was but the graver countenance of love ;  
 Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might lower,  
 And utter now and then an awful voice,  
 But had a blessing in its darkest frown,  
 Threat'ning at once and nourishing the plant.  
 How gladly would the man recall to life

The boy's neglected sire ! a mother, too,  
 That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,  
 Might he demand them at the gates of death.  
 Sorrow has, since they went, subdued and tamed  
 The playful humour ; he could now endure  
 (Himself grown sober in the vale of tears)  
 And feel a parent's presence no restraint.  
 But not to understand a treasure's worth  
 Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,  
 Is cause of half the poverty we feel,  
 And makes the world the wilderness it is.

### LESSON CIII.

*Alnwick Castle.\**—HALLECK.

HOME of the Percys' high-born race,  
 Home of their beautiful and brave,  
 Alike their birth and burial place,  
 Their cradle and their grave !  
 Still sternly o'er the castle gate  
 Their house's lion stands in state,  
 As in his proud departed hours ;  
 And warriors frown in stone on high,  
 And feudal banners "flout the sky"  
 Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,  
 Lovely in England's fadeless green,  
 To meet the quiet stream which winds  
 Through this romantic scene  
 As silently and sweetly still,  
 As when, at evening, on that hill,  
 While summer's wind blew soft and low,  
 Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,  
 His Katherine was a happy bride,  
 A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the abbey's ruined pile :  
 Does not the succouring ivy, keeping  
 Her watch around it, seem to smile,  
 As o'er a loved one sleeping ?  
 One solitary turret gray  
 Still tells, in melancholy glory,  
 The legend of the Cheviot day,  
 The Percys' proudest border story.

\* Alnwick Castle, Northumberland a seat of the Duke of Northumberland.



That day its roof was triumph's arch ;  
 Then ran, from aisle to pictured dome,  
 The light step of the soldier's march,  
 The music of the trump and drum ;  
 And babe and sire, the old, the young,  
 And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,  
 And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,  
 Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild roses by the abbey towers  
 Are gay in their young bud and bloom :  
 They were born of a race of funeral flowers  
 That garlanded, in long-gone hours,  
 A templar's knightly tomb.  
 He died, the sword in his mailed hand,  
 On the holiest spot of the Blessed Land,  
 Where the cross was damped with his dying breath ;  
 When blood ran free as festal wine,  
 And the sainted air of Palestine  
 Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,  
 What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"  
 Those giant oaks could tell,  
 Of beings born and buried here ;  
 Tales of the peasant and the peer,  
 Tales of the bridal and the bier,  
 The welcome and farewell,  
 Since on their boughs the startled bird  
 First, in her twilight slumbers, heard  
 The Norman's curfew bell.

I wandered through the lofty halls  
 Trod by the Percys of old fame,  
 And traced upon the chapel walls  
 Each high, heroic name,  
 From him\* who once his standard set  
 Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,  
 Glitter the sultan's crescent moons,  
 To him who, when a younger son,†  
 Fought for King George at Lexington,  
 A major of dragoons.

\* \* \* \*

\* One of the ancestors of the Percy family was an emperor of Constantinople.

† The late duke. He commanded one of the detachments of the British army, in the affair at Lexington and Concord, in 1775.

That last half stanza—it has dashed  
 From my warm lip the sparkling cup ;  
 The light that o'er my eye-beam flashed,  
 The power that bore my spirit up  
 Above this bank-note world—is gone ;  
 And Alnwick's but a market town,  
 And this, alas ! its market-day,  
 And beasts and borderers thron'g the way ;  
 Oxen, and bleating lambs in lots,  
 Northumbrian boors, and plaided Scots ;  
 Men in the coal and cattle line,  
 From Teviot's bard and hero land,  
 From royal Berwick's beach of sand,  
 From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and  
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times  
 So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,  
 So dazzling to the dreaming boy :  
 Ours are the days of fact, not fable ;  
 Of knights, but not of the round table ;  
 Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy ;  
 'Tis what "our President," Munroe,  
 Has called "the era of good feeling :"  
 The Highlander, the bitterest foe  
 To modern laws, has felt their blow,  
 Consented to be taxed, and vote,  
 And put on pantaloons and coat,  
 And leave off cattle-stealing :  
 Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,  
 The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,  
 The Douglas in red herrings ;  
 And noble name, and cultured land,  
 Palace, and park, and vassal band,  
 Are powerless to the notes of hand  
 Of Rothschild, or the Barings.

The age of bargaining, said Burke,  
 Has come : to-day the turbaned Turk  
 (Sleep, Richard of the lion heart !  
 Sleep on, nor from your cerements start,)  
 Is England's friend and fast ally ;  
 The Moslem tramples on the Greek,  
 And on the cross and altar stone,  
 And Christendom looks tamely on,  
 And hears the Christian maiden shriek,

And sees the Christian father die ;  
And not a sabre blow is given  
For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,  
By Europe's craven chivalry.

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives  
In the armed pomp of feudal state ?  
The present representatives  
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate,"  
Are some half dozen serving men,  
In the drab coat of William Penn ;  
A chambermaid, whose lip and eye,  
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,  
Spoke nature's aristocracy ;  
And one, half groom, half seneschal,  
Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,  
From donjon keep to turret wall,  
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

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#### LESSON CIV.

*May Morning.*—H. WARE, JR.

BEAUTIFULLY broke forth the clear, bright sun, and balmy was the breath of "incense-breathing morn," which welcomed the coming of this queen of the months. The blue sky seemed to smile, and the early birds were loud with their salutations. Nature, by a thousand cheerful sights and a thousand sweet sounds, testified her rejoicing, and the earth had decked her bosom with the first little flowers and budding greens for the steps of her lovely visiter.

But what was all this to one imprisoned within the dark chambers of the city ; where the early hum of human traffic drowns the melody of nature's hymns, and the high piles of brick shut from sight the azure heavens and the rainbow clouds ? Man learns to sleep over the tokens of reviving spring, hardened to its holy serenity by the bustling avocations of ambition and gain. But childhood yet feels its native sympathy with the young year, and owns its influence, and loves to go forth with the glad birds and the infant flowers. It was the voice of children cheerfully preparing for their May-morning stroll, which broke my slumbers. The sun, just risen, poured a tranquil light abroad, and I sprung from my couch resolved once more to be a child, and taste the pleasures of spring-time in the fields.

I had soon passed the streets and the bridge, and was fairly in the country. I breathed a fresher air, I trod with a freer step ; I was in the domains of nature once more, escaped from the confinement of man's invention and the crowd of man's works ; I saw nothing around me but the works of God, and the light and peace which he sheds upon the world that he loves—loves and blesses in spite of its sins. I looked upward, and, in letters of living light, the heavens spread before me his love. I looked around, and I saw it in the swelling blossoms, in the budding branches, in the springing carpet of green. It came to my ear in the glad melody of the birds, and in the heart-felt accents of delight which burst from the groups of happy and active children. I felt it in every breath I drew, laden with the morning fragrance, which is sweeter than all perfume, and wafts health and pleasure on its wing. It all has but one Author, I exclaimed, and he is love. It is his spirit, which breathes in the gale, and lives in all these signs of joy and life.

"Thy footsteps imprint the morning hills,  
Thy voice is heard in the music of rills,  
In the song of birds, and the heavenly chorus  
That nature utters, around us, o'er us.  
In every thing thy glory beameth ;  
From every thing thy witness streameth."

And so it has been from the beginning : "He has never left himself without witness"—and what more delightful witness than these days, in which "he renews the face of the earth ?" It seems like the freshness and purity of an original creation. I was ready to say with Buchanan, in his beautiful hymn, on such a morning as this it was that the new created world sprung up at God's command. This is the air of holy tranquillity which was then upon all things ; this the clear and fragrant breath that passed over the smiling gardens of Eden ; this the same sweet light that then shot down from the new-born sun, and diffused a gentle rapture over the face of nature and through the frame of living things. And such, too, shall be the aspect of that morning which ushers in the spring-time of heaven's eternal year : such the serenity and glory of that day which shall call forth to renewed existence, not the plants and flowers from a temporary death, but the spirits of immortal men ; and shall roll through earth and heaven, not the music of an earthly spring-time, but the rapturous anthems of the ransomed children of God, rising to the birth of the everlasting year.

Hail, then, all hail, thou fair morning of this fairest of the months !—emblem of the fairer morning that yet shall be—memorial of the nativity of earth—image of God's ever-

present love—pledge of an everlasting year! Thou shalt pass away, beautiful as thou art, and thy blossoms and pleasures perish. The hot summer shall scorch them, and the stormy winter bury them beneath his snows. But that glorious spring-time, which shall revive the being of man, shall never fade. The soul shall blossom and flourish forever in the garden of God. His spirit breathes there a perpetual balm, and the sunshine of his countenance knows no variableness nor shadow of change. Roll on, ye tardy seasons; accomplish your appointed periods, and introduce that unfading May. Ye may change, but ye bring on that which cannot change. Ye may waft to me sorrows and disappointments as ye fly; but ye are fast bearing me where sorrow and disappointment cannot come. And I will welcome even the winter of death, since it shall be followed by the spring of heaven.

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## LESSON CV.

*Account of eleven Africans rescued from Slavery.*—SPARKS.

IN the year 1823, a vessel came into the harbour of Baltimore, which, from various circumstances, was thought to have negroes unlawfully detained on board. So strong was the ground of suspicion, that a few individuals took on themselves the responsibility of searching the vessel, and they found concealed eleven negroes, who were foreigners, incapable of speaking or understanding the English language. A prosecution was accordingly entered against the captain, as being engaged in the slave trade; but as he affirmed that the negroes were his own property, lawfully acquired, and no proof to the contrary could be adduced, he was acquitted. The law demands, that, in all doubtful claims to the property of slaves, the labour of proof shall rest on the claimant; and as the captain, in the present case, could produce no such proof, the negroes were detained by the court, although he was permitted to escape. Through the humanity of some of the active members of the Colonization Society, these negroes were provided for, by being distributed among several families in the neighbourhood of Baltimore, to remain till they should learn the language, and be able to express their wishes in regard to their future destination.

Fortunately, about this time, a young African by the name of Wilkinson, a native of Susoo country on the Rio Pongas, arrived in Baltimore. Some years ago a chief of the Susoos intrusted two of his sons to the care of the captain of a



French vessel, trading in the Rio Pongas, who promised to take them to the West Indies, have them educated, and return them at the end of four years. When the stipulated time had gone by, and nothing was heard of the boys, Wilkinson was despatched to the West Indies to search them out. He succeeded in finding them, but had the mortification to learn, that the treacherous captain had not been true to his word; he had deserted the boys, and they were turned over to work with the slaves. Wilkinson recovered them, however, without difficulty, sent them to their father, and came himself to Baltimore to take passage home in the colonization packet. He had already been in England, and spoke our language with fluency.

Soon after his arrival he visited some of the recaptured Africans just mentioned, and discovered that they came from the region bordering on his own country, and spoke a dialect which he well understood, although it was not his native Susoo tongue. They were overjoyed at seeing a person with whom they could converse, but were incredulous when he told them that they were free, and might return home if they chose. They said he was deceiving them, that they knew they were slaves, and should never again see their native land, their relatives and friends. So thoroughly were they impressed with the melancholy conviction of being in slavery, that no protestations on his part could make them believe in his entire sincerity. They exclaimed with raptures at the thought of freedom, and of going back to Africa, but would not hope that such a dream could ever be realized.

The situation of these persons was made known by the Colonization Society to the president of the United States, who said, that, if proper certificates were given of their desire to return, the government would pay the expense of transportation. The navy agent at Baltimore was ordered to have them examined. They were brought together for this purpose, and, as the examination could only be carried on through Wilkinson as interpreter, he gave his testimony under oath. We shall speak of this interesting examination nearly in the words of Mr. Coale, secretary of the Baltimore Auxiliary Society, who was present, and took an account of the proceedings in writing.

The general question was put to them, severally, whether they wished to remain in this country as freemen, or be sent to Mesurado, and thence, if practicable, to their homes. Dowrey was the first who was called to answer. He was a chief in his own country, of whom Wilkinson had some knowl-

edge. He replied, "I wish to go home ; I wish to see my father, my wife, and children ; I have been at Mesurado ; I live but three days' walk from that place." Barterou answered ; "Let me go home ; I have a wife, I have two children ; I live a morning's walk from Dowrey." The next person called was Mousah, the son of a highly respectable chief, with whom Wilkinson was personally acquainted. He had been living with General Harper, and, when asked if he was not disposed to remain, and be instructed, and go home hereafter and teach his countrymen, he replied, "General Harper is a good man ; he will give me clothes and food, and be kind to me, but he cannot give me my wife and children." When the general question was put to Cubangerie, he replied, "Why do you ask this over and over ? Do you not know that nothing is so dear as a man's home ? I am so rejoiced at the thought of returning, that I want words to express my thanks." Mazzey said, "My mother is living, my father is living, I have two sisters, I shall be grateful to those who send me to my family and friends." The answer of Fanghah was, "I shall be joyful to go home ; I have a father, mother, wife, sister, and three children to meet me in my own country." Corree said, that all he desired was to be landed in Africa, and he should soon find his way home. Banhah made nearly the same reply.

After these eight persons were examined, they expressed great anxiety to be joined by two of their companions not present. These had been placed with a man, who, it seems, was unwilling to part with them, and had reported that they wished to remain. This proved to be a false pretence, set up with a view to profit by the labour of the negroes ; and, whatever may be the power of the law in such a case, it will be difficult to make it appear in the eye of justice in any better light than the crime of being engaged in the slave trade. A writ on a fictitious suit was taken out against the negroes, and they were thus released from thralldom, and brought to the place of examination. When they arrived, their companions sprang with ecstasies to meet them, embraced them again and again, caught them in their arms, raised them from the ground, and continued for half an hour at intervals to embrace and shake them by the hand. Nothing could exceed their joy when told that they were free, and would sail in a day or two for Africa.

These ten persons, thus providentially rescued from perpetual slavery, and made happy in the anticipations of again beholding their native land, and of carrying gladness to many a weeping, disconsolate heart, owed their deliverance chiefly

to the Colonization Society. They have gone home to prove to their countrymen and friends, that white men are not all barbarians, traffickers in human flesh, and artificers of human misery; but that the flame of benevolent feeling may sometimes kindle and burn, even in the breasts of this portion of their race, whom they had hitherto known only as catchers of their own species, and workers in crime. We know not the springs of other men's joys, but as for ourselves, call it weakness, or enthusiasm, or what you will, we frankly confess, that the heart-felt delight of having been instrumental in restoring these men to freedom and happiness, would have been to us a double compensation for all the embarrassments, rebuffs, and obstacles, numerous and severe as they have been, which the members of the Society have thus far experienced. Had they brought to pass from the beginning only this one deed, we would lift up our voice in praise of their noble achievement, and say they had been blessed with a good reward.—These rescued Africans, full of gratitude for their deliverers, sailed with Wilkinson in the *Fidelity* for Mesurado. Dr. Ayres had directions to send them home as soon as they arrived. One boy still remains. He spoke a different language from any of the others, and could not be understood by them. He will doubtless be returned, when he shall have learnt our language sufficiently to make known his wishes.



## LESSON CVI.

### *Danger of bad Habits.*—PRIESTLEY.

A MAN'S case may be pronounced to be desperate, when his mind is brought into such a state as that the necessary means of reformation shall have lost their effect upon him; and this is the natural consequence of confirmed habits of vice, and a long-continued neglect of the means of religion and virtue; which is so far from being an impossible or improbable case, that it is a very general one.

In order to be the more sensible of this, you are to consider that vice is a *habit*, and therefore of a subtle and insinuating nature. By easy, pleasing, and seemingly harmless actions, men are often betrayed into a *progress*, which grows every day more alarming. Our virtuous resolutions may break with difficulty. It may be with pain and reluctance that we commit the *first acts* of sin, but the *next* are easier to us; and use, custom, and habit, will at last reconcile us to any

thing, even things the very idea of which might at first be shocking to us.

Vice is a thing not to be trifled with. You may, by the force of vigorous resolution, break off in the early stages of it; but *habits*, when they have been confirmed, and long continued, are obstinate things to contend with, and are hardly ever entirely subdued. When bad habits *seem* to be overcome, and we think we have got rid of our chains, they may perhaps only have become, as it were, *invisible*; so that when we thought we had recovered our freedom, and strength, so as to be able to repel any temptation, we may lose all power of resistance on the first approach of it.

A man who has contracted a habit of vice, and been abandoned to sinful courses for some time, is never out of danger. He is exactly in the case of a man who has long laboured under a chronical disease, and is perpetually subject to a relapse. The first shock of any disorder a man's constitution may bear, and, if he be not naturally subject to it, he may perfectly recover, and be out of danger. But when the general habit is such, as that a *relapse* is apprehended, a man's friends and physicians are alarmed for him.

The reason is, that a relapse does not find a person in the condition in which he was when the first fit of illness seized him. That gave his constitution a shock, and left him enfeebled, so as to be less able to sustain another shock; and especially if it be more violent than the former, as is generally the case in those disorders.

In the very same dangerous situation is the man who has ever been addicted to vicious courses. He can never be said to be *perfectly recovered*, whatever appearances may promise, but is always in danger of a fatal relapse. He ought, therefore, to take the greatest care of himself. He is not in the condition of a person who has *never known the ways of wickedness*. He ought, therefore, to have the greatest distrust of himself, and set a double watch over his thoughts, words, and actions, for fear of a surprise. For if once, through the force of any particular temptation, he should fall back into his former vicious courses, and his former disposition should return, his case will probably be desperate. He will plunge himself still deeper in wickedness; and his having abstained for a time will only, as it were, have whetted his appetite, and make him swallow down the poison of sin by larger and more eager draughts than ever.



## LESSON CVII.

*The Slide of Alpnach.*—MISS EDGEWORTH.

To interest Harry about Mount Pilate,\* Sir Rupert promised to send him an account of an extraordinary mechanical work, which existed there a few years ago, called the Slide of Alpnach.

"Could not you give me some idea of it now, sir?" said Harry; "I dare say we should understand it as well, or better, from your description, than from the book." "I will endeavour to explain it," said Sir Rupert, "as you wish it; but in the book, to which I allude, there is a more clear and exact description, than I can hope to give. It is written by one who saw the work," continued he, turning to Harry's father, "by our great, our amiable, our ever-to-be-regretted friend, Professor Playfair."

"First, Harry, I should tell you the purpose for which it was made. On the south side of Mount Pilate there were great forests of spruce fir; and, at the time of which I am speaking, a great deal of that timber was necessary for ship-building. These forests were, however, in a situation which seemed almost inaccessible, such was the steepness and ruggedness of that side of the mountain. It had rarely been visited but by the hunters of the chamois or wild goat, and they gave information of the great size of these trees and of the extent of the forests. There these trees had stood for ages useless, and there they might have stood useless to this day, but for the enterprise and skill of a German engineer, of the name of *Rupp*. His spirit of inquiry being roused by the accounts of the chamois hunters, he made his way up by their paths, surveyed the forests, and formed the bold project of purchasing and cutting down the trees, and constructing, with some of the bodies of the trees themselves, a singular kind of wooden road, or trough, down which others, fit for ship building, could be sent headlong into the lake below, which fortunately came to the very foot of the mountain. When once upon the lake, they were to be made into rafts, and, without the aid of ships or boats to carry them, they were to be floated down the lake. It was proposed, that from thence they should be conveyed, by a very rapid stream called the Reuss, into the river Aar, and thence into the Rhine, down which these rafts could be easily navigated to Holland, where the timber was wanted. They might further be transported into the German ocean, where they could be conveyed to whatever port was desired.

\* One of the Swiss Alps.



"Forgive me," said Sir Rupert, smiling, as he looked at Lucy, "for troubling you with the German ocean, and the Rhine, and the Aar, and the Reuss, and with all my geography; it is not for the sake of displaying it, nor for the purpose of trying your patience; but I mention their names, because I am sure that you will look for them on your map, and you will understand the difficulty, and find the whole thing much better fixed in your memory, by knowing all the places and distances distinctly. Besides, you will be better able to explain it to others, than if you could only say, there was a forest on some mountain, whose name I don't know; the trees were thrown down into a lake, whose name I can't recollect, and sent by a rapid stream, whose name I never knew, into another, whose name I forget, and so on, to a great river, whose name I ought to remember, but cannot, and so into an ocean, which has a particular name, if I could recollect it, till at last, somehow, these rafts got to wherever they were wanted, but where that was I cannot well tell." Lucy half laughed and looked half ashamed, for she said she had often felt almost as much at loss in repeating things she had heard, for want of remembering the geography of the story.

"But now, sir, for the slide," said Harry. "You said, I think, that it was a kind of trough made of the bodies of trees; did you mean the mere trunks, without their being sawed up into boards?" "The trunks of the trees," replied Sir Rupert, "just roughly squared with the axe. Three trees so prepared, and laid side by side, formed the bottom; another set formed each of the sides; and all, strongly fastened together, composed this enormous trough, which was about three or four feet deep, and about six feet wide at the top. It extended to a length of more than eight miles, from the place where the forest stood on the side of the mountain, to the lake below. Each tree that was to be sent down had its branches lopped off, its bark stripped, and its outer surface made tolerably smooth. Men were stationed all the way down, at about half a mile distance from each other, who were to give telegraphic signals, with a large board like a door, which they set up when all was right and all ready to begin, and lowered when any thing was wrong. These signals were communicated from man to man, so that in a few seconds the intelligence was known all along the line, that a tree was to be launched. The tree, roaring louder and louder, as it flew down the slide, soon announced itself, and, as Playfair describes it, came in sight at perhaps half a

mile distance, and, in one instant after, shot past with a noise of thunder and the rapidity of lightning."

"How I should like to have seen it!" said Harry. "Sir, did not you say that Mr. Playfair himself saw a tree go down?"

"Yes, he and his young nephew saw five trees descend; one of them a spruce fir, a hundred feet long, and four feet diameter at the lower end, which was always launched foremost into the trough. After the telegraphic signals had been repeated up the line again, another tree followed. Each was about six minutes in descending along a distance of more than eight miles. In some places the route was not straight, but somewhat circuitous, and in others almost horizontal, though the average declivity was about one foot in seventeen. Harry, I hope I am exact enough to please you."

"And to instruct me too," said Harry, "for I could not tell how wonderful the thing really was without knowing all this."

"Did Mr. Playfair and his nephew stand at the top or bottom of the hill, sir?" said Lucy; "did they look down upon the falling trees, or up the hill, to them, as they were descending?" "Up to them," said Sir Rupert. "They stationed themselves near the bottom of the descent, and close to the edge of the slide, so that they might see the trees projected into the lake. Their guide, however, did not relish this amusement; he hid himself behind a tree, where, for his comfort, the engineer, Mr. Rupp, told him he was not in the least degree safer than they were. The ground where they stood had but a very slight declivity, yet the astonishing velocity with which the tree passed, and the force with which it seemed to shake the trough, were, Mr. Playfair says, altogether formidable. You, Harry, who are a mechanic, must be aware, that with bodies of such weight, descending with such accelerated rapidity, there would be great danger if any sudden check occurred; but, so judicious were the signals, and all the precautions taken by this engineer, that, during the whole time the Slide of Alpnach was in use, very few accidents happened. The enterprise, begun and completed so as to be fit for use in the course of a few months, succeeded entirely, and rewarded, I believe with fortune, I am sure with reputation, the ingenious and courageous engineer by whom it was planned and executed in defiance of all the prophecies against him. The learned, as well as the unlearned, when first they heard of it, con-

demned the attempt as rash and absurd. Some set to work with calculations, and proved, as they thought, and I own as I should have thought, that the friction would be so great, that no tree could ever slide down, but that it must wedge itself, and stick in the trough. Others imagined they foresaw a far greater danger, from the rapidity of the motion, and predicted that the trough would take fire."

"That is what I should have been most afraid of," said Harry. "And your fear would have been rational and just," said Sir Rupert. "This must have happened, but for a certain precaution, which effectually counteracted the danger. Can you guess what that precaution was, Harry?"

Harry answered, that perhaps water might have been let into the trough.

"Exactly so, Harry," said Sir Rupert; "the mountain streams were in several places conveyed over the edges, and, running along the trough, kept it constantly moist."

After this, Sir Rupert and Harry's father began to talk to each other about some curious circumstances concerning the Slide of Alpnach, which have puzzled men of science and philosophers. Harry did not comprehend all they were saying; but his curiosity was often excited by what little he did understand.

His father said, that he could better have conceived the possibility of the safe descent of the trees on this wooden road, if it had been in one straight, uninterrupted line; but there were, as it appeared, bends in the road. He should have judged beforehand, that a descending body of such *momentum* (weight and velocity) could not have had the direction of its motion changed as suddenly at these turns as would be necessary, and he should have thought, that either the side of the trough, against which the tree would strike at the bend, must have been broken, or, more probably, that the tree would, by its acquired velocity, have bolted in a straight line over the side of the trough. Sir Rupert said, that he should have thought the same, beforehand; and both agreed, that the facts ascertained by the unexpected success of this Slide of Alpnach, opened new views and new questions of philosophical discussion, as the result was contrary to some of the generally received opinions of mechanics, respecting friction especially.

## LESSON CVIII.

*Against Inconsistency in our Expectations.*

MRS. BARBAULD.

As most of the unhappiness in the world arises rather from disappointed desires than from positive evil, it is of the utmost consequence to attain just notions of the laws and order of the universe, that we may not vex ourselves with fruitless wishes, or give way to groundless and unreasonable discontent. The laws of natural philosophy, indeed, are tolerably understood and attended to; and, though we may suffer inconveniences, we are seldom disappointed in consequence of them. No man expects to preserve orange-trees in the open air through an English winter; or, when he has planted an acorn, to see it become a large oak in a few months. The mind of man naturally yields to necessity; and our wishes soon subside when we see the impossibility of their being gratified.

Now, upon an accurate inspection, we shall find, in the moral government of the world, and the order of the intellectual system, laws as determinate, fixed and invariable as any in Newton's Principia. The progress of vegetation is not more certain than the growth of habit; nor is the power of attraction more clearly proved than the force of affection or the influence of example. The man, therefore, who has well studied the operations of nature, in mind as well as matter, will acquire a certain moderation and equity in his claims upon Providence. He never will be disappointed either in himself or others. He will act with precision; and expect that effect, and that alone, from his efforts, which they are naturally adapted to produce.

For want of this, men of merit and integrity often censure the dispositions of Providence for suffering characters they despise to run away with advantages which, they yet know, are purchased by such means as a high and noble spirit could never submit to. If you refuse to pay the price, why expect the purchase? We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities, riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is so much ready money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject; but stand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another, which you did not purchase.



Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally ensure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings by toil, and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free, unsuspicious temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals, which you brought with you from the schools, must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things; and, for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain, household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right hand or to the left. "But I cannot submit to drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it." 'Tis well: be above it, then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That too may be purchased—by steady application, and long, solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be wise. "But (says the man of letters) what a hardship is it that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms on his coach, shall raise a fortune, and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life." Was it in order to raise a fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? You have then mistaken your path, and ill-employed your industry. "What reward have I then for all my labours?" What reward! A large, comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God: a rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection: a perpetual spring of fresh ideas; and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good heaven! and what reward can you ask besides?



“But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence that such a one, who is a mean, dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?” No in the least. He made himself a mean, dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head, and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better. I have chosen my lot. I am content and satisfied.

You are a modest man; you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper, which render it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content then with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate, ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

The man, whose tender sensibility of conscience and strict regard to the rules of morality make him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of honour and profit. “Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferment.” And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours, which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, sound at the very core, that does not shrink from the keenest inspection; inward freedom from remorse and perturbation; unsullied whiteness and simplicity of manners; a genuine integrity,

“Pure in the last recesses of the mind;”

if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a parasite, or—what you please.

“If these be motives weak, break off betimes;”

and, as you have not spirit to assert the dignity of virtue, be wise enough not to forego the emoluments of vice.

I much admire the spirit of the ancient philosophers, in that they never attempted, as our moralists often do, to lower the tone of philosophy, and make it consistent with all the

indulgences of indolence and sensuality. They never thought of having the bulk of mankind for their disciples; but kept themselves as distinct as possible from a worldly life. They plainly told men what sacrifices were required, and what advantages they were which might be expected. If you would be a philosopher, these are the terms. You must do thus and thus: there is no other way. If not, go and be one of the vulgar.

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## LESSON CIX.

### *On Plants.—IBID.*

PLANTS stand next to animals in the scale of existence: they are, like them, organized bodies; like them, increase by nutrition, which is conveyed through a system of tubes and fine vessels, and assimilated to their substance; like them, they propagate their race from a parent, and each seed produces its own plant; like them, they grow by insensible degrees from an infant state to full vigour, and, after a certain term of maturity, decay and die. In short, except the powers of speech and locomotion, they seem to possess every characteristic of sentient life.

A plant consists of a root, a stem, leaves, and a flower or blossom.

The root is bulbous, as the onion; long, like the parsnip or carrot; or branched out into threads, as the greater number are, and particularly all the large ones:—a bulbous root could not support a large tree.

The stem is single or branched, clinging for support or upright, clothed with a skin or bark.

The flower contains the principle of reproduction, as the root does of individuality. This is the most precious part of the plant, to which every thing contributes. The root nourishes it, the stem supports, the leaves defend and shelter it: it comes forth but when Nature has prepared for it by showers, and sun, and gentle, soothing warmth;—colour, beauty, scent, adorn it; and when it is complete, the end of the plant's existence is answered. It fades and dies; or, if capable by its perennial nature of repeating the process, it hides in its inmost folds the precious germ of new being, and itself almost retires from existence till a new year.

A tree is one of the most stately and beautiful objects in God's visible creation. It does not admit of an exact definition, but is distinguished from the humbler plant by its size, the strength of its stem, which becomes a trunk, and the

comparative smallness of the blossom. In the fruit-trees, indeed, the number of blossoms compensates for their want of size; but in the forest-trees the flower is scarcely visible. Production seems not to be so important a process where the parent tree lives for centuries.

Every part of vegetables is useful. Of many the roots are edible, and the seeds are generally so; of many the leaves, as of the cabbage, spinach; the buds, as of the asparagus, cauliflower; the bark is often employed medicinally, as the quinquina and cinnamon.

The trunk of a tree determines the manner of its growth, and gives firmness; the foliage serves to form one mass of a number of trees; while the distinct lines are partly seen, partly hidden. The leaves throw over the branches a rich mantle, like flowing tresses; they wave in the wind with an undulatory motion, catch the glow of the evening sun, or glitter with the rain; they shelter innumerable birds and animals, and afford variety in colours, from the bright green of spring to the varied tints of autumn. In winter, however, the form of each tree and its elegant ramifications are discerned, which were lost under the flowing robe of verdure.

Trees are beautiful in all combinations: the single tree is so; the clump, the grove, rising like an amphitheatre; the flowing line that marks the skirts of the wood, and the dark, deep, boundless shade of the forest; the green line of the hedge-row, the more artificial avenue, the gothic arch of verdure, the tangled thicket.

Young trees are distinguished by beauty; in maturity their characteristic is strength. The ruin of a tree is venerable even when fallen: we are then more sensible of its towering height: we also observe the root, the deep fangs which held it against so many storms, and the firmness of the wood; a sentiment of pity mixes, too, with our admiration. The trees in groves and woods shed a brown, religious horror, which favoured the religion of the ancient world. Trees shelter from cutting winds and sea air; they preserve moisture: but, if too many, in their thick and heavy mass lazy vapours stagnate; their profuse perspiration is unwholesome; they shut out the golden sun and ventilating breeze.

It should seem as if the number of trees must have been diminishing for ages, for in no cultivated country does the growth of trees equal the waste of them. A few gentlemen raise plantations, but many more cut down; and the farmer thinks not of so lofty a thing as the growth of ages. Trees are too lofty to want the hand of man. The florist may mix-

gle his tulips, and spread the paper ruff on his carnations ; he may trim his mount of roses and his laurel hedge ; but the lofty growth of trees soars far above him. If he presumes to fashion them with his shears, and trim them into fanciful or mathematical shapes, offended taste will mock all his improvements. Even in planting he can do little. He may succeed in fancying a clump, or laying out an avenue, and may perhaps gently incline the boughs to form the arch ; but a forest was never planted.

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## LESSON CX.

*An Address to the Deity.—IBID.*

GOD of my life ! and author of my days !  
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise ;  
And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue  
That hallowed name to harps of seraphs sung.  
Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more  
Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore.  
Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,  
Are equal all,—for all are nothing here.  
All nature faints beneath the mighty name,  
Which nature's works through all their parts proclaim.  
I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,  
And breathe an awful stillness through my soul ;  
As by a charm the waves of grief subside,  
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide :  
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,  
And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace,  
Till every worldly thought within me dies,  
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes ;  
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,  
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;  
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;  
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,  
And mingles with the dross of earth again.  
But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,  
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.  
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,  
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined ;  
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,  
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.  
His ears are open to the softest cry ;  
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;



He reads the language of a silent tear,  
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.  
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give ;  
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live :  
From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;  
Still every wish that centres not in thee ;  
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,  
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads  
By living waters and through flowery meads,  
When all is smiling, tranquil and serene,  
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,  
O teach me to elude each latent snare,  
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware !  
With caution let me hear the siren's voice,  
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.  
If, friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,  
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,  
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,  
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee ;  
With equal eye my various lot receive,  
Resigned to die, or resolute to live ;  
Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,  
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name, emblazoned high  
With golden letters on th' illumined sky ;  
Nor less the mystic characters I see  
Wrought in each flower, inscribed in every tree ;  
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze  
I hear the voice of God among the trees ;  
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,  
With thee in busy crowded cities talk ;  
In every creature own thy forming power,  
In each event thy providence adore.  
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,  
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fears control :  
Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,  
Secure within the temple of thine arms ;  
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,  
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then, when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,  
And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;  
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate  
I stand, and stretch my view to either state ;  
Teach me to quit this transitory scene  
With decent triumph and a look serene ;



Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,  
And, having lived to thee, in thee to die.

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### LESSON CXI.

*A Thought on Death.*—IBID.

WHEN life, as opening buds, is sweet,  
And golden hopes the fancy greet,  
And youth prepares his joys to meet,—  
Alas ! how hard it is to die !

When just is seized some valued prize,  
And duties press, and tender ties  
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,—  
How awful then it is to die !

When, one by one, those ties are torn,  
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,  
And man is left alone to mourn,—  
Ah ! then, how easy 'tis to die !

When faith is firm, and conscience clear,  
And words of peace the spirit cheer,  
And visioned glories half appear,—  
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph then to die.

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,  
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,  
And clouds obscure the mental light,—  
'Tis nature's precious boon to die.

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### LESSON CXII.

*The Court and Character of Queen Elizabeth.*—LUCY AIKIN.

THE ceremonial of Elizabeth's court rivalled the servility of the East : no person, of whatever rank, ventured to address her otherwise than kneeling ; and this attitude was preserved by all her ministers during their audiences of business, with the exception of Burleigh, in whose favour, when aged and infirm, she dispensed with its observance. Hentsner, a German traveller, who visited England near the conclusion of her reign, relates, that, as she passed through several apartments from the chapel to dinner, wherever she turned her eyes, he observed the spectators throw themselves on their knees. The same traveller further relates, that the officers and ladies, whose business it was to arrange the dishes, and

give tastes of them to the yeoman of the guard by whom they were brought in, did not presume to approach the royal table without repeated prostrations and genuflections, and every mark of reverence due to her majesty in person. The appropriation of her time, and the arrangement of her domestic life, present more favourable traits.

First, in the morning, she spent some time at her devotions; then she betook herself to the despatch of her civil affairs, reading letters, ordering answers, considering what should be brought before the council, and consulting with her ministers. When she had thus wearied herself, she would walk in a shady garden or pleasant gallery, without any other attendance than that of a few learned men. Then she took her coach, and passed in the sight of her people to the neighbouring groves and fields, and sometimes would hunt or hawk. There was scarce a day but she employed some part of it in reading and study; sometimes before she entered upon her state affairs, sometimes after them.

She slept little, seldom drank wine, was sparing in her diet, and a religious observer of the fasts. She sometimes dined alone, but more commonly had with her some of her friends. At supper she would divert herself with her friends and attendants; and, if they made her no answer, would put them upon mirth and pleasant discourse with great civility. She would then, also, admit Tarleton, a famous comedian and pleasant talker, and other such men, to divert her with stories of the town, and the common jests and accidents. She would recreate herself with a game at chess, dancing, or singing. She would often play at cards and tables; and, if at any time she happened to win, she would be sure to demand the money. Some lady always slept in her chamber; and, besides her guards, there was always a gentleman of good quality, and some others, up in the next chamber, to wake her if any thing extraordinary happened.

She loved a prudent and moderate habit in her private apartment, and conversation with her own servants; but, when she appeared in public, she was ever richly adorned with the most valuable clothes, set off again with much gold and jewels of inestimable value; and on such occasions she ever wore high shoes, that she might seem taller than indeed she was. The first day of the parliament she would appear in a robe embroidered with pearls, the royal crown on her head, the golden ball in her left hand, and the sceptre in her right; and, as she never failed then of the loud acclamations of her people, so she was ever pleased with it, and went along in a kind of triumph, with all the ensigns of majesty.

The royal name was ever venerable to the English people, but this queen's name was more sacred than any of her ancestors.

In the furniture of her palaces she ever affected magnificence, and an extraordinary splendour. She adorned the galleries with pictures by the best artists; the walls she covered with rich tapestries. She was a true lover of jewels, pearls, all sorts of precious stones, gold and silver plate, rich beds, fine couches, and chariots, Persian and Indian carpets, statues, medals, &c., which she would purchase at great prices. Hampton Court was the most richly furnished of all her palaces; and here she had caused her naval victories against the Spaniards to be worked in fine tapestries, and laid up among the richest pieces of her wardrobe. When she made any public feasts, her tables were magnificently served, and many side-tables adorned with rich plate. At these times many of the nobility waited on her at table. She made the greatest display of her regal magnificence when foreign ambassadors were present. At these times she would also have vocal and instrumental music during dinner, and after dinner dancing.

The queen was laudably watchful over the morals of her court; and, not content with dismissing from her service, or banishing her presence, such of her female attendants as were found offending against the laws of chastity, she was equitable enough to visit with marks of her displeasure the libertinism of the other sex; and in several instances she deferred the promotion of otherwise deserving young men, till she saw them reform their manners in this respect. Europe had assuredly never beheld a court so decent, so learned, or so accomplished as hers.



### LESSON CXIII.

*Female Accomplishments.*—HANNAH MORE.

A YOUNG lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from a volume of extracts; play like a professor, and sing like a siren; have her dressing room decorated with her own drawing, tables, stands, flower pots, screens, and cabinets; nay, she may dance like Sempronius herself, and yet we shall insist that she may have been very badly educated. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications; they are all of them elegant, and many of them properly tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things, in their measure and degree, may be done; but there are others, which

should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but "one thing is needful." Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprized of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance.

But, though a well bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts; yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education to make women of fashion dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers, and embroiderers? Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object. Would it not be strange if they were called out to exercise their profession, or to set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be therefore trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. For though the arts, which merely embellish life, must claim admiration; yet, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children.

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#### LESSON CXIV.

*Fatal Termination of a Highland Feud.*—ANONYMOUS.

A DEADLY feud subsisted, almost from time immemorial, between the families of Macpherson of Bendearg, and Grant of Cairn, and was handed down unimpaired even to the close of the last century. In earlier times the warlike chiefs of these names found frequent opportunities of testifying their mutual animosity; and few inheritors of the fatal quarrel left the world without having moistened it with the blood of some of their hereditary enemies. But, in our own day, the progress of civilization, which had reached even these wild



countries, the heart of the North Highlands, although it could not extinguish entirely the transmitted spirit of revenge, at least kept it within safe bounds; and the feud of Macpherson and Grant threatened, in the course of another generation, to die entirely away, or, at least, to exist only in some vexatious law-suit, fostered by the petty jealousies of two men of hostile tempers and contiguous property.

It was not, however, without some ebullitions of ancient fierceness, that the flame, which had burned for so many centuries, seemed about to expire. Once, at a meeting of the country gentlemen, on a question of privilege arising, Bendearg took occasion to throw out some taunts, aimed at his hereditary foe, which the fiery Grant immediately received as the signal of defiance, and a challenge was the consequence. The sheriff of the county, however, having got intimation of the affair, put both parties under arrest; till at length, by the persuasions of their friends,—*not friends by blood*,—and the representations of the magistrate, they shook hands, and each pledged his honour to forget—at least never again to remember in speech or action—the ancient feud of his family. This occurrence, at the time, was the object of much interest in the country-side; the rather that it seemed to give the lie to the prophecies, of which every Highland family has an ample stock in its traditionary chronicles, and which expressly predicted, that the enmity of Cairn and Bendearg should not be quenched but in blood; and on this seemingly cross-grained circumstance, some of the young men, who had begun already to be tainted with the heresies of the Lowlands, were seen to shake their heads, as they reflected on the tales and the faith of their ancestors; but the gray-headed seers shook theirs still more wisely, and answered with the motto of a noble house,—“I bide my time.”

There is a narrow pass between the mountains, in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, well known to the traveller who adventures into these wilds in quest of the savage sublimities of nature. At a little distance it has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm, but, on nearer approach, is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size; and the passenger, who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyries of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow, that it cannot admit of two persons passing alongside; and, indeed, none but natives, accustomed to the scene



from infancy, would attempt the dangerous route at all, though it saves a circuit of three miles. Yet it sometimes happens, that two travellers meet in the middle, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and, when this is the case, one is obliged to lie down, while the other crawls over his body.

One day, shortly after the incident we have mentioned, a highlander was walking fearlessly along the pass; sometimes bending over to watch the flight of the wild birds that built below, and sometimes detaching a fragment from the top to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to rock, its rebound echoing the while like a human voice, and dying in faint and hollow murmurs at the bottom. When he had gained the highest part of the arch, he observed another coming leisurely up on the opposite side, and, being himself of the patrician order, called out to him to halt and lie down; the person, however, disregarded the command, and the highlanders met face to face on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg! the two hereditary enemies, who would have gloried and rejoiced in mortal strife with each other on a hill-side. They turned deadly pale at this fatal rencontre. "I was first at the top," said Bendearg, and called out first, "Lie down, that I may pass over in peace."

"When the Grant prostrates himself before Macpherson," answered the other, "it must be with a sword driven through his body." "Turn back, then," said Bendearg, "and repass as you came." "Go back yourself, if you like it," replied Grant; "I will not be the first of my name to turn before the Macpherson." This was their short conference, and the result exactly as each had anticipated;—they then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced, with a slow and cautious pace, closer to each other; they were both unarmed; and, stretching their limbs like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark brows, and, fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other, stood there prepared for the onset.

They both grappled at the same moment; but, being of equal strength, were unable for some time to shift each other's position,—standing fixed on a rock with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the "top of their heart," like statues carved out of the solid stone. At length Macpherson, suddenly removing his right foot, so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body, and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was

as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy,—but at this moment Macpherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and, while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf. Macpherson himself fell backwards, his body hanging partly over the rock; a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sunk farther, till, catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing.

There was a pause of death-like stillness, and the bold heart of Macpherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a death-gripe by the rugged point of a rock—his enemy was almost within his reach!—his face was turned upwards, and there was in it horror and despair,—but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold,—and the next his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe. The mangled body disappeared among the trees, and its last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. Macpherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell in the wars of the Peninsula.

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### LESSON CXV.

*Home.*—BERNARD BARTON.

WHERE burns the loved hearth brightest,  
 Cheering the social breast?  
 Where beats the fond heart lightest,  
 Its humble hopes possessed?  
 Where is the smile of sadness,  
 Of meek-eyed patience born,  
 Worth more than those of gladness  
 Which mirth's bright cheek adorn?  
 Pleasure is marked by fleetness,  
 To those who ever roam;  
 While grief itself has sweetness  
 At Home! dear home!

There blend the ties that strengthen  
 Our hearts in hours of grief,  
 The silver links that lengthen  
 Joy's visits when most brief;  
 There eyes, in all their splendour,  
 Are vocal to the heart,

And glances, gay or tender,  
 Fresh eloquence impart;  
 Then dost thou sigh for pleasure!  
 O! do not widely roam;  
 But seek that hidden treasure  
 At Home! dear home!

Does pure religion charm thee  
 Far more than aught below?  
 Wouldst thou that she should arm thee  
 Against the hour of wo?  
 Think not she dwelleth only  
 In temples built for prayer;  
 For Home itself is lonely  
 Unless her smiles be there;  
 The devotee may falter,  
 The bigot blindly roam;  
 If worshipless her altar  
 At Home! dear home!

Love over it presideth,  
 With meek and watchful awe,  
 Its daily service guideth,  
 And shows its perfect law;  
 If there thy faith shall fail thee,  
 If there no shrine be found,  
 What can thy prayers avail thee  
 With kneeling crowds around?  
 Go! leave thy gift unoffered  
 Beneath Religion's dome,  
 And be her first-fruits proffered  
 At Home! dear home!

## LESSON CXVI.

*Adventures of a bashful Man.*—ANONYMOUS.

AND NOW, sir, behold me, at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in any gentlemanlike accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me as the *wealthy, learned clown*.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighbourhood; and, when you reflect upon my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families, especially by those who have mar-

riageable daughters. From these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations; and, though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with an estate of about two thousand pounds a year, joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother, and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at *Friendly-Hall*, dependent on their father.

Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons from a professor who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and, although I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to accept the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory* when unsupported by habitual *practice*!

As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in *me* is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men *can* judge of my distress; and, of that description, the number, I believe, is very small. The Baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good-breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings,



and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature; and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the Baronet's ideas exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, (as I supposed,) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him; and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm. I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambrick handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed that dinner was served up; and I with joy then understood that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suite\* of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk dress was not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes I seemed to be in a boiling caldron; but, recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when

\* *Pron.* sweet.



I trod upon his toes, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters quite overwhelmed me.

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth hot as a burning coal: it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the heat; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the liquor forced its way through my fingers over the table,—and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters.

In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

## LESSON-CXVII.

*Education prevents Crime.*—EDINBURGH REVIEW.

CRIME, we fear, must increase numerically in every nation, with the increase of population and wealth: but it is a great mistake to suppose, that they increase more than acts of virtue and beneficence, and a still greater to suppose, that any part of the former increase is owing to the diffusion of knowledge. This, on the contrary, is, beyond all doubt, a great counteracting cause. Vice, it is now generally agreed, proceeds from ignorance; and the only sure way to reclaim or to secure men from its temptations, is to instruct them as to the consequences of their yielding. The great causes of crime are,—the want of means to prosecute lawful industry with success; the want of habits of reflection and self-command to point out the consequences of misconduct, and to ensure effect to the conviction; and the want of innocent and interesting occupations to dispel the ennui of idleness and insignificance. Now, education strikes directly at the root of *all* these causes of evil: and to say that a man, who has been qualified by instruction for almost every species of honest industry; whose faculties and powers of reflection have been cultivated by study; and to whom boundless sources of interesting speculation and honourable ambition have thus been laid open, is, in consequence of these very things, more likely to commit crimes than one in opposite circumstances, is obviously to maintain, not an erroneous, but an *absurd* proposition, and in fact to be guilty of a plain contradiction in terms.

It is very true that education will not absolutely eradicate our evil propensities, and that to those depraved individuals, whom it has not been able to correct, it may occasionally afford the means of more deliberate and more effective guilt. It is quite true, for example, that a man who has been taught to *write* is better qualified to commit *forgery* than one who has not. But it is equally true, that a man who can *speak* is better fitted to commit *perjury* than one who is dumb; and that one who has been cured of palsy, is more likely to engage in assaults than one who is still disabled by such a malady: but it is no more the natural or common use of the power of writing to facilitate forgery, than it is of speech or manual vigour to forward deceit or violence;—and the reasoning is not less absurd, which would, on such grounds, arraign the expediency of teaching all men to write, than that by which it should be concluded, that the world would be much happier and better if the bulk of mankind were mute and incapable of motion!

## LESSON CXVIII.

*Washington's Resignation of the Command of the American Army.*—MARSHALL.

ON the 25th of November, 1783, the British troops evacuated New York, and a detachment from the American army took possession of that town.

The guards being posted for the security of the citizens, General Washington, accompanied by Governor Clinton, and attended by many civil and military officers, and a large number of respectable inhabitants on horseback, made his public entry into the city; where he was received with every mark of respect and attention. His military course was now on the point of terminating; and, previous to divesting himself of the supreme command, he was about to bid adieu to his comrades in arms.

The affecting interview took place on the 4th of December. At noon, the principal officers of the army assembled at Frances' tavern; soon after which their beloved commander entered the room. His emotions were too strong to be concealed. He turned to them and said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you; I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honourable." He added, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you, if each of you will come and take me by the hand." General Knox, being nearest, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, Washington grasped his hand, and embraced him. In the same affectionate manner he took leave of each succeeding officer. In every eye was the tear of dignified sensibility; and not a word was articulated to interrupt the majestic silence and the tenderness of the scene.

Leaving the room, he passed through the corps of light infantry, and walked to White-hall, where a barge waited to convey him to Powles' Hook. The whole company followed in mute and solemn procession, with dejected countenances, testifying feelings of delicious melancholy, which no language can describe. Having entered the barge, he turned to the company, and, waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu. They paid him the same affectionate compliment, and, after the barge had left them, returned in the same solemn manner to the place where they had assembled.

Congress was then in session at Annapolis in Maryland, to which place General Washington repaired for the purpose of resigning into their hands the authority with which they

had invested him. He arrived on the 19th of December. The next day he informed that body of his intention to ask leave to resign the commission he had the honour of holding in their service, and requested to know, whether it would be their pleasure that he should offer his resignation in writing or at an audience.

To give the more dignity to the act, they determined that it should be offered at a public audience on the following Tuesday, at twelve o'clock.

When the hour arrived for performing a ceremony so well calculated to recall to the mind the various interesting scenes which had passed since the commission now to be returned was granted, the gallery was crowded with spectators; and many respectable persons, among whom were the legislative and executive characters of the state, several general officers, and the consul general of France, were admitted on the floor of congress.

The representatives of the sovereignty of the union remained seated and covered. The spectators were standing and uncovered. The general was introduced by the secretary, and conducted to a chair. After a decent interval, silence was commanded, and a short pause ensued. The president\* then informed him, that "The United States in congress assembled were prepared to receive his communications." With a native dignity improved by the solemnity of the occasion, the general rose, and delivered the following address :

"Mr. President,

"The great events, on which my resignation depended, having at length taken place, I have now the honour of offering my sincere congratulations to congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

"Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the union, and the patronage of Heaven.

"The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

\* General Mifflin.



"While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge, this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend, in particular, those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favourable notice and patronage of congress.

"I consider it as an indispensable duty to close this last act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping.

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

After advancing to the chair, and delivering his commission to the president, he returned to his place, and received, standing, the following answer of congress, which was delivered by the president :

"Sir,

"The United States, in congress assembled, receive, with emotions too affecting for utterance, the solemn resignation of the authorities under which you have led their troops with success through a perilous and a doubtful war. Called upon by your country to defend its invaded rights, you accepted the sacred charge before it had formed alliances, and whilst it was without funds or a government to support you. You have conducted the great military contest with wisdom and fortitude, invariably regarding the rights of the civil power, through all disasters and changes. You have, by the love and confidence of your fellow-citizens, enabled them to display their martial genius, and transmit their fame to posterity. You have persevered, until these United States, aided by a magnanimous king and nation, have been enabled, under a just Providence, to close the war in freedom, safety, and independence ; on which happy event we sincerely join you in congratulations.

"Having defended the standard of liberty in this new world ; having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict, and to those who feel oppression, you retire from the great theatre of action with the blessings of your fellow citizens :



but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command; it will continue to animate remotest ages.

"We feel with you our obligations to the army in general, and will particularly charge ourselves with the interests of those confidential officers, who have attended your person to this affecting moment.

"We join you in commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, beseeching him to dispose the hearts and minds of its citizens to improve the opportunity afforded them of becoming a happy and respectable nation. And for you we address to him our earnest prayers, that a life so beloved may be fostered with all his care; that your days may be happy as they have been illustrious; and that he will finally give you that reward which this world cannot give."

This scene being closed,—a scene rendered peculiarly interesting by the personages who appeared in it, by the great events it recalled to the memory, and by the singularity of the circumstances under which it was displayed,—the American chief withdrew from the hall of congress, leaving the silent and admiring spectators deeply impressed with those sentiments which its solemnity and dignity were well calculated to inspire.

Having laid down his military character, General Washington retired to Mount Vernon, to which place he was followed by the enthusiastic love, esteem, and admiration of his countrymen. Relieved from the agitations of a doubtful contest, and from the toils of an exalted station, he returned with increased delight to the duties and the enjoyments of a private citizen. In the shade of retirement, under the protection of a free government, and the benignant influence of mild and equal laws, he indulged the hope of tasting that felicity, which is the reward of a mind at peace with itself, and conscious of its own purity.

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## LESSON CXIX.

*Description of the Natural Bridge in Virginia.*—JEFFERSON.

THE Natural Bridge, the most sublime of nature's works, is on the ascent of a hill, which seems to have been cloven through its length by some great convulsion. The fissure, just at the bridge, is, by some admeasurements, 270 feet deep, by others only 205. It is about 45 feet wide at the bottom, and 90 feet at the top; this of course determines the length of the bridge, and its height from the water; its breadth in

the middle is about 60 feet, but more at the ends, and the thickness of the mass, at the summit of the arch, about 40 feet. A part of this thickness is constituted by a coat of earth, which gives growth to many large trees. The residue, with the hill on both sides, is one solid rock of lime-stone.

The arch approaches the semi-elliptical form; but the larger axis of the ellipses, which would be the chord of the arch, is many times longer than the transverse. Though the sides of this bridge are provided, in some parts, with a parapet of fixed rocks, yet few men have resolution to walk to them, and look over into the abyss. You involuntarily fall on your hands and feet, creep to the parapet, and peep over it. Looking down from this height about a minute, gave me a violent headache.

If the view from the top be painful and intolerable, that from below is delightful in an equal extreme. It is impossible for the emotions arising from the sublime to be felt beyond what they are here: so beautiful an arch, so elevated, so light, and springing, as it were, up to heaven, the rapture of the spectator is really indescribable! The fissure, continuing narrow, deep, and straight, for a considerable distance above and below the bridge, opens a short but very pleasing view of the North Mountain on one side, and Blue Ridge on the other, at the distance, each of them, of about five miles.

This bridge is in the county of Rockbridge, to which it has given name, and affords a public and commodious passage over a valley, which cannot be crossed elsewhere for a considerable distance. The stream passing under it is called Cedar Creek. It is a water of James' River, and sufficient, in the driest seasons, to turn a grist-mill, though its fountain is not more than two miles above.

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### LESSON CXX.

*Extract from President Jefferson's Inaugural Address.—IBID.*

DURING the contest of opinion, through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers, unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle,—that, though the will of the majority is, in all cases, to prevail, that will, to

be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression. Let us then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart, and one mind. Let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection, without which liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things; and let us reflect, that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance, under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance, as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions.

During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world—during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking, through blood and slaughter, his long lost liberty—it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore—that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others—and should divide opinions, as to measures of safety. But every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all republicans; we are all federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it.

I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong—that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear, that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself?—I trust not—I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth—I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said, that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? or have we found angels, in the form of kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles—our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated, by nature and a wide ocean, from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe—too highminded to endure the degradations of the others—possessing a chosen country, with room enough

for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation—entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties—to the acquisitions of our own industry—to honour and confidence from our fellow-citizens; resulting not from birth, but from our actions, and their sense of them—enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practised in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man—acknowledging and adoring an over-ruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here and his greater happiness hereafter—with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people?—Still one thing more, fellow-citizens—a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another; shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement; and shall not take from the mouth of labour the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

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### LESSON CXXI.

*President Adams's Opinion of the American Constitution. Extracted from his Inaugural Address.—JOHN ADAMS.*

EMPLOYED in the service of my country abroad, I first saw the constitution of the United States in a foreign country. Irritated by no literary altercation, animated by no public debate, heated by no party animosity, I read it with great satisfaction, as a result of good heads, prompted by good hearts; as an experiment better adapted to the genius, character, situation, and relations of this nation and country, than any which had ever been proposed or suggested. In its general principles and great outlines, it was conformable to such a system of government as I had ever most esteemed, and in some states, my own native state in particular, had contributed to establish. Claiming a right of suffrage in common with my fellow-citizens, in the adoption or rejection of a constitution which was to rule me and my posterity, as well as them and theirs, I did not hesitate to express my approbation of it, on all occasions, in public and in private. It was not then, nor has been since, any objection to it, in my mind, that the executive and senate were not more permanent. Nor have I entertained a thought of promoting any alteration in it, but such as the people themselves, in the course of their experience, should see and feel to be neces-



sary or expedient, and, by their representatives in congress and the state legislatures, according to the constitution itself, adopt and ordain.

Returning to the bosom of my country, after a painful separation from it for ten years, I had the honour to be elected to a station under the new order of things, and I have repeatedly laid myself under the most serious obligations to support the constitution. The operation of it has equalled the most sanguine expectations of its friends; and, from an habitual attention to it, satisfaction in its administration, and delight in its effects, upon the peace, order, prosperity, and happiness of the nation, I have acquired an habitual attachment to it, and veneration for it. What other form of government, indeed, can so well deserve our esteem and love?

There may be little solidity in an ancient idea, that congregations of men into cities and nations are the most pleasing objects in the sight of superior intelligencies: but this is very certain, that, to a benevolent human mind, there can be no spectacle, presented by any nation, more pleasing, more noble, majestic, or august, than an assembly like that which has so often been seen in this and the other chamber of congress; of a government, in which the executive authority, as well as that of all the branches of the legislature, are exercised by citizens selected at regular periods by their neighbours to make and execute laws for the general good. Can any thing essential, any thing more than mere ornament and decoration, be added to this by robes or diamonds? Can authority be more amiable or respectable, when it descends from accidents or institutions established in remote antiquity, than when it springs fresh from the hearts and judgments of an honest and enlightened people? For it is the people only that are represented: it is their power and majesty that is reflected, and only for their good, in every legitimate government, under whatever form it may appear. The existence of such a government as ours, for any length of time, is a full proof of a general dissemination of knowledge and virtue throughout the whole body of the people. And what object of consideration more pleasing than this can be presented to the human mind? If national pride is ever justifiable or excusable, it is when it springs, not from power or riches, grandeur or glory, but from conviction of national innocence, information and benevolence.



## LESSON CXXII.

*Reflections on the Death of Adams and Jefferson.\**—WEBSTER.

ADAMS and JEFFERSON are no more. On our fiftieth anniversary, the great day of National Jubilee, in the very hour of public rejoicing, in the midst of echoing and re-echoing voices of thanksgiving, while their own names were on all tongues, they took their flight, together, to the world of spirits.

If it be true that no one can safely be pronounced happy while he lives; if that event which terminates life can alone crown its honours and its glory, what felicity is here! The great epic of their lives, how happily concluded! Poetry itself has hardly closed illustrious lives, and finished the career of earthly renown, by such a consummation. If we had the power, we could not wish to reverse this dispensation of the Divine Providence. The great objects of life were accomplished; the drama was ready to be closed. It has closed; our patriots have fallen; but so fallen, at such age, with such coincidence, on such a day, that we cannot rationally lament that that end has come, which we knew could not be long deferred.

Neither of these great men could have died, at any time, without leaving an immense void in our American society. They have been so intimately, and for so long a time, blended with the history of the country, and especially so united, in our thoughts and recollections, with the events of the revolution, that the death of either would have touched the strings of public sympathy. We should have felt that one great link, connecting us with former times, was broken; that we had lost something more, as it were, of the presence of the revolution itself, and of the act of independence, and were driven on, by another great remove, from the days of our country's early distinction, to meet posterity, and to mix with the future. Like the mariner, whom the ocean and the winds carry along, till he sees the stars, which have directed his course, and lighted his pathless way, descend, one by one, beneath the rising horizon, we should have felt that the stream of time had borne us onward, till another great luminary, whose light had cheered us, and whose guidance we had followed, had sunk away from our sight.

But the concurrence of their death, on the anniversary of independence, has naturally awakened stronger emotions. Both had been presidents, both had lived to great age, both were early patriots, and both were distinguished and ever honoured by their immediate agency in the act of indepen-

\* They died July 4th, 1826.

dence. It cannot but seem striking and extraordinary, that these two should live to see the fiftieth year from the date of that act; that they should complete that year; and that then, on the day which had fast linked forever their own fame with their country's glory, the heavens should open to receive them both at once. As their lives themselves were the gifts of Providence, who is not willing to recognise in their happy termination, as well as in their long continuance, proofs that our country, and its benefactors, are objects of his care?

Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there, of the great and good, which can die! To their country they yet live, and live forever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth, in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.

A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning bright for a while, and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers, in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit. Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused, by the touch of his miraculous wand, to a perception of the true philosophy, and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course, successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on, in the orbits which he saw, and described for them, in the infinity of space.

No two men now live, perhaps it may be doubted whether any two men have ever lived, in one age, who, more than those we now commemorate, have impressed their own sentiments, in regard to politics and government, on mankind, infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of

others, or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree, which they assisted to plant, will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer; for it has struck its roots deep; it has sent them to the very centre; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader; and its top is destined to reach the heavens.

We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come, in which the American Revolution will appear less than it is,—one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come, in which it will cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the fourth of July, 1776. And no age will come, we trust, so ignorant or so unjust, as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of these we now honour, in producing that momentous event.

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### LESSON CXXIII.

*Eloquence of John Adams.—IBID.*

THE eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic; and such the crisis required. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labour and learning may toil for it; but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even

genius itself then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent ; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence ; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence ; it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

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## LESSON CXXIV.

*The Sleep of the Brave.*—COLLINS.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blessed !  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there !

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## LESSON CXXV.

*A Thought on Eternity.*—GAY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,  
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obeyed,  
Thou wert ; and when the subterraneous flame  
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,  
From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,  
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,  
Thou still shalt be ; still as thou wert before,  
And know no change, when time shall be no more  
O endless thought ! divine eternity !  
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee ;  
For thou wert present when our life began,  
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah ! what is life ? with ills encompassed round  
Amidst our hopes, fate strikes the sudden wound .



To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,  
 To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes.  
 Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confined ?  
 Think all that treasure thou must leave behind ;  
 Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazoned hearse,  
 And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.  
 Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,  
 Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay ;  
 Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,  
 No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.  
 Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,  
 To suffer life beyond the date of man ?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,  
 And life regards but as a fleeting dream :  
 She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,  
 To launch from earth into eternity.  
 For, while the boundless theme extends our thought,  
 Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

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### LESSON CXXVI.

*Paraphrase on the latter Part of the sixth Chapter of Matthew's Gospel.*—THOMSON.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,  
 And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear ;  
 While all my warring passions are at strife,  
 Oh let me listen to the words of life !  
 Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,  
 And thus he raised from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford  
 Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;  
 Think not when worn the homely robe appears,  
 While on the roof the howling tempest bears ;  
 What farther shall this feeble life sustain ?  
 And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again ?  
 Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?  
 And the fair body its investing weed ?  
 Behold ! and look away your low despair—  
 See the light tenants of the barren air ;  
 To them nor stores nor granaries belong,  
 Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song ;  
 Yet your kind, heavenly Father bends his eye  
 On the least wing that flits along the sky.  
 To him they sing when spring renews the plain,  
 To him they cry in winter's pinching reign ;

Nor is their music or their plaint in vain ;  
 He hears the gay and the distressful call,  
 And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,  
 Observe the various vegetable race ;  
 They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow ;  
 Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they glow !  
 What regal vestments can with them compare ?  
 What king so shining, or what queen so fair ?

If ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,  
 If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,  
 Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say ?  
 Is he unwise ? or are ye less than they ?

### LESSON CXXVII.

#### *A Winter Storm at Midnight.—IBID.*

Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns :  
 The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons  
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.  
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,  
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,  
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.  
 Low waves the rooted forest, vexed, and sheds  
 What of its tarnished honours yet remain ;  
 Dashed down, and scattered by the tearing wind's  
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.  
 Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,  
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;  
 And on the cottage thatched, or lordly roof,  
 Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base.  
 Sleep frightened flies ; and round the rocking dome,  
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.  
 Then too, they say, through all the burdened air,  
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,  
 That, uttered by the demon of the night,  
 Warn the devoted wretch of wo and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds, commixed  
 With stars, swift gliding, sweep along the sky.  
 All nature reels. Till nature's King, who oft  
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,  
 And on the wings of the careering wind  
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm ;  
 Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hushed at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,  
 Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.  
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,  
 Let me associate with the serious night,  
 And contemplation, her sedate compeer!  
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,  
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!  
 Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!  
 Where are you now, and what is your amount?  
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.  
 Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,  
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past,  
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolved,  
 With new-flushed hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!  
 O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!  
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
 From every low pursuit! and feed my soul  
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;  
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!



### LESSON CXXVIII.

*Moses' Bargain of green Spectacles.*—GOLDSMITH.

As we were now, said the Vicar of Wakefield, to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife thought it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This, at first, I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold; and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out, and higgles, and actually tires them, till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next

morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair ; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him, to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away ; his waistcoat was of gosling green ; and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, Good luck, good luck, till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendations.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries more, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great ; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, they may go sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand into her pocket, and gave the messenger sevenpence half-penny.

This was to be our visiting-day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin-purse, as being the most lucky ; but this by the by. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing ; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice : although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it.

When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed, that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection.—This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your



readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy, when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves.”—“Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam,” replied he, “is not the present question; though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should, in conscience, give it to those that will.”—As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost night-fall.—“Never mind our son,” cried my wife; “depend upon it he knows what he is about. I’ll warrant we’ll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I’ll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back.

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal-box, which he had strapped round his shoulders.—“Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?”—“I have brought you myself,” cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.—“Ay, Moses,” cried my wife, “that we know; but where is the horse?”—“I have sold him,” cried Moses, “for three pounds five shillings and two-pence.” “Well done, my good boy,” returned she, “I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two-pence is no bad day’s work. Come, let us have it then.” “I have brought back no money,” cried Moses again; “I have laid it all out in a bargain; and here it is,” pulling out a bundle from his breast: “here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims, and shagreen cases.”

“A gross of green spectacles!” repeated my wife in a faint voice: “and you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!”—“Dear mother,” cried the boy, “why won’t you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money.”—“A fig for the silver rims,” cried my wife in a passion; “I dare say they won’t sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.” “You need be under no uneasiness,” cried I, “about selling the rims; for I perceive they are only copper, varnished over.”—“What!” cried my wife, “not silver! the rims not silver!” “No,” cried I, “no more silver than your saucepan.” “And so,” returned

she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims, and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better." "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." "Marry, hang the idiot," returned she again, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them, I would throw them into the fire."—"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for, though they be copper, we will keep them by us; as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing.

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so, at last, we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us.

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## LESSON CXXIX.

*The Vicar of Wakefield's Family Picture.—IBID.*

My wife and daughters, happening to return a visit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and did them for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us; and, notwithstanding all I could say, (and I said much,) it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, (for what could I do?) our next deliberation was, to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges; a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something done in a brighter

style ; and, after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution to be drawn together in one large, historical family-piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel ; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner.

As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were, each of us, contented with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, with a stomacher richly set with diamonds, and her two little ones as Cupids by her side ; while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Bangorean controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph, laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could spare ; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the Squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered, by us all, as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, in reality ; nor could we refuse his request.

The painter was therefore set to work ; and, as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large ; and, it must be owned, he did not spare his colours ; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance ; but an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred, till the picture was finished, which now struck us with dismay. It was so very large, that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point, is inconceivable ; but, certain it is, we were, at this time, all greatly overseen. Instead, therefore, of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, there it leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen-wall, where the canvass was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed ; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle ; some wondered how it should be got out, and still more were amazed how it ever got in.

## LESSON CXXX.

*The Swiss Peasantry.*—IBID.

My soul, turn from them—turn we to survey  
Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;  
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,  
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread :  
No product here the barren hills afford  
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.  
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array  
But winter, ling'ring, chills the lap of May ;  
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain breast,  
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still e'en here content can spread a charm,  
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.  
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,  
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;  
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;  
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet déal,  
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;  
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.  
Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,  
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes :  
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep ;  
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,  
And drags the struggling savage into day.  
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,  
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed ;  
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys  
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;  
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,  
Displays her cleanly platter on the board ;  
And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,  
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,  
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;  
And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,  
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.  
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;



And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast ;  
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,  
But bind him to his native mountains more.

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LESSON CXXXI.

*The good Pastor.*—IBID.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;  
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain.  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast ,  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed :  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their wo ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;  
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.  
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,

The rev'rend champion stood : at his control  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
 E'en children followed with endearing wile,  
 And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile ;  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,  
 Their welfare pleased him, and their care distressed ;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

## LESSON CXXXII.

*Affectation of Sentiment and Feeling.*—MRS. CHAPONE.

HE who "requires truth in the inward parts" will not excuse our self-deception ; for he has commanded us to examine ourselves diligently, and has given us such rules as can never mislead us, if we desire the truth, and are willing to see our faults in order to correct them. But this is the point in which we are defective : we are desirous to gain our own approbation, as well as that of others, at a cheaper rate than that of being really what we ought to be ; and we take pains to persuade ourselves that we are that which we indolently admire and approve.

There is nothing in which this self-deception is more notorious, than in what regards sentiment and feeling. Let a vain young woman be told, that tenderness and softness are the peculiar charm of the sex ; that even their weakness is lovely, and their fears becoming ; and you will presently observe her grow so tender as to be ready to weep for a fly ; so fearful, that she starts at a feather ; and so weak-hearted, that the smallest accident quite overpowers her. Her fondness and affection become fulsome and ridiculous ; her compassion grows contemptible weakness ; and her apprehensiveness the most abject cowardice ; for, when once she quits

the direction of nature, she knows not where to stop, and continually exposes herself by the most absurd extremes.

Nothing so effectually defeats its own ends as this kind of affectation; for, though warm affections and tender feelings are beyond measure amiable and charming, when perfectly natural, and kept under the due control of reason and principle; yet nothing is so truly disgusting as the affectation of them, or even the unbridled indulgence of such as are real.

Remember that our feelings were not given us for our ornament, but to spur us on to right actions. Compassion, for instance, was not impressed upon the human heart *only* to adorn the fair face with tears, and to give an agreeable languor to the eyes; it was designed to excite our utmost endeavours to relieve the sufferer. Yet, how often have I heard that selfish weakness, which flies from the sight of distress, dignified with the name of tenderness!—"My friend is, I hear, in the deepest affliction and misery:—I have not seen her;—for, indeed, I cannot bear such scenes,—they affect me too much!—Those who have less sensibility are fitter for this world;—but for my part, I own, I am not able to support such things.—I shall not attempt to visit her, till I hear she has recovered her spirits."

This have I heard said, with an air of complacence; and the poor, selfish creature has persuaded herself, that she had finer feelings than those generous friends who are sitting patiently in the house of mourning; watching in silence the proper moment to pour in the balm of comfort; who suppressed their own sensations, and only attended to those of the afflicted person; and whose tears flowed in secret, whilst their eyes and voice were taught to enliven the sinking heart with the appearance of cheerfulness.

That sort of tenderness which makes us useless may indeed be pitied and excused, if owing to natural imbecility; but, if it pretends to loveliness and excellence, it becomes truly contemptible.

The same degree of active courage is not to be expected in woman as in man; and, not belonging to her nature, it is not agreeable in her: but passive courage, patience and fortitude under sufferings, presence of mind, and calm resignation in danger, are surely desirable in every rational creature; especially in one professing to believe in an overruling Providence, in which we may, at all times, quietly confide, and which we may safely trust with every event that does not depend upon our own will. Whenever you find yourself deficient in these virtues, let it be a subject of shame and

humiliation,—not of vanity and self-complacence. Do not fancy yourself the more amiable for that which really makes you despicable; but content yourself with the faults and weaknesses that belong to you, without putting on more by way of ornament.

With regard to tenderness, remember that compassion is best shown by an ardour to relieve, and affection by assiduity to promote the good and happiness of the persons you love: that tears are unamiable, instead of being ornamental, when voluntarily indulged; and can never be attractive but when they flow irresistibly, and avoid observation as much as possible. The same may be said of every other mark of passion: it attracts our sympathy, if involuntary and not designed for our notice; it offends if we see that it is purposely indulged, and intruded on our observation.

### LESSON CXXXIII.

*Religious Reflections for Monday.\**—MISS TALBOT.

“BLESSED are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness.”—Our Lord and Saviour has pronounced this blessedness, and, through his grace, I hope to partake of it. Hunger and thirst naturally prompt us to seek, without delay, the means of satisfying them. What, then, is the food of the mind? Wholesome instruction and religious meditation. If, then, I sincerely do hunger and thirst after righteousness, I shall be frequently feeding my mind with pious books and thoughts. I shall make the returns of these meals as regular as I can, and seldom shall I find any necessity strong enough to make me miss them a whole day together.

But then it ought to be remembered, too, that even these, the best hours of my life, ought never to encroach upon the duties and employments of my station, whatever they may be. Am I in a superior station of life? My duty then probably takes in a large compass; and I am accountable to my Maker for all those talents intrusted with me, by him, for the benefit of my fellow-creatures. I must not think of living to myself alone, or of devoting that time to imitate the employment of angels, which was given me for the service of men. Religion must be my chief end, and my best delight; it must regulate all I think or do: but, whatever my station is, I must fulfil all its duties.

\* This lesson should be read on the day of the week to which it is appropriated. The same may be said of Lesson LV.



Have I leisure and genius? I must give a due portion of my time to the elegant improvements of life; to the study of those sciences that are an ornament to human nature; to such things as may make me amiable and engaging to all whom I converse with, that by any means I may win them over to religion and goodness. For, if I am always shut up in my closet, and spend my time in nothing but exercises of devotion, I shall be looked upon as morose and hypocritical, and be disregarded as useless in the world. When this life is ended, we have a whole eternity before us, to spend in those noblest employments and highest delights. But man, in this low state of mortality, pays the most acceptable obedience to God by serving his fellow creatures.

Perhaps all these considerations are wide from my case. So far from having leisure upon my hands, I have scarce a moment free from the necessary engagements of business and bodily labour. While I am working hard for bread for myself and my family, or attending diligently the commands of a strict master, to whom I am justly accountable for every hour I have, how can I find frequent opportunities for studying the word of God, or much time to spend in devout meditation? Why, happily, much is not required, provided I make the best use of what little I have. Some time I must needs have on Sundays, and this I may improve. I may diligently attend to what I hear at church; I may examine whether my own practice is conformable to what I am there taught; and I may spend some hours in that day, either in good discourse with such as are able to instruct me, or in reading such religious books as are put into my hands.

Still enough will be left for cheerful conversation and pleasant walks. Why should either of them be the less cheerful for a mixture of religious thoughts? What, indeed, is there so gladdening as they are? Be my state ever so mean and toilsome, as a Christian, if indeed I behave like one, I am equal to the greatest monarch upon earth. Be my misfortunes and sorrows ever so severe, as a Christian, I can look beyond death to an eternity of happiness, of happiness certain and unspeakable.

These thoughts, therefore, I should keep upon my mind through the whole week: they should be the amusement of my labour, and the relief of my weariness; and, when my heart is thus ready, I shall gladly take every opportunity to sing and give praise. I shall awake early to worship that God, who is my defence and my delight; and I shall close every evening with prayer and thanksgiving to him whose

“ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace.”

Whenever I can have a quarter of an hour to spare from the necessary business and the necessary relaxations of life, which, while they are innocent, moderate, and reasonable, will never be disapproved by that good God who has created every thing that is comely and pleasant in the world, and invites us to rejoice, and do good all the days of our life ; when I have any spare time, I shall gladly spend it in reading, with reverence and attention, some portions of the Bible.

In all my common conversation, I shall have my eye continually up to Him, who alone can direct my paths to happiness and improvement, and crown all my endeavours with the best success. I shall try to be something the better for every scene of life I am engaged in ; to be something the wiser for every day's conversation and experience. And let me not fear but that, if I daily thus faithfully strive to grow in holiness and goodness, be my growth, at the present, ever so imperceptible, I “shall, in due time, arrive at the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.”

#### LESSON CXXXIV.

*Speech in Reply to Mr. Corry.*—GRATTAN.

HAS the gentleman done ? has he completely done ? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of this house. But I did not call him to order—why ? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But, before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt any thing which might fall from that honourable member ; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation.

I know the difficulty the honourable gentleman laboured under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man.

The right honourable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not "traitor" unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honourable gentleman rely on the report of the house of lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true.

The right honourable member has told me I deserted a profession where wealth and station were the reward of industry and talent. If I mistake not, that gentleman endeavoured to obtain those rewards by the same means; but he soon deserted the occupation of a barrister for that of a parasite. He fled from the labour of study to flatter at the table of the great. He found the lords' parlour a better sphere for his exertions than the hall of the four courts; the house of a great man a more convenient way to power and to place; and that it was easier for a statesman of middling talents to sell his friends, than a lawyer of no talents to sell his clients.

The right honourable gentleman says I fled from the country after exciting rebellion; and that I have returned to raise another. No such thing. The charge is false. The civil war had not commenced when I left the kingdom; and I could not have returned without taking a part. On the one side was the camp of the rebel; on the other the camp of the minister, a greater traitor than the rebel. The strong hold of the constitution was no where to be found. I agree that the rebel who rises against the government should have suffered; but I missed on the scaffold the right honourable gentleman.—Two desperate parties were in arms against the constitution. The right honourable gentleman belonged to one of these parties, and deserved death. I could not join the rebel—I could not join the government—I could not join torture—I could not join half-hanging—I could not join free quarter—I could take part with neither. I was, therefore, absent from a scene, where I could not be active without self-reproach, nor indifferent with safety. Many honourable gentlemen thought differently from me. I respect their opinions, but I keep my own; and I think now, as I thought then, that the treason of the minister against the liberties of the people was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the minister.

I have returned, not, as the right honourable member has said, to raise another storm—I have returned to discharge an honourable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that constitution, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the right honourable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt—they are seditious—and they, at this moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the lords.

Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honourable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx. Let them come forth. I tell the ministers, I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this house, in defence of the liberties of my country.

### LESSON CXXXV.

*Ode to Evening.*—JOSEPH WARTON.

HAIL, meek-eyed maiden, clad in sober gray,  
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves,  
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,  
Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks beneath the gilded hills,  
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk,  
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,  
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The panting Dryads, that, in day's fierce heat,  
To inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,  
Return to trip in wanton evening dance:  
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clam'rous rooks repair,  
Light skims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene;  
And from the sheep-cot, and fresh furrowed field,  
Stout ploughmen meet to wrestle on the green.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,  
His supping sheep and length'ning shadow spies,  
Pleased with the cool, the calm, refreshing hour,  
And with hoarse humming of unnumbered flies.



Now ev'ry passion sleeps ; desponding love,  
 And pining envy, ever restless pride ;  
 A holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,  
 Anger and mad ambition's storms subside.

O modest evening ! oft let me appear  
 A wand'ring votary in thy pensive train ;  
 List'ning to ev'ry wildly-warbling note  
 That fills with farewell sweet thy dark'ning plain.

### LESSON CXXXVI.

*On Procrastination.*—YOUNG.

BE wise to day ; 'tis madness to defer ;  
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;  
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.  
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;  
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears  
 The palm, "That all men are about to live,"  
 For ever on the brink of being born.  
 All pay themselves the compliment to think  
 They, one day, shall not drivel ; and their pride  
 On this reversion takes up ready praise ;  
 At least, their own ; their future selves applaud,  
 How excellent that life they—ne'er will lead !  
 Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails ;  
 That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign.  
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.  
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool ;  
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.

All promise is poor dilatory man,  
 And that through every stage. When young, indeed,  
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest,  
 Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish,  
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.  
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool :  
 Knows it at forty, and reforms—his plan :  
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;  
 In all the magnanimity of thought  
 Resolves, and re-resolves :—then dies the same.

And why ? because he thinks himself immortal.  
 All men think all men mortal but themselves ;

Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate  
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;  
 But their hearts, wounded, like the wounded air,  
 Soon close; where passed the shaft no trace is found.

### LESSON CXXXVII.

*True and false Grandeur.*—IBID.

—————WHAT is station high?  
 'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;  
 It begs an alms of homage from the throng,  
 And oft the throng denies its charity.  
 Monarchs and ministers are awful names;  
 Whoever wear them challenge our devoir.  
 Religion, public order, both exact  
 External homage, and a supple knee,  
 To beings pompously set up to serve  
 The meanest slave; all more is merit's due,  
 Her sacred and inviolable right,  
 Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.  
 Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;  
 Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.

Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,  
 And vote the mantle into majesty.  
 Let the small savage boast his silver fur;  
 His royal robe unborrowed and unbought;  
 His own, descending fairly from his sires.  
 Shall man be proud to wear his livery,  
 And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?  
 Can place or lessen us or aggrandize?  
 Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps,  
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.  
 Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:  
 Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids;  
 Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?  
 The cause is lodged in immortality.  
 Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for power.  
 'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before?  
 Then thou before wert something less than man.  
 Has thy new post betrayed thee into pride?  
 That pride defames humanity, and calls  
 The being mean, which staffs or strings can raise.

## LESSON CXXXVIII.

*Description of Arabia.*—GIBBON.

IN the vacant space between Persia, Syria, Egypt, and Æthiopia, the Arabian peninsula may be conceived as a triangle of spacious but irregular dimensions. From the northern point of Beles on the Euphrates, a line of fifteen hundred miles is terminated by the Straits of Babelmandel and the land of frankincense. About half this length may be allowed for the middle breadth from east to west, from Bassora to Suez, from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea. The sides of the triangle are gradually enlarged, and the southern basis presents a front of a thousand miles to the Indian Ocean.

The entire surface of the peninsula exceeds in a fourfold proportion that of Germany or France ; but the far greater part has been justly stigmatized with the epithets of the *stony* and the *sandy*. Even the wilds of Tartary are decked by the hand of nature with lofty trees and luxuriant herbage ; and the lonesome traveller derives a sort of comfort and society from the presence of vegetable life. But in the dreary waste of Arabia, a boundless level of sand is intersected by sharp and naked mountains, and the face of the desert, without shade or shelter, is scorched by the direct and intense rays of a tropical sun. Instead of refreshing breezes, the winds, particularly from the south-west, diffuse a noxious and even deadly vapour ; the hillocks of sand, which they alternately raise and scatter, are compared to the billows of the ocean ; and whole caravans, whole armies, have been lost and buried in the whirlwind. The common benefits of water are an object of desire and contest ; and such is the scarcity of wood, that some art is requisite to preserve and propagate the element of fire.

Arabia is destitute of navigable rivers, which fertilize the soil, and convey its produce to the adjacent regions : the torrents that fall from the hills are imbibed by the thirsty earth : the rare and hardy plants, the tamarind or the acacia, that strike their roots into the clefts of the rocks, are nourished by the dews of the night : a scanty supply of rain is collected in cisterns and aqueducts : the wells and springs are the secret treasure of the desert ; and the pilgrim of Mecca, after many a dry and sultry march, is disgusted by the taste of the waters which have rolled over a bed of sulphur or salt.

Such is the general and genuine picture of the climate of Arabia. The experience of evil enhances the value of any local or partial enjoyments. A shady grove, a green pasture, a stream of fresh water, are sufficient to attract a colony of

sedentary Arabs to the fortunate spots, which can afford food and refreshment to themselves and their cattle, and which encourage their industry in the cultivation of the palm tree and the vine. The high lands, that border on the Indian Ocean, are distinguished by their superior plenty of wood and water : the air is more temperate, the fruits are more delicious, the animals and the human race more numerous ; the fertility of the soil invites and rewards the toil of the husbandman ; and the peculiar gifts of frankincense and coffee have attracted, in different ages, the merchants of the world.

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### LESSON CXXXIX.

#### *The Horse and Camel.*—IBID.

ARABIA, in the opinion of the naturalist, is the genuine and original country of the horse ; the climate most propitious, not indeed to the size, but to the spirit and swiftness of that generous animal. The merit of the Barb, the Spanish and the English breed, is derived from a mixture of Arabian blood : the Bedoweens preserve, with superstitious care, the honours and the memory of the purest race : the males are sold at a high price, but the females are seldom alienated ; and the birth of a noble foal was esteemed among the tribes as a subject of joy and mutual congratulation.

These horses are educated in the tents, among the children of the Arabs, with a tender familiarity, which trains them in the habits of gentleness and attachment. They are accustomed only to walk and to gallop : their sensations are not blunted by the incessant abuse of the spur and the whip ; their powers are reserved for the movements of flight and pursuit ; but no sooner do they feel the touch of the hand or the stirrup, than they dart away with the swiftness of the wind ; and, if their friend be dismounted in the rapid career, they instantly stop till he has recovered his seat.

In the sands of Africa and Arabia, the camel is a sacred and precious gift. That strong and patient beast of burden can perform, without eating or drinking, a journey of several days ; and a reservoir of fresh water is preserved in a large bag, a fifth stomach of the animal, whose body is imprinted with the marks of servitude ; the larger breed is capable of transporting a weight of a thousand pounds ; and the dromedary, of a lighter and more active frame, outstrips the fleetest courser in the race.

Alive or dead, almost every part of the camel is serviceable to man : her milk is plentiful and nutritious ; the young



and tender flesh has the taste of veal ; the dung supplies the deficiency of fuel ; and the long hair, which falls each year, and is renewed, is coarsely manufactured into the garments, the furniture, and the tents, of the Bedoweens. In the rainy seasons, they consume the rare and insufficient herbage of the desert : during the heats of summer and the scarcity of winter, they remove their encampments to the sea-coast, the hills of Yemen, or the neighbourhood of the Euphrates, and have often extorted the dangerous license of visiting the banks of the Nile, and the villages of Syria and Palestine.

The life of a wandering Arab is a life of danger and distress ; and though, sometimes, by rapine or exchange, he may appropriate the fruits of industry, a private citizen in Europe is in the possession of more solid and pleasing luxury than the proudest emir, who marches in the field at the head of ten thousand horse.

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## LESSON CXL.

### *A Water Party in Danger.*—CRABBE.

SOMETIMES a party, rowed from town, will land  
On a small islet formed of shelly sand,  
Left by the water when the tides are low,  
But which the floods in their return o'erflow ;  
There will they anchor, pleased awhile to view  
The watery waste, a prospect wild and new ;  
The now receding billows give them space,  
On either side the growing shores to pace ;  
And then, returning, they contract the scene,  
Till small and smaller grows the walk between ;  
As sea to sea approaches, shores to shores,  
Till the next ebb the sandy isle restores.

Then what alarm, what danger and dismay,  
If all their trust, their boat, should drift away !  
And once it happened—Gay the friends advanced,  
They walked, they ran, they played, they sang, they danced ;  
The urns were boiling, and the cups went round,  
And not a grave or thoughtful face was found ;  
On the bright sand they trod with nimble feet,  
Dry, shelly sand, that made the summer-seat ;  
The wondering mews flew fluttering o'er the head,  
And waves ran softly up their shining bed.

Some formed a party from the rest to stray,  
Pleased to collect the trifles in their way ;

These to behold, they call their friends around ;  
No friends can hear, or hear another sound ;  
Alarmed, they hasten, yet perceive not why,  
But catch the fear that quickens as they fly.

For, lo ! a lady sage, who paced the sand  
With her fair children, one in either hand,  
Intent on home, had turned, and saw the boat  
Slipped from her moorings, and now far afloat ;  
She gazed, she trembled, and, though faint her call,  
It seemed, like thunder, to confound them all.  
Their sailor-guides, the boatman and his mate,  
Had drank, and slept regardless of their state ;  
“ Awake ! ” they cried aloud : “ Alarm the shore !  
Shout all, or never shall we reach it more ! ”

Alas ! no shout the distant land can reach,  
Nor eye behold them from the foggy beach ;  
Again they join in one loud, powerful cry,  
Then cease, and eager listen for reply—  
None came—the rising wind blew sadly by :  
They shout once more, and then they turn aside,  
To see how quickly flowed the coming tide ;  
Between each cry they find the waters steal  
On their strange prison, and new horrors feel ;  
Foot after foot on the contracted ground  
The billows fall, and dreadful is the sound ;  
Less and yet less the sinking isle became,  
And there was wailing, weeping, wrath and blame.

Had one been there, with spirit strong and high,  
Who could observe, as he prepared to die,  
He might have seen of hearts the varying kind,  
And traced the movement of each different mind.  
He might have seen, that not the gentle maid  
Was more than stern and haughty man afraid :  
Such, calmly-grieving, will their fears suppress,  
And silent prayers to Mercy’s throne address ;  
While fiercer minds, impatient, angry, loud,  
Force their vain grief on the reluctant crowd :  
The party’s patron, sorely sighing, cried,  
“ Why would you urge me ? I at first denied.”  
Fiercely they answered, “ Why will you complain,  
Who saw no danger, or was warned in vain ? ”  
A few essayed the troubled soul to calm,  
But dread prevailed, and anguish and alarm.

Now rose the water through the lessening sand,  
And they seemed sinkin while they yet could stand ;

The sun went down, they looked from side to side,  
 Nor aught except the gathering sea descried;  
 Dark and more dark, more wet, more cold it grew,  
 And the most lively bade to hope adieu;  
 Children, by love then lifted from the seas,  
 Felt not the waters at the parent knees,  
 But wept aloud; the wind increased the sound,  
 And the cold billows as they broke around.

“Once more, yet once again, with all our strength,  
 Cry to the land—we may be heard at length.”  
 Vain hope, if yet unseen! But hark! an oar,  
 That sound of bliss! comes dashing to their shore:  
 Still, still the water rises. “Haste!” they cry,  
 “Oh! hurry, seamen! in delay we die:”  
 (Seamen were these who in their ship perceived  
 The drifted boat, and thus her crew relieved.)  
 And now the keel just cuts the covered sand,  
 Now to the gunwale stretches every hand;  
 With trembling pleasure all confused embark,  
 And kiss the tackling of their welcome ark;  
 While the most giddy, as they reach the shore,  
 Think of their danger, and their God adore.

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### LESSON CXLI.

*The Degeneracy of Spain.*—ANONYMOUS.

Ay, wear the chain, ye that for once have known  
 The sweets of freedom, yet could crouch again  
 In blind and trembling worship of a throne;  
 Ay, wear,—for ye are worthy,—wear the chain,  
 And bow, till ye are weary, to the yoke  
                     That once your patriots broke.

Degenerate Spaniards! let the priestly band  
 Again possess your realm, and let them wake  
 The fires of pious murder o’er the land,  
 And drag your best and bravest to the stake,  
 And tread down truth, and in the dungeon bind  
                     The dreadful strength of mind

Give up the promise of bright days, that cast  
 A glory on your nation from afar;  
 Call back the darkness of the ages past  
 To quench that holy dawn’s new-risen star;  
 Let only tyrants, and their slaves, be found  
                     Alive on Spanish ground.

Yet mark !—ye cast the gift of Heaven away ;  
 And your best blood for this shall yet be shed ;  
 The fire shall waste your borders, and the day  
 Dawn sadly on the dying and the dead ;  
 And vultures of the cliff, on every plain,  
                                     Feast high upon the slain.

The spirit, that of yore did sleep so long,  
 Then woke, and drove the Moors to Afric's shore,  
 Lives ; and, repressed, shall rise one day more strong—  
 Rise, and redeem your shackled race once more,  
 And crush, 'mid showers of blood, and shrieks, and groans,  
                                     Mitres, and stars, and thrones !

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## LESSON CXLII.

*Character of Charles Townshend.*—BURKE.

From his speech on American taxation, 1774.

THIS light, too, is past and set forever. You understand, to be sure, that I speak of Charles Townshend, officially the re-producer of this fatal scheme, whom I cannot, even now, remember without some degree of sensibility. In truth, sir, he was the delight and ornament of this house, and the charm of every private society which he honoured with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor in any country, a man of a more pointed and finished wit, and (where his passions were not concerned) of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment. If he had not so great a stock, as some have had who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better by far, than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together, within a short time, all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skilfully and powerfully. He particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation, and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite and vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the house just between wind and water ; and, not being troubled with too anxious a zeal for any matter in question, he was never more tedious, or more earnest, than the preconceived opinions, and present temper of his hearers, required ; to whom he was always in perfect unison.

There are many young members in the house, (such of late has been the rapid succession of public men,) who never saw that prodigy, Charles Townshend ; nor, of course, know



what a ferment he was able to excite in every thing by the violent ebullition of his mixed virtues and failings. For failings he had undoubtedly; many of us remember them; we are this day considering the effect of them. But he had no failings which were not owing to a noble cause; to an ardent, generous, perhaps an immoderate passion for fame; a passion which is the instinct of all great souls. He worshipped that goddess wheresoever she appeared; but he paid his particular devotions to her in her favourite habitation, in her chosen temple, the house of commons. Besides the characters of the individuals that compose our body, it is impossible, Mr. Speaker, not to observe, that this house has a collective character of its own. That character too, however imperfect, is not unamiable. Like all great public collections of men, you possess a marked love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice. But among vices, there is none which the house abhors in the same degree with obstinacy. Obstinacy, sir, is certainly a great vice, and, in the changeful state of political affairs, it is frequently the cause of great mischief. It happens, however, very unfortunately, that almost the whole line of the great and masculine virtues, constancy, gravity, magnanimity, fortitude, fidelity, and firmness, are closely allied to this disagreeable quality, of which you have so just an abhorrence; and in their excess all these virtues very easily fall into it. He who paid such a punctilious attention to all your feelings, certainly took care not to shock them by that vice which is the most disgusting to you.

That fear of displeasing those who ought most to be pleased, betrayed him sometimes into the other extreme. He had voted, and, in the year 1765, had been an advocate for the stamp-act. Things and the disposition of men's minds were changed. In short, the stamp-act began to be no favourite in this house. He therefore attended at the private meeting, in which the resolutions moved by a right honourable gentleman were settled; resolutions leading to the repeal. The next day he voted for that repeal; and he would have spoken for it too, if an illness (not, as was then given out, a political, but, to my knowledge, a very real illness) had not prevented it.

The very next session, as the fashion of this world passeth away, the repeal began to be in as bad an odour in this house as the stamp-act had been in the session before. To conform to the temper which began to prevail, and to prevail mostly amongst those most in power, he declared, very early in the winter, that a revenue must be had out of America. Instantly he was tied down to his engagements by some, who had no objection to such experiments, when made at the cost of

persons for whom they had no particular regard. The whole body of the courtiers drove him onward. They always talked as if the king stood in a sort of humiliated state, until something of the kind should be done.

Here this extraordinary man, then chancellor of the exchequer, found himself in great straits. To please universally was the object of his life ; but to tax and to please, no more than to love and to be wise, is not given to men. However, he attempted it. To render the tax palatable to the partisans of American revenue, he made a preamble stating the necessity of such a revenue. To close with the American distinction, this revenue was external or port-duty ; but again, to soften it to the other party, it was a duty of supply. To gratify the colonists, it was laid on British manufactures ; to satisfy the merchants of Britain, the duty was trivial, and (except that on tea, which touched only the devoted East India Company) on none of the grand objects of commerce. To counterwork the American contraband, the duty on tea was reduced from a shilling to three-pence. But, to secure the favour of those who would tax America, the scene of collection was changed, and, with the rest, it was levied in the colonies. What need I say more ? This fine-spun scheme had the usual fate of all exquisite policy. But the original plan of the duties, and the mode of executing that plan, both arose singly and solely from a love of our applause. He was truly the child of the house. He never thought, did, or said any thing, but with a view to you. He every day adapted himself to your disposition ; and adjusted himself before it as at a looking-glass.

He had observed, (indeed it could not escape him,) that several persons, infinitely his inferiors in all respects, had formerly rendered themselves considerable in this house by one method alone. They were a race of men, (I hope in God the species is extinct,) who, when they rose in their place, no man living could divine, from any known adherence to parties, to opinions, or to principles ; from any order or system in their politics ; or from any sequel or connexion in their ideas, what part they were going to take in any debate. It is astonishing how much this uncertainty, especially at critical times, called the attention of all parties on such men. All eyes were fixed on them, all ears open to hear them ; each party gaped, and looked alternately for their vote, almost to the end of their speeches. While the house hung in this uncertainty, now the *hear him* rose from this side—now they rebellowed from the other ; and that party to whom they fell at length, from their tremulous and dancing

balance, always received them in a tempest of applause. The fortune of such men was a temptation too great to be resisted by one, to whom a single whiff of incense withheld gave much greater pain than he received delight in the clouds of it, which daily rose about him from the prodigal superstition of innumerable admirers. He was a candidate for contradictory honours ; and his great aim was to make those agree in admiration of him who never agreed in any thing else.

Hence arose this unfortunate act, the subject of this day's debate ; from a disposition which, after making an American revenue to please one, repealed it to please others, and again revived it in hopes of pleasing a third, and of catching something in the ideas of all.

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### LESSON CXLIII.

#### *The early Increase of American Resources.—IBID.*

MR. SPEAKER, I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over this great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds indeed, and darkness, rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man.

It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of the progress. He was in 1704 of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things. Suppose, sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth should have drawn up the curtain, and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and, whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him—"Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men, and uncouth manners ; yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests and civilizing settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life !" If this state of his country

had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man! he has lived to see it! Fortunate indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect, and cloud the setting of his day!

Excuse me, sir, if, turning from such thoughts, I resume this comparative view once more. You have seen it on a large scale; look at it on a small one. I will point out to your attention a particular instance of it in the single province of Pennsylvania. In the year 1704, that province called for £11,459 in value of your commodities, native and foreign. This was the whole. What did it demand in 1772? Why, nearly fifty times as much; for in that year the export to Pennsylvania was £507,909, nearly equal to the export to all the colonies together in the first period.

I choose, sir, to enter into these minute and particular details; because generalities, which, in all other cases, are apt to heighten and raise the subject, have here a tendency to sink it. When we speak of the commerce with our colonies, fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren.

So far, sir, as to the importance of the object in the view of its commerce, as concerned in the exports from England. If I were to detail the imports, I could show how many enjoyments they procure, which deceive the burthen of life; how many materials, which invigorate the springs of national industry, and extend and animate every part of our foreign and domestic commerce. This would be a curious subject indeed—but I must prescribe bounds to myself in a matter so vast and various.

I pass, therefore, to the colonies in another point of view—their agriculture. This they have prosecuted with such a spirit, that, besides feeding plentifully their own growing multitude, their annual export of grain, comprehending rice, has some years ago exceeded a million in value. Of their last harvest, I am persuaded, they will export much more. At the beginning of the century, some of these colonies imported corn from the mother country. For some time past, the old world has been fed from the new. The scarcity which you have felt would have been a desolating famine, if this child of your old age, with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent.

As to the wealth which the colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought those acquisitions of value,



for they seemed even to excite your envy ; and yet the spirit, by which that enterprising employment has been exercised, ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it ? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people ; a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

When I contemplate these things ; when I know that the colonies, in general, owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection ; when I reflect upon these effects ; when I see how profitable they have been to us ; I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt, and die away within me. My rigour relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

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#### LESSON CXLIV.

*Ode to Adversity.*—GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,  
Thou tamer of the human breast,

Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour  
 The bad affright, afflict the best !  
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain ;  
 And purple tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth  
 Virtue, his darling child, designed,  
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,  
 And bade to form her infant mind :  
 Stern, rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore ;  
 What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,  
 And from her own she learned to melt at others' wo.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
 And leave us leisure to be good.  
 Light they disperse, and with them go  
 The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe ;  
 By vain Prosperity received,  
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb arrayed,  
 Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound,  
 And Melancholy, silent maid,  
 With leaden eye that loves the ground,  
 Still on thy solemn steps attend ;  
 Warm Charity, the general friend,  
 With Justice, to herself severe,  
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
 Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !  
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,  
 Nor circled with the vengeful band,  
 (As by the impious thou art seen,)  
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,  
 With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,  
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,  
 Thy milder influence impart ;  
 Thy philosophic train be there  
 To soften, not to wound, my heart.

The gen'rous spark extinct revive ;  
 Teach me to love, and to forgive ;  
 Exact, my own defects to scan ;  
 What others are, to feel ; and know myself a man.

### LESSON CXLV.

*Extract from "The Progress of Poesy."*—IBID.

IN climes beyond the solar road,  
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,  
 To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.  
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade  
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,  
 In loose numbers, wildly sweet,  
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.  
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,  
 Glory pursues, and gen'rous shame,  
 Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep ;  
 Isles, that crown the Egean deep ;  
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
 Or where Mæander's amber waves  
 In ling'ring lab'rins creep,  
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
 Mute but to the voice of anguish !  
 Where each old poetic mountain  
 Inspiration breathed around ;  
 Ev'ry shade and hallowed fountain  
 Murmured deep a solemn sound :  
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains :  
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant power,  
 And coward vice, that revels in her chains.  
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
 They sought, O Albion ! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer gale,  
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling\* laid,  
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed,  
 To him the mighty mother did unveil  
 Her awful face ; the dauntless child  
 Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.

\* Shakspeare.

This pencil take, (she said,) whose colours clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year :  
 Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy !  
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;  
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,  
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second he,\* that rode sublime  
 Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,  
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.  
 He passed the flaming bounds of space and time ;  
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
 He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,  
 Closed his eyes in endless night.  
 Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car  
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
 Two coursers of ethereal race,  
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long resounding pace.

Hark ! his hands the lyre explore !  
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,  
 Scatters from her pictured urn  
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
 But, ah ! 'tis heard no more—  
 O lyre divine ! what daring spirit  
 Wakes thee now ! Though he inherit  
 Nor the pride nor ample pinion,  
 That the Theban eagle bare,  
 Sailing with supreme dominion  
 Through the azure deep of air :  
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,  
 With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun ;  
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

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#### LESSON CXLVI.

*The baneful Effects of Intemperance.*—KIRKLAND.

WORDS are vain, eloquence is feeble, to represent the horror and misery of intemperance. The loss of a person by death is often a deplorable calamity ; but the loss of one by vice, and by vice of this character, is to those near him, by nature

\* Milton.



or friendship, the infliction of a blow, which makes the grief of mourners seem light.

In respect to all the instances of this offence against God and man, every person of consideration, of piety, or benevolence, must be able to say, with the utmost truth, "I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved."

Intoxication is the paroxysm of a disease attended with symptoms, that make the person under its influence an object of mingled contempt and pity, and frequently of horror and disgust. In the earlier stages of the malady it is marked by an excited tone and preternatural energy; next by failing limbs, encumbered speech, and peculiar tokens of debility; then almost apoplectic stupor, concluded with pain, loathing, and dejection. If a single act of ebriety work these and other effects so violent on the animal economy, we need not wonder at the retinue of pains and diseases, following repeated and habitual drunkenness. We can easily believe, also, what observation proves, that there is an inordinate and free use of stimulating drink, which may be thought consistent with a character of sobriety, because producing no such immediate excitement, but which makes a not less certain, though slower, inroad upon the constitution.

Who can think of this self-destruction with unconcern? Health is an essential want, a fundamental good, requisite to usefulness and enjoyment. Who can be unmoved at the spectacle of a young man, inflaming his blood and impairing his strength, incurring premature disease, and "sowing his temples with untimely snows!" his genius wasted, and his opportunities irrecoverably lost; obliged to nurse a distempered body at the period designed for rearing the mind; an adult person, in the proper season of useful and honourable activity, affected with one morbid complaint after another, till his frame sinks under some violent attack, or a gradual decay; or an old man, trembling on life's miserable verge, shaking the sands that measure his few remaining days, having added to the unavoidable infirmities of declining age an insupportable weight of voluntary sufferings; and paying the dreadful forfeiture of his sins at a time demanding the consolations of virtue and the cordial of hope?

If we attend to the effects of this vice on the mind, habits, and character, we have ample cause to think of it with deep concern. Let us consider it in relation to these particulars, not less than its operation on the animal frame.

Reason is our distinguishing prerogative, and self-government the proper exercise of reason. Can we fail to be shocked and afflicted at the effect of intemperance in its lower degrees

to weaken, and in its higher to subvert, the authority of reason, and to impair or destroy the power of self-government? It generates an uncomfortable irritability of temper, or consigns its victims to the mercy of their headstrong passions. Infected with this poison, the man, according to his disposition and temperament, becomes an idiot, a maniac, a savage, or a brute. Decent hilarity is changed to boisterous mirth or ungoverned riot, and animated conversation and chaste wit give place to noise, brawling, and ribaldry. Under this excitement, the native and prevailing character is often reversed. The polite are made rude; the gentle furious; the peaceable become testy and contentious; and the discreet find themselves in the haunts of infamy. The identity of the man is destroyed. The sense of shame and religious awe, which he evinced when sober, are expelled by the cup of sorcery; the language of profaneness and indecency fills the mouth which used to speak without offence.

Business and employment, the preservation and exercise of the respectable faculties of the mind, and the duties of a calling and sphere of life, are essential to reputation, usefulness, and comfort, and required by our social relations. Expect these parts of our destination, as men and members of society, to remain unfulfilled by those, who are addicted to intemperance. After a course of indulgence, stupidity of mind and confusion of ideas take place. The memory fades. Engagements and cares lose their power to excite an interest. The spirit of exertion becomes extinct, and honourable ambition dies in the breast. Even the consciousness of being despised is endured by the slave of this base appetite with hardened, unblushing composure. His heart, that used to swell with kind affection and generous sympathy, has become insensible.

Losing the confidence of society, and neglecting his business, he is probably soon met by want or dependence. If young, the prospect of entering life with advantage, and reaping the fruits of a careful education, is prematurely closed; and he, who might have rendered important services to the world, lives only to be a cumberer of the ground. The substance of the intemperate person almost invariably disappears; the possessions acquired by former diligence and care, or received from ancestors, pass into the hands of strangers; whilst the distresses of poverty, the importunities of injured creditors, and the cries of children for bread, are added to the torment of an appetite never ceasing to crave, and all the deep distemperature of the soul and body.

The family is designed, by the Creator, as a school of virtue, and the seat of our best enjoyments. If the heads or

members of a family betray their trust, and disregard the happiness of the little community, the world can supply no equivalent for the loss.

Farewell to order, endearment, and peace, in the dwelling where this pestilence has entered. Shall the father or mother have authority in their household, with no command over themselves? or inculcate religion and virtue, with an example that belies their sincerity and shames their principles? There is an end to all confidence and love in the intercourse with a parent or husband, in habits of intemperance. He is petulant and captious; a son of Belial, that one cannot speak to him; enraged at every attempt to chide or expostulate; resenting the tears of his wife and children, in proportion as he is convinced they have cause to weep; squandering the substance necessary for their comfort, perhaps for their sustenance, and leaving those, who are cast upon his care, to penury and anguish. When he goes abroad, they expect his return with terror, and at home the presence of a visitor covers their faces with crimson.

What ray of consolation cheers the midnight gloom surrounding a family, where a wife or mother can forget her sex and her duties in this unnatural indulgence? Is it a son or a brother, who has abandoned himself to the society and the practices of the drunken? the hearts that desire to love him feel unutterable pangs.

The power of conscience is placed within us as the guide and monitor of life. Intemperance destroys the perception and the sense of right and wrong. "It hardens all within." A moral lethargy is induced. The transgressor may profess to be a votary of religion and virtue, he may talk fluently upon sacred subjects, he may pray and join in prayers; but God rejects, virtue disowns the forms, words, feelings, that leave the will and actions under the dominion of an allowed and cherished vice.

We are to view our character and prospects in the light which the Christian revelation imparts. The privileges and hopes, founded in the covenant of the gospel, are forever denied to the wilful transgressor of the law of temperance. It declares he shall not enter into the kingdom of God. The Arbiter of his destiny shall cut him in sunder, and appoint him his portion with hypocrites.

I have suggested a few of the many reasons for considering the existence and prevalence of this vice with heartfelt concern. Its destructive effect on the body and the mind, its blasting influence upon social happiness, the depravation of the moral sentiments, and the forfeiture of the Christian

prerogatives and immortal hopes of those who commit it, are awful and affecting considerations, appealing to every pious and tender feeling of our souls. If we heard only of a fellow man thus degraded from his rank, and cut off from the expectation of good, it should awaken emotion. Do we not only hear but see? are the victims of ebriety in our country, our state, and neighbourhood? may they sometimes be found in our houses, at the tables where we sit, among our near connexions? have they appeared among the young, who once gave promise of excellence, among the middle aged and the old, and even in the delicate sex? Has this destroyer brought down the mighty—some who stood high in the world, and had a name for piety as well as talents? and has the evil spread and increased in the body of the community? It is surely a cause of solicitude, of grief, and dismay.

### LESSON CXLVII.

*Description of Rivers, and Praise of Water.*—ARMSTRONG.

Now come, ye Naiads! to the fountain lead;  
 Now let me wander through your gelid reign.  
 I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds  
 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din  
 Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruined cliffs.  
 With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks  
 Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient song.  
 Here, from the desert down the rumbling steep,  
 First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po  
 In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves  
 A mighty flood to water half the east;  
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclined,  
 The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.  
 What solemn twilight, what stupendous shades,  
 Inwrap these infant floods! Through ev'ry nerve  
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear  
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;  
 And, more gigantic still, th' impending trees  
 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.  
 Are these the confines of some fairy world,  
 A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds  
 What unknown nations? if indeed beyond  
 Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,  
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,  
 That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,  
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread



This trembling ground. The task remains to sing  
 Your gifts, (so Pæon, so the powers of health  
 Command,) to praise your crystal element :  
 The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works,  
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,  
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine ;  
 The vehicle, the source, of nutriment  
 And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams ! with eager lips,  
 And trembling hand, the languid thirsty quaff  
 New life in you : fresh vigour fills their veins.  
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew ;  
 None warmer sought the sires of human kind,  
 Happy in temperate peace ! Their equal days  
 Felt not the alternate fits of fev'rish mirth  
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleased,  
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul  
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.  
 Blest with divine immunity from ails,  
 Long centuries they lived ; their only fate  
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.  
 Oh ! could those worthies from the world of gods  
 Return to visit their degenerate sons,  
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,  
 With all our art and toil improved to pain !  
 Too happy they ! But wealth brought luxury,  
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

### LESSON CXLVIII.

*Tendency of all Things to decay.—IBID.*

WHAT does not fade ? The tower, that long has stood  
 The crush of thunder and the warring winds,  
 Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer, Time,  
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base ;  
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,  
 Descend : the Babylonian spires are sunk ;  
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.  
 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,  
 And tottering empires crush by their own weight.  
 This huge rotundity we tread grows old,  
 And all those worlds that roll around the sun.  
 The sun himself shall die, and ancient night  
 Again involve the desolate abyss,  
 Till the great Father through the lifeless gloom

Extend his arm to light another world,  
 And bid new planets roll by other laws.  
 For, through the regions of unbounded space,  
 Where unconfined Omnipotence has room,  
 Being, in various systems, fluctuates still  
 Between creation and abhorred decay;  
 It ever did, perhaps, and ever will.  
 New worlds are still emerging from the deep;  
 The old descending, in their turns to rise.

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### LESSON CXLIX.

*A Hebrew Tale.*—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

TWILIGHT was deepening with a tinge of eve,  
 As toward his home in Israel's sheltered vales  
 A stately Rabbi drew. His camels spied  
 Afar the palm-trees' lofty heads, that decked  
 The dear, domestic fountain,—and in speed  
 Pressed, with broad foot, the smooth and dewy glade.  
 The holy man his peaceful threshold passed  
 With hasting step.—The evening meal was spread,  
 And she, who from life's morn his heart had shared,  
 Breathed her fond welcome.—Bowling o'er the board,  
 The blessing of his fathers' God he sought,  
 Ruler of earth and sea.—Then, raising high  
 The sparkling wine-cup, "Call my sons," he bade,  
 "And let me bless them ere their hour of rest."  
 —The observant mother spake with gentle voice  
 Somewhat of soft excuse,—that they were wont  
 To linger long amid the Prophet's school,  
 Learning the holy law their father loved.—  
 —His sweet repast with sweet discourse was blent,  
 Of journeying and return.—"Would thou hadst seen,  
 With me, the golden morning break to light  
 Yon mountain summits, whose blue, waving line  
 Scarce meets thine eye, where chirp of joyous birds,  
 And breath of fragrant shrubs, and spicy gales,  
 And sigh of waving boughs, stirred in the soul  
 Warm orisons.—Yet most I wished thee near  
 Amid the temple's pomp, when the high priest,  
 Clad in his robe pontifical, invoked  
 The God of Abraham, while from lute and harp,  
 Cymbal, and trumpet, and psaltery, and glad breath  
 Of tuneful Levite,—and the mighty shout  
 Of all our people like the swelling sea,

Loud hallelujahs burst. When next I seek  
 Blest Zion's glorious hill, our beauteous boys  
 Must bear me company.—Their early prayers  
 Will rise as incense. Thy reluctant love  
 No longer must withhold them :—the new toil  
 Will give them sweeter sleep,—and touch their cheek  
 With brighter crimson.—Mid their raven curls  
 My hand I'll lay,—and dedicate them there,  
 Even in those hallowed courts, to Israel's God,  
 Two spotless lambs, well pleasing in his sight.  
 —But yet, methinks, thou'rt paler grown, my love !—  
 And the pure sapphire of thine eye looks dim,  
 As though 'twere washed with tears.”—

—Faintly she smiled,—  
 “ *One doubt*, my lord, I fain would have thee solve.—  
 Gems of rich lustre and of countless cost  
 Were to my keeping trusted.—Now, alas !  
 They are demanded.—Must they be restored ?—  
 Or may I not a little longer gaze  
 Upon their dazzling hues ?” —His eye grew stern,  
 And on his lip there lurked a sudden curl  
 Of indignation.—“ Doth *my wife* propose  
*Such doubt* ?—as if a master might not claim  
 His own again !” —“ Nay, Rabbi, come, behold  
 These priceless jewels ere I yield them back.” —  
 So to their spousal chamber with soft hand  
 Her lord she led.—There, on a snow-white couch,  
 Lay his two sons, *pale, pale and motionless*,  
 Like fair twin-lilies, which some grazing kid  
 In wantonness had cropped.—“ My sons !—my sons !—  
 Light of my eyes !” —the astonished father cried,—  
 “ My teachers in the law !—whose guileless hearts,  
 And prompt obedience warned *me* oft to be  
 More perfect with my God !” —

To earth he fell,  
 Like Lebanon's rent cedar ; while his breast  
 Heaved with such groans as when the labouring soul  
 Breaks from its clay companion's close embrace.—  
 —The mourning mother turned away and wept,  
 Till the first storm of passionate grief was still.  
 Then, pressing to his ear her faded lip,  
 She sighed in tone of tremulous tenderness,  
 “ *Thou* didst instruct me, Rabbi, how to yield  
 The summoned jewels—See ! the Lord did give,  
 The Lord hath taken away.”

“Yea!” said the sire,  
 “And *blessed be his name*. Even for *thy sake*  
 Thrice blessed be Jehovah.”—Long he pressed  
 On those cold, beautiful brows his quivering lip,  
 While from his eye the burning anguish rolled ;  
 Then, kneeling low, those chastened spirits poured  
 Their mighty homage.

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### LESSON CL.

*Dialogue in the Shades, between Pliny the Elder and Pliny the Younger.*—LORD LYTTLETON.

*Pliny the Elder.* THE account that you give me, nephew, of your behaviour amidst the terrors and perils that accompanied the first eruption of Vesuvius, does not please me much. There was more of vanity in it than of true magnanimity. Nothing is great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth was shaking beneath you ; when the whole heaven was darkened with sulphureous clouds ; when all nature seemed falling into its final destruction, to be *reading Livy*, and *making extracts*, was an absurd affectation. To meet danger with courage is manly ; but to be insensible of it is brutal stupidity ; and to pretend insensibility, where it cannot be supposed, is ridiculous falseness. When you afterwards refused to leave your aged mother, and save yourself without her, you indeed acted nobly. It was also becoming a Roman to keep up her spirit, amidst all the horrors of that tremendous scene, by showing yourself undismayed. But the real merit and glory of this part of your behaviour is sunk by the other, which gives an air of ostentation and vanity to the whole.

*Pliny the Younger.* That vulgar minds should consider my attention to my studies, in such a conjuncture, as unnatural and affected, I should not much wonder. But that you would blame it as such, I did not apprehend ; you, whom no business could separate from the muses ; you, who approached nearer to the fiery storm, and died by the suffocating heat of the vapour.

*Pliny the Elder.* I died in doing my duty. Let me recall to your remembrance all the particulars, and then you shall judge yourself on the difference of your behaviour and mine.

I was the præfect of the Roman fleet which then lay at Misenum. On the first account I received of the very unusual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a vessel to carry me out, to some distance from the shore, that I might



the better observe the phenomenon, and endeavour to discover its nature and cause. This I did as a philosopher, and it was a curiosity proper and natural to an inquisitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and surely you should have gone; for Livy might have been read at any other time, and such spectacles are not frequent.

When I came out from my house, I found all the inhabitants of Misenum flying to the sea. That I might assist them, and all others who dwelt on the coast, I immediately commanded the whole fleet to put out, and sailed with it all round the Bay of Naples, steering particularly to those parts of the shore where the danger was greatest, and from whence the affrighted people were endeavouring to escape with the most trepidation. Thus I happily preserved some thousands of lives; noting, at the same time, with an unshaken composure and freedom of mind, the several phenomena of the eruption.

Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Mount Vesuvius, our galleys were covered with ashes, the showers of which grew continually hotter and hotter; then pumice stones, and burnt and broken *pyrites*, began to fall on our heads; and we were stopped by the obstacles which the ruins of the volcano had suddenly formed, by falling into the sea, and almost filling it up, on that part of the coast. I then commanded my pilot to steer to the villa of my friend Pomponianus, which, you know, was situated in the inmost recess of the bay.

The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the shore, as he was desirous to have done. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his house. The family watched, and I slept, till the heaps of pumice stones, which incessantly fell from the clouds, that had by this time been impelled to that side of the bay, rose so high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that, if I had staid any longer, I could not have got out; and the earthquakes were so violent as to threaten every moment the fall of the house. We therefore thought it more safe to go into the open air, guarding our heads, as well as we were able, with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing contrary, and the sea very rough, we all remained on the shore, till the descent of a sulphureous and fiery vapour suddenly oppressed my weak lungs, and put an end to my life. In all this I hope that I acted as the duty of my station required, and with true magnanimity.

But on this occasion, and in many other parts of your conduct, I must say, my dear nephew, there was a mixture of

vanity, blended with your virtue, which impaired and disgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthiest men whom Rome has ever produced ; for none excelled you in sincere integrity of heart and greatness of sentiments. Why would you lose the substance of glory by seeking the shadow ?

Your eloquence had, I think, the same fault as your manners ; it was generally too *affected*. You professed to make Cicero your guide and pattern. But when one reads his panegyric upon Julius Cæsar, in his oration for Marcellus, and yours upon Trajan, the first seems the genuine language of truth and nature, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime oratory ; the latter appears the harangue of a florid rhetorician, more desirous to shine, and to set off his own wit, than to extol the great man whose virtues he was praising.

*Pliny the Younger.* I will not question your judgment either of my life or my writings. They might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. It is, perhaps, some excuse for the affectation of my style, that it was the fashion of the age in which I wrote. Even the eloquence of Tacitus, however nervous and sublime, was not unaffected. Mine, indeed, was more diffuse, and the ornaments of it were more tawdry ; but his laboured conciseness, the constant glow of his diction, and pointed brilliancy of his sentences, were no less unnatural. One principal cause of this I suppose to have been, that, as we despaired of excelling the two great masters of oratory, Cicero and Livy, in their own manner, we took up another, which, to many, appeared more shining, and gave our compositions a more original air.

But it is mortifying to me to say much on this subject. Permit me, therefore, to resume the contemplation of that on which our conversation turned before. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have been describing ! Don't you remember the beauty of that fine coast, and of the mountain itself, before it was torn with the violence of those internal fires, that forced their way through its surface ? The foot of it was covered with corn-fields and rich meadows, interspersed with splendid villas and magnificent towns : the sides of it were clothed with the best vines in Italy. How quick, how unexpected, how terrible was the change ! All was at once overwhelmed with ashes, cinders, broken rocks, and fiery torrents, presenting to the eye the most dismal scene of horror and desolation !

*Pliny the Elder.* You paint it very truly. But has it never occurred to your philosophical mind, that this change is a striking emblem of that which must happen, by the natural course of things, to every rich, luxurious state? While the inhabitants of it are sunk in voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they imagine that no evil, no danger is nigh, the latent seeds of destruction are fermenting within; till, breaking out on a sudden, they lay waste all their opulence, all their boasted delights, and leave them a sad monument of the fatal effects of internal tempests and convulsions.

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## LESSON CLI.

*Admirable Structure of the Mole.*—PALEY.

THE strong, short legs of the mole, the palmated feet, armed with sharp nails, the pig-like nose, the teeth, the velvet coat, the small external ear, the sagacious smell, the sunk, protected eye, all conduce to the utilities or to the safety of its underground life. It is a special purpose, specially consulted throughout.

The form of the feet fixes the character of the animal. They are so many shovels: they determine its action to that of rooting in the ground; and every thing about its body agrees with this destination. The cylindrical figure of the mole, as well as the compactness of its form, arising from the terseness of its limbs, proportionally lessens its labour; because, according to its bulk, it thereby requires the least possible quantity of earth to be removed for its progress.

It has nearly the same structure of the face and jaws as a swine, and the same office for them. The nose is sharp, slender, tendinous, strong; with a pair of nerves going down to the end of it. The plush covering, which, by the smoothness, closeness, and polish of the short piles that compose it, rejects the adhesion of almost every species of earth, defends the animal from cold and wet, and from the impediment, which it would experience by the mould sticking to its body. From soils of all kinds the little pioneer comes forth bright and clean. Inhabiting dirt, it is of all animals the neatest.

But what I have always most admired in the mole is its eyes. This animal occasionally visiting the surface, and wanting, for its safety and direction, to be informed when it does so, or when it approaches it, a perception of light was necessary. I do not know that the clearness of sight depends at all upon the size of the organ. What is gained by the

largeness or prominence of the globe of the eye, is width in the field of vision. Such a capacity would be of no use to an animal which was to seek its food in the dark. The mole did not want to look about it; nor would a large, advanced eye have been easily defended from the annoyance, to which the life of the animal must constantly expose it.

How, indeed, was the mole, working its way under ground, to guard its eyes at all? In order to meet this difficulty, the eyes are made scarcely larger than the head of a corking pin; and these minute globules are sunk so deeply in the skull, and lie so sheltered within the velvet of its covering, as that any contraction of what may be called the eye-brows, not only closes up the apertures which lead to the eyes, but presents a cushion, as it were, to any sharp or protruding substance, which might push against them. This aperture, even in its ordinary state, is like a pin-hole in a piece of velvet, scarcely pervious to loose particles of earth.

Observe then, in this structure, that which we call relation. There is no natural connexion between a small, sunk eye and a shovel, palmated foot. Palmated feet might have been joined with goggle eyes; or small eyes might have been joined with feet of any other form. What was it, therefore, which brought them together in the mole? That which brought together the barrel, the chain, and the fusee in a watch—design; and design, in both cases, inferred from the relation which the parts bear to one another in the prosecution of a common purpose.



## LESSON CLII.

### *Instances of Compensation in the Structure of different Animals.—IBID.*

COMPENSATION is a species of relation. It is relation, when the defects of one part, or of one organ, are supplied by the structure of another part, or of another organ. Thus, the short, unbending neck of the *elephant* is compensated by the length and flexibility of his proboscis. He could not have reached the ground without it: or, if it be supposed that he might have fed upon the fruit, leaves, or branches of trees, how was he to drink? Should it be asked, Why is the elephant's neck so short? it may be answered, that the weight of a head so heavy could not have been supported at the end of a long lever. To a form, therefore, in some respects necessary, but in some respects also inadequate to the occasions



of the animal, a supplement is added, which exactly makes up the deficiency under which he laboured.

Were we to enter into an examination of the structure and anatomy of the proboscis itself, we should see in it one of the most curious of all examples of animal mechanism. The disposition of the ringlets and fibres, for the purpose, first, of forming a long cartilaginous pipe; secondly, of contracting and lengthening that pipe; thirdly, of turning it in every direction at the will of the animal; with the super-addition, at the end, of a fleshy production, of about the length and thickness of a finger, and performing the office of a finger, so as to pick up a straw from the ground; these properties of the same organ, taken together, exhibit a specimen, not only of design, (which is attested by the advantage,) but of consummate art, and, as I may say, of elaborate preparation, in accomplishing that design.

The hook in the wing of a *bat* is strictly a mechanical, and, also, a *compensating* contrivance. At the angle of its wing there is a bent claw, exactly in the form of a hook, by which the bat attaches itself to the sides of rocks, caves, and buildings, laying hold of crevices, joinings, chinks, and roughnesses. It hooks itself by this claw; remains suspended by this hold; takes its flight from this position; which operations compensate for the decrepitude of its legs and feet. Without her hook, the bat would be the most helpless of all animals. She can neither run upon her feet, nor raise herself from the ground. These inabilities are made up to her by the contrivance in her wing; and, in placing a claw on that part, the Creator has deviated from the analogy observed in winged animals. A singular defect required a singular substitute.

The *crane* kind are to live and seek their food amongst the waters; yet, having no web-feet, are incapable of swimming. To make up for this deficiency, they are furnished with long legs for wading, or long bills for groping; or usually with both. This is *compensation*. But I think the true reflection upon the present instance, is, how every part of nature is tenanted by appropriate inhabitants. Not only is the surface of deep waters peopled by numerous tribes of birds that swim, but marshes and shallow pools are furnished with hardly less numerous tribes of birds that wade.

The common *parrot* has, in the structure of its beak, both an inconveniency, and a *compensation* for it. When I speak of an inconveniency, I have a view to a dilemma which frequently occurs in the works of nature, viz. that the peculiarity of structure, by which an organ is made to answer one

purpose, necessarily unfits it for some other purpose. This is the case before us. The upper bill of the parrot is so much hooked, and so much overlaps the lower, that, if, as in other birds, the lower chap alone had motion, the bird could scarcely gape wide enough to receive its food : yet this hook and overlapping of the bill could not be spared, for it forms the very instrument by which the bird climbs : to say nothing of the use which it makes of it in breaking nuts, and the hard substances upon which it feeds. How, therefore, has nature provided for the opening of this occluded mouth ? By making the upper chap moveable, as well as the lower. In most birds the upper chap is connected, and makes but one piece with the skull ; but, in the parrot, the upper chap is joined to the bone of the head by a strong membrane, placed on each side of it, which lifts and depresses it at pleasure.

The *spider's web* is a *compensating* contrivance. The spider lives upon flies, without wings to pursue them ; a case, one would have thought, of great difficulty, yet provided for ; and provided for by a resource, which no stratagem, no effort of the animal, could have produced, had not both its external and internal structure been specifically adapted to the operation.

In many species of insects the eye is fixed ; and, consequently, without the power of turning the pupil to the object. This great defect is, however, perfectly *compensated* ; and by a mechanism which we should not suspect. The eye is a multiplying glass ; with a lens looking in every direction, and catching every object ; by which means, although the orb of the eye be stationary, the field of vision is as ample as that of other animals ; and is commanded on every side. When this lattice work was first observed, the multiplicity and minuteness of the surfaces must have added to the surprise of the discovery. Adams tells us, that fourteen hundred of these reticulations have been counted in the two eyes of a drone bee.

In other cases, the *compensation* is effected by the number and position of the eyes themselves. The spider has eight eyes, mounted upon different parts of the head ; two in front, two in the top of the head, two on each side. These eyes are without motion, but, by their situation, suited to comprehend every view, which the wants or safety of the animal render it necessary for it to take.

The Memoirs for the Natural History of Animals, published by the French Academy, A. D. 1687, furnish us with some curious particulars in the eye of the chameleon. Instead of two eyelids, it is covered by an eyelid with a hole in it.

This singular structure appears to be *compensatory*, and to answer to some other singularities in the shape of the animal. The neck of the chameleon is inflexible. To make up for this, the eye is so prominent as that more than half of the ball stands out of the head; by means of which extraordinary projection, the pupil of the eye can be carried by the muscles in every direction, and is capable of being pointed towards every object. But then so unusual an exposure of the globe of the eye requires, for its lubricity and defence, a more than ordinary protection of eyelid, as well as a more than ordinary supply of moisture; yet the motion of an eyelid, formed according to the common construction, would be impeded, as it should seem, by the convexity of the organ. The aperture in the lid meets this difficulty. It enables the animal to keep the principal part of the surface of the eye under cover, and to preserve it in a due state of humidity, without shutting out the light, or without performing every moment a nictitation, which, it is probable, would be more laborious to this animal than to others.

But the works of the Deity are known by expedients. Where we should look for absolute destitution; where we can reckon up nothing but wants; some contrivance always comes in to supply the privation. A *snail*, without wings, feet, or thread, climbs up the stalks of plants by the sole aid of a viscid humour discharged from her skin. She adheres to the stems, leaves, and fruits of plants, by means of a sticking plaster. A *muscle*, which might seem, by its helplessness, to lie at the mercy of every wave that went over it, has the singular power of spinning strong, tendinous threads, by which she moors her shell to rocks and timbers. A *cockle*, on the contrary, by means of its stiff tongue, works for itself a shelter in the sand.

The provisions of nature extend to cases the most desperate. A *lobster* has in its constitution a difficulty so great, that one could hardly conjecture beforehand how nature would dispose of it. In most animals, the skin grows with their growth. If, instead of a soft skin, there be a shell, still it admits of a gradual enlargement. If the shell, as in the tortoise, consist of several pieces, the accession of substance is made at the sutures. Bivalve shells grow bigger by receiving an accretion at their edge; it is the same with spiral shells at their mouth. The simplicity of their form admits of this. But the lobster's shell, being applied to the limbs of the body as well as to the body itself, allows not of either of the modes of growth which are observed to take place in other shells. Its hardness resists expansion, and

its complexity renders it incapable of increasing its size by addition of substance to its edge.

How, then, was the growth of the lobster to be provided for? Was room to be made for it in the old shell, or was it to be successively fitted with new ones? If a change of shell became necessary, how was the lobster to extricate himself from his present confinement? How was he to uncase his buckler, or draw his legs out of his boots? The process, which fishermen have observed to take place, is as follows. At certain seasons, the shell of the lobster grows soft; the animal swells its body; the seams open, and the claws burst at the joints. When the shell is thus become loose upon the body, the animal makes a second effort, and, by a tremulous, spasmodic motion, casts it off. In this state the liberated, but defenceless fish retires into holes in the rock. The released body now suddenly pushes its growth. In about eight and forty hours, a fresh concretion of humour upon the surface, that is, a new shell, is formed, adapted in every part to the increased dimensions of the animal. This wonderful mutation is repeated every year.

### LESSON CLIII.

*The Charms of Nature to be preferred.*—BEATTIE.

LIBERAL, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;  
Nor was perfection made for man below.  
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are planned,  
Good counteracting ill, and gladness wo.  
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;  
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;  
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;  
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,  
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse  
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire:  
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse  
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.  
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.  
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?  
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,  
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resigned;  
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul  
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,



On the dull couch of luxury to loll,  
 Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen ;  
 Fain to implore the aid of flattery's screen,  
 Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide  
 (The mansion then no more of joy serene,)  
 Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,  
 And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store  
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !  
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;  
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
 And all that echoes to the song of even,  
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven ;  
 O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven ?

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,  
 And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.  
 But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth  
 E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart :  
 For, ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;  
 Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,  
 The stern resolve unmoved by pity's smart,  
 The troublous day, and long distressful dream.

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#### LESSON CLIV.

##### *Sketch of the History of Printing.*—V. KNOX.

THE business of transcribing the remains of Grecian and Roman literature became a useful, an innocent, and a pleasing employ to many of those, who, in the dark ages, would else have pined in the listless languor of monastic retirement. Exempt from the avocations of civil life, incapable of literary exertion from the want of books and opportunities of improvement, they devoted the frequent intervals of religious duty to the transcription of authors whom they often little understood. The servile office of a mere copyist was not disdained by those who knew not to invent ; and the writers in the scriptorium were inspired with an emulation to excel, in the beauty and variety of their illuminations, the fidelity of their copy, and the multitude of their performances.

But when every letter of every copy was to be formed by the immediate operation of the hand, the most persevering assiduity could effect but little. The books appear not to

have been written with the rapidity of a modern transcriber, but with formal stiffness, or a correct elegance, equally inconsistent with expedition. They were therefore rare, and consequently much valued, and, whenever sold, were sold at a great price. Few, indeed, but crowned and mitred heads, or incorporated communities, were able to procure a number sufficient to merit the appellation of a library; and even the boasted libraries of princes and prelates were such as are now easily exceeded by every private collection. To be poor, with whatever ability or inclination, was, at one time, an insurmountable obstacle to literary improvement; and, perhaps, we indulge an unreasonable acrimony in our general censure of monkish sloth and ignorance, not considering that an involuntary fault ceases to be blameable; that ignorance is necessary where the means of information are scarce; and that sloth is not to be avoided, where the requisites of proper employment are not attainable without great expense, or earnest solicitation.

It was, perhaps, less with a view to obviate these inconveniences, than from the interested motives of deriving greater gain by exacting the usual price for copies multiplied with more ease and expedition, that a new mode was at length practised, derived from the invention of the art of printing; a discovery which, of all those recorded in civil history, is of the most important and extensive consequence.

That the first productions of the press were intended to pass for manuscripts, we are led to conclude from the resemblance of the type to the written characters, from the omission of illuminations, which were to be supplied by the pen to facilitate the deception, and from the inventor's concealment of his process, so far as to incur suspicion of witchcraft or magic, by which alone the first observers could account for the extraordinary multiplication of the transcripts.

But the deceit was soon detected. The perfect resemblance in the shape of the letters, in the place and number of the words on every page, the singular correctness, and, above all, the numerous copies of the same author, inevitably led to a discovery of the truth. To conceal it, indeed, was no longer desired, when experience had suggested the great lucrative advantages, and the practicability of multiplying books without end by the process newly invented. It soon appeared, though it was not obvious at first, that the new mode would be more agreeable to the reader, as well as easier to the copyist, and that printed books would universally supersede the use of manuscripts, from a choice founded on judicious preference. The art was soon professed as a trade,

and the business of copying, which had once afforded only amusement or gain to the curious and the idle, became the constant employment and support of a numerous tribe of artisans, and constituted a very considerable source of mercantile advantage.

Of an art, which, though it had yet acquired but small degrees of perfection, appeared of most extensive utility in religion, in politics, in literature, and even in commerce, no labour has been spared to investigate the history; but, unfortunately, the inquirers into the origin of arts, instigated by the zeal of minute curiosity to push their researches too far, often discover them so rude, obvious, and inartificial at their commencement, as to reflect very little honour on those whom they ostentatiously exhibit as the earliest inventors. Such has been the result of the investigations of those, who, dissatisfied with the commonly received opinions on the date of the invention of printing, pretend to have discovered traces of it many years before the first production of Faustus, in 1457; and it is true, that the *Speculum Salutis*, and a few other books, are extant, which are, on good reasons, judged to have been stamped, not printed *secundum artem*,\* long before the erection of a press at Mentz; but the mode in which they were executed, like the Chinese, bears but little resemblance to the art of printing, properly so called; it appears not, by any historical memoir, to have suggested the first hint of it, and is too imperfect to deserve notice as even the infant state of this momentous invention.

National pride, like the pride of individuals, is often founded on slight or dubious pretensions. Thus have Germany and Holland contended, with all the warmth of party, for the imaginary honour of giving birth to the inventor of printing, who, after all, was probably led to the discovery, not by the enlarged views of public utility, but by fortunate circumstances concurring with the desire of private and pecuniary advantage: but, though the history of printing, like all other histories, is in some degree obscure and doubtful at its earliest period; though Strasburg has boasted of Mentel, and Haarlem of Coster, as the inventor; yet is there great reason to conclude, that the few arguments advanced in their favour are supported only by forgery and falsehood: and we may safely assert, with the majority of writers, and with the general voice of Europe, that the time of the invention was about the year 1440, the place Mentz, and the persons Gutenberg, Faustus, and Schaeffer, in conjunction.

\*. Agreeably to the rules of art.

## LESSON CLV.

*Exhortation to filial Gratitude and Obedience.*—OGDEN.

Stop, young man, stop a little to look towards thy poor parents. Think it not too much to bestow a moment's reflection on those who never forget thee. Recollect what they have done for thee. Remember all—all, indeed, thou canst not: alas! ill had been thy lot, had not their care begun before thou couldst remember or know any thing.

Now so proud, self-willed, inexorable, then couldst thou only ask by wailing, and move them with thy tears. And they were moved. Their hearts were touched with thy distress; they relieved and watched thy wants before thou knewest thine own necessities, or their kindness. They clothed thee; thou knewest not that thou wast naked: thou askedst not for bread; but they fed thee. And ever since—for the particulars are too many to be recounted, and too many, surely, to be all utterly forgotten—it has been the very principal endeavour, employment, and study of their lives to do service unto thee. If by all these endeavours they can obtain their child's comfort, they arrive at the full accomplishment of their wishes. They have no higher object of their ambition. Be thou but happy, and they are so.

And now, tell me, is not something to be done, I do not now say for thyself, but for them? If it be too much to desire of thee to be good, and wise, and virtuous, and happy for thy own sake; yet be happy for theirs. Think that a sober, upright, and, let me add, religious life, besides the blessings it will bring upon thy own head, will be a fountain of unfeigned comfort to thy declining parents, and make the heart of the aged sing for joy.

What shall we say? which of these is happier? the son that maketh a glad father? or the father, blessed with such a son?

Fortunate young man! who hast a heart open so early to virtuous delights, and canst find thy own happiness in returning thy father's blessing upon his own head!

And happy father! whose years have been prolonged, not, as it often happens, to see his comforts fall from him, one after another, and to become at once old and destitute; but to taste a new pleasure, not to be found among the pleasures of youth, reserved for his age, to reap the harvest of all his cares and labours, in the duty, affection, and felicity of his dear child. His very look bespeaks the inward satisfaction of his heart. The infirmities of his age sit light on him. He



feels not the troubles of life: he smiles at the approach of death: sees himself still living and honoured in the memory and the person of his son, his other dearer self; and passes down to the receptacle of all the living in the fulness of content and joy.

How unlike to this is the condition of him, who has the affliction to be the father of a wicked offspring! Poor, unhappy man! no sorrow is like unto thy sorrow. Diseases and death are blessings, if compared with the anguish of thy heart, when thou seest thy dear children run heedlessly and headlong in the ways of sin, forgetful of their parents' counsel, and their own happiness. Unfortunate old man! how often does he wish that he had never been born, or had been cut off before he was a father! No reflection is able to afford him consolation. He grows old betimes; and the afflictions of age are doubled on his head. In vain are instruments of pleasure brought forth. His soul refuses comfort. Every blessing of life is lost upon him. No success is able to give him joy. His triumphs are like that of David: while his friends, captains, and soldiers were rending the air with shouts of victory—he, poor conqueror, went up, as it is written, to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and, as he went, thus he said; O, my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would to God I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!

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## LESSON CLVI.

*The Complaint of the dying Year; an Allegory.*—  
HENDERSON.

RECLINING on a couch of fallen leaves, wrapped in fleecy mantle, with withered limbs, hoarse voice, and snowy beard, appears a venerable old man. His pulse beats feebly; his breath becomes shorter; he exhibits every mark of approaching dissolution.

This is old Eighteen Hundred and ———;\* and as every class of readers must remember him a young man, as rosy and blithesome as themselves, they will, perhaps, feel interested in hearing some of his dying expressions, with a few particulars of his past life. His existence is still likely to be prolonged a few days by the presence of his daughter *December*, the last and sole survivor of his twelve fair children; but it is thought the father and daughter will expire together.

\* The reader will fill up this blank, and another in the following page with the proper year.

The following are some of the expressions which have been taken down as they fell from his dying lips :—"I am," said he, "the son of old father *Time*, and the last of a numerous progeny; for he has had no less than five thousand eight hundred and —— of us; but it has ever been his fate to see one child expire before another was born. It is the opinion of some, that his own constitution is beginning to break up, and that, when he has given birth to a hundred or two more of us, his family will be complete, and then he himself will be no more."

Here the Old Year called for his account-book, and turned over the pages with a sorrowful eye. He has kept, it appears, an accurate account of the moments, minutes, hours, and months, which he has issued, and subjoined in some places memorandums of the uses to which they have been applied, and of the losses he has sustained. These particulars it would be tedious to detail, and perhaps the recollection of the reader may furnish them as well or better. But we must notice one circumstance :—upon turning to a certain page in his accounts, the old man was much affected—and the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks as he examined it. This was the register of the forty-eight Sundays which he had issued, and which, of all the wealth he had to dispose of, have been, it appears, the most scandalously wasted. "These," said he, "were my most precious gifts. I had but fifty-two of them to bestow. Alas!—how lightly have they been esteemed!"

Here, upon referring back to certain old memorandums, he found a long list of vows and resolutions, which had a particular reference to these fifty-two Sundays. This, with a mingled emotion of grief and anger, he tore into a hundred pieces, and threw them on the embers by which he was endeavouring to warm his shivering limbs. "I feel, however," said he, "more pity than indignation towards these offenders, since they were far greater enemies to themselves than to me. But there are a few outrageous ones, by whom I have been defrauded of so much of my substance, that it is difficult to think of them with patience, particularly that notorious thief, *Procrastination*, of whom every body has heard, and who is well known to have wronged my venerable father of much of his property. There are also three noted ruffians, *Sleep*, *Sloth*, and *Pleasure*, from whom I have suffered much; besides a certain busy-body, called *Dress*, who, under the pretence of making the most of me, and taking great care of me, steals away more of my gifts than any two of them.

“As for me, all must acknowledge that I have performed my part towards my friends and foes. I have fulfilled my utmost promise, and been more bountiful than many of my predecessors. My twelve fair children have, each in their turn, aided my exertions; and their various tastes and dispositions have all conduced to the general good. Mild *February*, who sprinkled the naked boughs with delicate buds, and brought her wonted offering of early flowers, was not of more essential service than that rude, blustering boy, *March*, who, though violent in his temper, was well-intentioned and useful. *April*, a gentle, tender-hearted girl, wept for his loss, yet cheered me with many a smile. *June* came crowned with roses, and sparkling in sun-beams, and laid up a store of costly ornaments for her luxuriant successors:—but I cannot stop to enumerate the good qualities and graces of all my children. You, my poor *December*, dark in your complexion, and cold in your temper, greatly resemble my first-born, *January*, with this difference, that he was most prone to anticipation, and you to reflection.

If there should be any who, upon hearing my dying lamentation, may feel regret that they have not treated me more kindly, I would beg leave to hint, that it is yet in their power to make some compensation for their past conduct, by rendering me, during my few remaining days, as much service as is in their power. Let them testify the sincerity of their sorrow by an immediate alteration in their behaviour. It would give me particular pleasure to see my only surviving child treated with respect: let no one slight her offerings: she has a considerable part of my property still to dispose of, which, if well employed, will turn to good account. Not to mention the rest, there is one precious Sunday yet in her gift; it would cheer my last moments to know that this had been better prized than the past.

It is very likely that, at least after my decease, many may reflect upon themselves for their misconduct towards me: to such I would leave it as my dying injunction, not to waste time in unavailing regret—all their wishes and repentance will not recall me to life. I shall never, never return! I would rather earnestly recommend to their regard my youthful successor, whose appearance is shortly expected. I cannot hope to survive long enough to introduce him; but I would fain hope that he will meet with a favourable reception; and that, in addition to the flattering honours which greeted my birth, and the fair promises which deceived my hopes, more diligent exertion and more persevering efforts may be expect-

ed. Let it be remembered, that one honest endeavour is worth ten fair promises."

Having thus spoken, the Old Year fell back on his couch, nearly exhausted, and trembling so violently as to shake the last shower of yellow leaves from his canopy.—Let us all hasten to testify our gratitude for his services, and repentance for the abuse of them, by improving the remaining days of his existence, and by remembering the solemn promises he made in his youth.

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## LESSON CLVII.

*The Handsome and Deformed Leg.*—FRANKLIN.

THERE are two sorts of people in the world, who, with equal degrees of health and wealth, and the other comforts of life, become, the one happy, and the other miserable. This arises, very much, from the different views in which they consider things, persons, and events; and the effect of those different views upon their own minds.

In whatever situation men can be placed, they may find conveniences and inconveniences: in whatever company, they may find persons and conversation more or less pleasing; at whatever table, they may meet with meats and drinks of better and worse taste, dishes better and worse dressed; in whatever climate, they will find good and bad weather; under whatever government, they may find good and bad laws, and good and bad administration of those laws; in whatever poem, or work of genius, they may see faults and beauties; in almost every face, and every person, they may discover fine features and defects, good and bad qualities.

Under these circumstances, the two sorts of people above-mentioned fix their attention; those who are disposed to be happy, on the conveniences of things, the pleasant parts of conversation, the well-dressed dishes, the goodness of the wines, the fine weather, &c., and enjoy all with cheerfulness. Those who are to be unhappy, think and speak only of the contraries. Hence they are continually discontented themselves, and, by their remarks, sour the pleasures of society, offend personally many people, and make themselves every where disagreeable.

If this turn of mind was founded in nature, such unhappy persons would be the more to be pitied. But, as the disposition to criticise, and to be disgusted, is, perhaps, taken up originally by imitation, and is, unawares, grown into a habit, which, though at present strong, may nevertheless be cured,



when those who have it are convinced of its bad effects on their felicity,—I hope this little admonition may be of service to them, and put them on changing a habit, which, though in the exercise it is chiefly an act of imagination, yet has serious consequences in life, as it brings on real griefs and misfortunes. For, as many are offended by, and nobody loves, this sort of people, no one shows them more than the most common civility and respect, and scarcely that; and this frequently puts them out of humour, and draws them into disputes and contentions.

If they aim at obtaining some advantage in rank or fortune, nobody wishes them success, or will stir a step, or speak a word, to favour their pretensions. If they incur public censure or disgrace, no one will defend or excuse, and many join to aggravate their misconduct, and render them completely odious. If these people will not change this bad habit, and condescend to be pleased with what is pleasing, without fretting themselves and others about the contraries, it is good for others to avoid an acquaintance with them, which is always disagreeable, and sometimes very inconvenient, especially when one finds one's self entangled in their quarrels.

An old philosophical friend of mine was grown, from experience, very cautious in this particular, and carefully avoided any intimacy with such people. He had, like other philosophers, a thermometer, to show him the heat of the weather, and a barometer, to mark when it was likely to prove good or bad; but, there being no instrument invented to discover, at first sight, this unpleasing disposition in a person, he, for that purpose, made use of his legs; one of which was remarkably handsome, the other, by some accident, crooked and deformed. If a stranger, at the first interview, regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one, he doubted him. If he spoke of it, and took no notice of the handsome leg, that was sufficient to determine my philosopher to have no farther acquaintance with him.

Every body has not this two-legged instrument; but every one, with a little attention, may observe signs of that carping, fault-finding disposition, and take the same resolution of avoiding the acquaintance of those infected with it. I therefore advise those critical, querulous, discontented, unhappy people, that, if they wish to be respected and beloved by others, and happy in themselves, they should *leave off looking at the ugly leg*.

## LESSON CLVIII.

*Speech on the Question of War with England.*—PATRICK HENRY.

From Wirt's Life of Henry.

THIS, sir, is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at this time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters, and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if

its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir; she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which

we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war has actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what curse others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

### LESSON CLIX.

*An Ode, in Imitation of Alcaeus.*—SIR W. JONES.

WHAT constitutes a state?  
 Not high-raised battlements or laboured mound,  
 Thick wall or moated gate;  
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,  
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
 Not starred and spangled courts,  
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.  
 No—men, high-minded men,  
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued,  
 In forest, brake, or den,  
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude.  
 Men who their duties know,  
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;  
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:  
 These constitute a state;  
 And Sovereign Law, that state's collected will,  
 O'er thrones and globes elate,  
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:



Smit by her sacred frown,  
 The fiend Discretion\* like a vapour sinks,  
 And e'en the all-dazzling Crown  
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

### LESSON CLX.

*A Letter to Lady Spencer on the Scenery amidst which Milton is supposed to have written his smaller Poems.—IBID.*

THE necessary trouble of correcting the first printed sheets of my History prevented me to-day from paying a proper respect to the memory of Shakspeare, by attending his jubilee. But I was resolved to do all the honour in my power to as great a poet, and set out in the morning, in company with a friend, to visit a place where Milton spent some part of his life, and where, in all probability, he composed several of his earliest productions. It is a small village, situated on a pleasant hill, about three miles from Oxford, and called Forest Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement after his first marriage, and he describes the beauties of his retreat in that fine passage of his L'Allegro,—

“Sometime walking, not unseen,  
 By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green.

\* \* \* \* \*

While the ploughman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his sithe;  
 And every shepherd tells his tale,  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
 Whilst the landscape round it measures:  
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
 Mountains, on whose barren breast  
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest;  
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;  
 Towers and battlements it sees,  
 Bosomed high in tufted trees.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,” &c.

It was neither the proper season of the year, nor time of the day, to hear all the rural sounds, and see all the objects, mentioned in this description; but, by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we were saluted, on our approach to the

\* Discretionary or arbitrary power.

village, with the music of the mower and his sithe; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milk-maid returning from her country employment.

As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images; it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides: the distant mountains that seemed to support the clouds, the villages and turrets, partly shaded with trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them, the dark plains and meadows of a grayish colour, where the sheep were feeding at large; in short, the view of the streams and rivers convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

The poet's house was close to the church; the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that several papers in Milton's own hand were found by the gentleman who was last in possession of the estate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers: one of them showed us a ruinous wall that made part of his chamber; and I was much pleased with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of *The Poet*.

It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the *Penseroso*. Most of the cottage windows are overgrown with sweet briars, vines, and honey-suckles; and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament we may conclude from his description of the lark bidding him good-morrow,

"Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine:"

for it is evident that he meant a sort of honey-suckle by the eglantine, though that word is commonly used for the sweet-briar, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet.

If I ever pass a month or six weeks at Oxford in the summer, I shall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable mansion, and to make a festival for a circle of friends in honour of Milton, the most perfect scholar, as well as the

sublimest poet, that our country ever produced. Such an honour will be less splendid, but more sincere and respectful, than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon.

I have, &c.

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## LESSON CLXI.

*Defence of literary Studies in Men of Business.*—MACKENZIE.

AMONG the cautions which prudence and worldly wisdom inculcate on the young, or at least among those sober truths which experience often pretends to have acquired, is that danger which is said to result from the pursuit of letters and of science, in men destined for the labours of business, for the active exertions of professional life. The abstraction of learning, the speculations of science, and the visionary excursions of fancy, are fatal, it is said, to the steady pursuit of common objects, to the habits of plodding industry, which ordinary business demands. The fineness of mind, which is created or increased by the study of letters, or the admiration of the arts, is supposed to incapacitate a man for the drudgery by which professional eminence is gained; as a nicely tempered edge, applied to a coarse and rugged material, is unable to perform what a more common instrument would have successfully achieved. A young man destined for law or commerce is advised to look only into his folio of precedents, or his method of book-keeping; and dulness is pointed to his homage, as that benevolent goddess, under whose protection the honours of station and the blessings of opulence are to be attained; while learning and genius are proscribed, as leading their votaries to barren indigence and merited neglect.

In doubting the truth of these assertions, I think I shall not entertain any hurtful degree of scepticism, because the general current of opinion seems of late years to have set too strongly in the contrary direction; and one may endeavour to prop the falling cause of literature, without being accused of blameable or dangerous partiality.

In the examples which memory and experience produce of idleness, of dissipation, and of poverty, brought on by indulgence of literary or poetical enthusiasm, the evidence must necessarily be on one side of the question only. Of the few whom learning or genius has led astray, the ill success or the ruin is marked by the celebrity of the sufferer. Of the many who have been as dull as they were profligate, and as ignorant as they were poor, the fate is unknown, from the

insignificance of those by whom it was endured. If we may reason *à priori* on the matter, the chance, I think, should be on the side of literature.

In young minds of any vivacity, there is a natural aversion to the drudgery of business, which is seldom overcome, till the effervescence of youth is allayed by the progress of time and habit, or till that very warmth is enlisted on the side of their profession, by the opening prospects of ambition or emolument. From this tyranny, as youth conceives it, of attention and of labour, relief is commonly sought from some favourite avocation or amusement, for which a young man either finds or steals a portion of his time, either patiently plods through his task, in expectation of its approach, or anticipates its arrival by deserting his work before the legal period for amusement is arrived. It may fairly be questioned, whether the most innocent of those amusements is either so honourable or so safe as the avocation of learning or of science. Of minds uninformed and gross, whom youthful spirits agitate, but fancy and feeling have no power to impel, the amusements will generally be either boisterous or effeminate, will either dissipate their attention or weaken their force. The employment of a young man's vacant hours is often too little attended to by those rigid masters who exact the most scrupulous observance of the periods destined for business. The waste of time is undoubtedly a very calculable loss; but the waste or the depravation of mind is a loss of a much higher denomination. The votary of study, or the enthusiast of fancy, may incur the first; but the latter will be suffered chiefly by him whom ignorance, or want of imagination, has left to the grossness of mere sensual enjoyments.

In this, as in other respects, the love of letters is friendly to sober manners and virtuous conduct, which in every profession is the road to success and to respect. Without adopting the common-place reflections against some particular departments, it must be allowed, that, in mere men of business, there is a certain professional rule of right, which is not always honourable, and, though meant to be selfish, very seldom profits. A superior education generally corrects this, by opening the mind to different motives of action, to the feelings of delicacy, the sense of honour, and a contempt of wealth, when earned by a desertion of those principles.

To the improvement of our faculties, as well as of our principles, the love of letters appears to be favourable. Letters require a certain sort of application, though of a kind, perhaps, very different from that which business would recommend. Granting that they are unprofitable in them-



selves, as that word is used in the language of the world, yet, as developing the powers of thought and reflection, they may be an amusement of some use, as those sports of children in which numbers are used to familiarize them to the elements of arithmetic. They give room for the exercise of that discernment, that comparison of objects, that distinction of causes, which is to increase the skill of the physician, to guide the speculations of the merchant, and to prompt the arguments of the lawyer; and, though some professions employ but very few faculties of the mind, yet there is scarce any branch of business in which a man who can think will not excel him who can only labour. We shall accordingly find, in many departments where learned information seemed of all qualities the least necessary, that those who possessed it in a degree above their fellows have found, from that very circumstance, the road to eminence and wealth.

But I must often repeat, that wealth does not necessarily create happiness, nor confer dignity; a truth which it may be thought declamation to insist on, but which the present time seems particularly to require being told.

The love of letters is connected with an independence and delicacy of mind, which is a great preservative against that servile homage which abject men pay to fortune; and there is a certain classical pride, which, from the society of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Atticus, looks down with an honest disdain on the wealth-blown insects of modern times, neither enlightened by knowledge nor ennobled by virtue.

In the possession, indeed, of what he has attained, in that rest and retirement from his labours, with the hopes of which his fatigues were lightened and his cares were smoothed, the mere man of business frequently undergoes suffering, instead of finding enjoyment. To be busy as one ought is an easy art; but to know how to be idle is a very superior accomplishment. This difficulty is much increased with persons to whom the habit of employment has made some active exertion necessary; who cannot sleep contented in the torpor of indolence, or amuse themselves with those lighter trifles in which he, who inherited idleness, as he did fortune, from his ancestors, has been accustomed to find amusement. The miseries and misfortunes of the "retired pleasures" of men of business have been frequently matter of speculation to the moralist, and of ridicule to the wit. But he who has mixed general knowledge with professional skill, and literary amusement with professional labour, will have some stock wherewith to support him in idleness, some spring for his

mind when unbent from business, some employment for those hours which retirement or solitude has left vacant and unoccupied. Independence in the use of one's time is not the least valuable species of freedom. This liberty the man of letters enjoys : while the ignorant and the illiterate often retire from the thralldom of business only to become the slaves of ot languor, intemperance, or vice.

But the situation, in which the advantages of that endowment of mind which letters bestow are chiefly conspicuous, is old age, when a man's society is necessarily circumscribed, and his powers of active enjoyment are unavoidably diminished. Unfit for the bustle of affairs, and the amusements of his youth, an old man, if he has no source of mental exertion or employment, often settles into the gloom of melancholy and peevishness, or petrifies his feelings by habitual intoxication. From an old man, whose gratifications were solely derived from those sensual appetites which time has blunted, or from those trivial amusements of which youth only can share, age has cut off almost every source of enjoyment. But to him who has stored his mind with the information, and can still employ it in the amusement, of letters, this blank of life is admirably filled up. He acts, he thinks, and he feels with that literary world whose society he can at all times enjoy. There is, perhaps, no state more capable of comfort to ourselves, or more attractive of veneration from others, than that which such an old age affords ; it is then the twilight of the passions, when they are mitigated, but not extinguished, and spread their gentle influence over the evening of our day, in alliance with reason, and in amity with virtue.

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## LESSON CLXII.

### *Love of Enemies.*—HAWKESWORTH.

To love an enemy is the distinguishing characteristic of a religion, which is not of man but of God. It could be delivered as a precept only by Him, who lived and died to establish it by his example.

We cannot, indeed, behold the example but at a distance ; nor consider it without being struck with a sense of our own debility : every man who compares his life with this divine rule, instead of exulting in his own excellence, will smite his breast like the publican, and cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner !" Thus to acquaint us with ourselves may, perhaps, be one use of the precept ; but the precept cannot, surely, be considered as having no other.

I know it will be said, that our passions are not in our power; and that, therefore, a precept to love or to hate is impossible: for if the gratification of all our wishes was offered us to love a stranger as we love a child, we could not fulfil the condition, however we might desire the reward.

But, admitting this to be true, and that we cannot love an enemy as we love a friend, it is yet equally certain, that we may perform those actions which are produced by love from a higher principle: we may, perhaps, derive moral excellence from natural defects, and exert our reason instead of indulging a passion. If our enemy hungers we may feed him, and if he thirsts we may give him drink: this, if we could love him, would be our conduct, and this may still be our conduct, though to love him is impossible. The Christian will be prompted to relieve the necessities of his enemy, by his love to God: he will rejoice in an opportunity to express the zeal of his gratitude and the alacrity of his obedience, at the same time that he appropriates the promises and anticipates his reward.

But, though he who is beneficent upon these principles, may, in the scripture sense, be said to love his enemy; yet something more may still be effected: the passion itself, in some degree, is in our power; we may rise to a yet nearer emulation of divine forgiveness, we may think as well as act with kindness, and be sanctified as well in heart as in life.

Though love and hatred are necessarily produced in the human breast when the proper objects of these passions occur, as the colour of material substances is necessarily perceived by an eye before which they are exhibited; yet it is in our power to change the passion, and to cause either love or hatred to be excited, by placing the same object in different circumstances; as a changeable silk of blue and yellow may be held so as to excite the idea either of yellow or blue.

Among friends, sallies of quick resentment are extremely frequent. Friendship is a constant reciprocation of benefits, to which the sacrifice of private interest is sometimes necessary: it is common for each to set too much value upon those which he bestows, and too little upon those which he receives; this mutual mistake in so important an estimation produces mutual charges of unkindness and ingratitude; each, perhaps, professes himself ready to forgive, but neither will condescend to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, still increases the enmity which it began; the friend is considered as selfish, assuming, injurious, and revengeful; he consequently becomes an object of hatred; and, while he is thus

considered, to love him is impossible. But thus to consider him, is at once a folly and a fault : each ought to reflect, that he is, at least in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes ; that the foundation of their enmity is no more than a mistake ; and that this mistake is the effect of weakness or vanity, which is common to all mankind : the character of both would then assume a very different aspect ; love would again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be impatient to exchange acknowledgments, and recover the felicity which was so near being lost.

But if, after we have admitted an acquaintance to our bosom as a friend, it should appear that we had mistaken his character ; if he should betray our confidence, and use the knowledge of our affairs, which, perhaps, he obtained by offers of service, to effect our ruin ; if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falsehood, we may still consider him in such circumstances as will incline us to fulfil the precept, and to regard him without the rancour of hatred, or the fury of revenge.

Every character, however it may deserve punishment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious ; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch, who has thus deceived and injured us, should be considered as having ultimately intended not evil to us, but good to himself. It should also be remembered, that he has mistaken the means ; that he has forfeited the friendship of Him whose favour is better than life, by the same conduct which forfeited ours ; and that, to whatever view he sacrificed our temporal interest, to that, also, he sacrificed his own hope of immortality ; that he is now seeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring punishment that will last for ever. And how much better than this wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his condition can excite no pity ! Surely, if such an enemy hungers, we may, without suppressing any passion, give him food ; for who that sees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuse him a cup of cold water ?

On the contrary, he whom God has forgiven must necessarily become amiable to man : to consider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him ; and impartially to consider it, is not only our duty, but our interest.

Thus may we love our enemies, and add a dignity to our nature, of which Pagan virtue had no conception. But, if to love our enemies is the glory of a Christian, to treat others with coldness, neglect, and malignity, is rather the reproach



of a fiend than a man. Unprovoked enmity, the frown of unkindness, and the menaces of oppression, should be far from those who profess themselves to be followers of Him, who in his life went about doing good; who instantly healed a wound that was given in his defence; and who, when he was fainting in his last agony, and treated with mockery and derision, conceived at once a prayer and an apology for his murderers; "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

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### LESSON CLXIII.

*The torrid and frigid Zones.*—SHAFTESBURY.

How oblique and faintly looks the sun on yonder climates, far removed from him! How tedious are the winters there! How deep the horrors of the night, and how uncomfortable even the light of day! The freezing winds employ their fiercest breath, yet are not spent with blowing. The sea, which elsewhere is scarce confined within its limits, lies here immured in walls of crystal. The snow covers the hills, and almost fills the lowest valleys. How wide and deep it lies, incumbent over the plains, hiding the sluggish rivers, the shrubs, and trees, the dens of beasts, and mansions of distressed and feeble men! See! where they lie confined, hardly secure against the raging cold, or the attacks of the wild beasts, now masters of the wasted field, and forced by hunger out of the naked woods.

Yet, not disheartened, (such is the force of human breasts,) but thus provided for, by art and prudence, the kind, compensating gifts of Heaven, men and their herds may wait for a release. For at length the sun, approaching, melts the snow, sets longing men at liberty, and affords them means and time to make provision against the next return of cold. It breaks the icy fetters of the main; where vast sea-monsters pierce through floating islands, with arms which can withstand the crystal rock: while others, who of themselves seem great as islands, are by their bulk alone armed against all but man; whose superiority over creatures of such stupendous size and force should make him mindful of his privilege of reason, and force him humbly to adore the great Composer of these wondrous frames, and Author of his own superior wisdom.

But, leaving these dull climates, so little favoured by the sun, for those happier regions, on which he looks more kindly, making perpetual summer, how great an alteration

do we find ! His purer light confounds weak-sighted mortals, pierced by his scorching beams. Scarce can they tread the glowing ground. The air they breathe cannot enough abate the fire, which burns within their panting breasts. Their bodies melt. Overcome and fainting, they seek the shade, and wait the cool refreshments of the night. Yet oft the bounteous Creator bestows other refreshments. He casts a veil of clouds before them, and raises gentle gales ; favoured by which the men and beasts pursue their labours ; and plants, refreshed by dews and showers, can gladly bear the warmest sunbeams.

#### LESSON CLXIV.

*Progress of Intemperance.*—C. SPRAGUE.

IT is truly astonishing to behold how completely the habit of *unnecessary* drinking pervades the various classes of our community. In one way or another, it is their morning and evening devotion, their noonday and midnight sacrifice. From the highest grade to the lowest, from the drawing-room to the kitchen, from the gentleman to the labourer, down descends the universal custom. From those who sit long at the wine that has been rocked upon the ocean, and ripened beneath an Indian sky, down to those who solace themselves with the fiery liquor that has cursed no other shores than our own—down, till it reaches the miserable abode, where the father and mother will have *rum*, though the children cry for *bread*—down to the bottom, even to the prison-house, the forlorn inmate of which hails him his best friend, who is cunning enough to convey to him, undiscovered, the all-consoling, the all-corroding poison.

Young men must express the warmth of their mutual regard by daily and nightly libations at some fashionable hotel—it is the custom. The more advanced take turns in flinging open their own doors to each other, and the purity of their esteem is testified by the number of bottles they can empty together—it is the custom. The husband deems it but civil to commemorate the accidental visit of his acquaintance by a glass of ancient spirit, and the wife holds it a duty to celebrate the flying-call of her companion with a taste of the latest *liqueur*—for this, also, is the custom. The interesting gossipry of every little evening coterie must be enlivened with the customary cordial. Custom demands that idle quarrels, perhaps generated over a friendly cup, another friendly cup must drown. Foolish wagers are laid, to be adjusted in

foolish drinking—the rich citizen stakes a dozen, the poor one a dram. “The brisk minor, panting for twenty-one,” baptizes his new-born manhood in the strong drink to which he intends training it up. Births, marriages, and burials, are all hallowed by strong drink. Anniversaries, civic festivities, military displays, municipal elections, and even religious ceremonials, are nothing without strong drink. The political ephemera of a little noisy day, and the colossus whose footsteps millions wait upon, must alike be apotheosised in liquor. A rough-hewn statesman is toasted at, and drank at, to his face, in one place, while his boisterous adversary sits through the same mummery in another. Here, in their brimming glasses, the adherents of some successful candidate mingle their congratulations, and there, in like manner, the partisans of his defeated rival forget their chagrin. Even the great day of national emancipation is, with too many, only a great day of drinking, and the proud song of deliverance is trolled from the lips of those, who are bending body and soul to a viler thralldom than that from which their fathers rescued them.

I need not swell the catalogue—it were a shorter task to tell where liquors do not abound, than where they do. And all these things would only wake a smile, but that their consequences make us sad, and ought to make us wise. Is it not here that the mischief we mourn over begins?—and, if so, ought not the reformation to begin here also? Look back to the days of childhood. Call up round you the little groups that made your young hours happy. Follow them along, from year to year, as you and they grew older. Remember how this one and that one, the generous and the gifted, dropped off from your sides into the grave. Did not intemperance drag them down?—and was it not amid the innocent recreations of society that they were first ensnared? Cannot many a parent, many a wife, many a husband, here find the source of days and nights of anguish? May we not select some youthful victim of excess, and trace him back, step by step, to these *harmless* indulgences—these *innocent* recreations? Have we not seen

“The young disease, that must subdue at length,

“Grow with *their* growth, and strengthen with *their* strength?”

Could he repeat—alas! he cannot—his mind is sunk in his body’s defilement—but *could* he for a moment shake off his lethargy, and repeat to us the story of his errors, as faithfully as he *looks* their odious consequences, he would tell us that to the *innocent* enjoyments of hospitality and festivity he owes his ruin—that the *warranted* indulgences of convivial

life led the way to the habitual debauch, which has finally set upon him the seal whereby all men may know the drunkard. He would tell us that he was once worthy of a happier destiny—that he stepped on life's pathway, rejoicing in purity and hope—that he was blessed with a frame for vigorous action, and a heart for the world's endearing charities—that his eye loved the beauties of nature, and his spirit adored the goodness of nature's God. \ But he would tell us, that, in an evil hour, he found he had fallen, even before he knew he was in danger—that the customs of society had first enticed him, and then unfitted him for its duties—that the wreaths they had insidiously flung round him hardened to fetters, and he could not shake them off. He would tell us that over the first discovery of his fatal lapse, his alarmed parents wept, and he mingled his tears with theirs—that, as he grew more unguarded in his offence, they raised the angry voice of reproof, and he braved it in sullen silence—that, as he became still more vile and brutish, kindred and friend turned their cold eyes away from him, and his expiring shame felt a guilty relief. \ He would tell us, that, at length, just not hated, he has reached the lowest point of living degradation—that in his hours of frenzy he is locked up in the receptacle for the infamous, and in his lucid intervals let out, a moving beacon to warn the virtuous.—Could he anticipate the end of his unhappy story, he might tell us that yet a little while, and his short and wretched career will be ended—that the father, who hung over his cradle, weaving bright visions of his son's future greatness, will feel a dreadful satisfaction as he gazes upon him in his coffin—that the mother, who lulled him to sleep on her bosom, and joyed to watch his waking, will not dare to murmur that the sleep has come upon him, out of which, on earth, he will never awake—that the grave will be gladly made ready to receive him—that as, “while living,” he forfeited “fair renown,” so, “doubly dying,” he must

“ Go down  
 “ To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
 “ Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”

## LESSON CLXV.

*Hagar in the Wilderness.*—WILLIS.

THE morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds  
 With a strange beauty. Earth received again  
 Its garment of a thousand dyes ; and leaves,



And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,  
And every thing that bendeth to the dew,  
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up  
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow ; and the light,  
And melody, and fragrant air, were sad  
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth  
Was pouring odours from its spicy pores,  
And the young birds were carolling as life  
Were a new thing to them ; but oh ! it came  
Upon her heart like discord, and she felt  
How cruelly it tries a broken heart,  
To see a mirth in any thing it loves.  
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed  
Till the blood left them ; and the wandering veins  
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out  
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye  
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,  
Which made its language legible, shot back  
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.  
Her noble boy stood by her with his hand  
Clasped in her own, and his round, delicate feet,  
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,  
Sandal'd for journeying. He had looked up  
Into his mother's face, until he caught  
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling  
Beneath his snowy bosom, and his form  
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,  
As if his light proportions would have swelled,  
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now  
Upon his staff so wearily ? His beard  
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,  
So written with the converse of his God,  
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.  
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step  
Of vigour is not there ; and, though the morn  
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes  
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.  
Oh ! man may bear with suffering ; his heart  
Is a strong thing, and godlike, in the grasp  
Of pain that wrings mortality : but tear  
One cord affection clings to, break one tie  
That binds him to a woman's delicate love,  
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread,  
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself  
To look upon her face, but laid his hand  
In silent blessing on the fair-haired boy,  
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,  
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,  
Bend lightly to her tendencies again?  
Oh no! by all her loveliness,—by all  
That makes life poetry and beauty—no!  
Make her a slave—steal from her rosy cheek  
By needless jealousies—let the last star  
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain—  
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all  
That makes her cup a bitterness,—yet give  
One evidence of love, and earth has not  
An emblem of devotedness like hers.  
But oh! estrange her once—it boots not how—  
By wrong or silence, any thing that tells  
A change has come upon your tenderness,  
And there is not a high thing out of heaven  
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step, and slow;  
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed,  
As it had been a diamond, and her form  
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.  
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed  
His hand till it was pained; for he had caught,  
As I have said, her spirit, and the seed  
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning passed, and Asia's sun rode up  
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.  
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,  
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay  
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.  
It was an hour of rest; but Hagar found  
No shelter in the wilderness, and on  
She kept her weary way until the boy  
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips  
For water—but she could not give it him.  
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,—  
For it was better than the close, hot breath  
Of the thick pines,—and tried to comfort him.  
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes  
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know  
Why God denied him water in the wild.

She sat a little longer, and he grew  
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.  
It was too much for her. She lifted him,  
And bore him farther on, and laid his head  
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub ;  
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,  
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,  
Till he should die,—and watching him she mourned :—

“ God stay thee in thine agony, my boy !  
I cannot see thee die ; I cannot brook  
Upon thy brow to look,  
And see death settle on my cradle joy.  
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye !  
And could I see thee die ?

“ I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,  
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers,—  
Or wearing rosy hours,  
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,—  
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,  
So beautiful and deep :—

“ Oh no ! and when I watched by thee the while,  
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,  
And thought of the dark stream  
In my own land of Egypt, the deep Nile,—  
How prayed I that my fathers' land might be  
A heritage for thee.

“ And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,  
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press ;  
And oh ! my last caress  
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee  
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there  
Upon his clustering hair !”

She stood beside the well her God had given  
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed  
The forehead of her child until he laughed  
In his reviving happiness, and lisped  
His infant thought of gladness at the sight  
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

## LESSON CLXVI.

*State of Navigation in the most ancient Times.*—ROBERTSON.

AMONG all the nations of antiquity the structure of their vessels was extremely rude, and their method of working them very defective. They were unacquainted with some of the great principles and operations in navigation, which are now considered as the first elements on which that science is founded. Though that property of the magnet, by which it attracts iron, was well known to the ancients, its more important and amazing virtue of pointing to the poles had entirely escaped their observation. Destitute of this faithful guide, which now conducts the pilot with so much certainty in the unbounded ocean, during the darkness of night, and when the heavens are covered with clouds, the ancients had no other method of regulating their course than by observing the sun and stars. Their navigation was, of consequence, uncertain and timid. They durst seldom quit sight of land, but crept along the coast, exposed to all the dangers, and retarded by all the obstructions, unavoidable in holding such an awkward course. An incredible length of time was requisite for performing voyages, which are now finished in a short space. Even in the mildest climates, and in seas the least tempestuous, it was only during the summer months that the ancients ventured out of their harbours. The remainder of the year was lost in inactivity. It would have been deemed most inconsiderate rashness to have braved the fury of the winds and waves during winter.

While both the science and practice of navigation continued to be so defective, it was an undertaking of no small difficulty and danger to visit any remote region of the earth. Under every disadvantage, however, the active spirit of commerce exerted itself. The Egyptians, soon after the establishment of their monarchy, are said to have opened a trade between the Arabian Gulf, or Red Sea, and the western coast of the great Indian continent. The commodities, which they imported from the east, were carried by land from the Arabian Gulf to the banks of the Nile, and conveyed down that river to the Mediterranean.

But if the Egyptians in early times applied themselves to commerce, their attention to it was of short duration. The fertile soil and mild climate of Egypt produced the necessities and comforts of life with such profusion as rendered its inhabitants so independent of other countries, that it be-



came an established maxim among that people, whose ideas and institutions differed in almost every point from those of other nations, to renounce all intercourse with foreigners. In consequence of this, they never went out of their own country; they held all seafaring persons in detestation, as impious and profane; and, fortifying their own harbours, they denied strangers admittance into them; and it was in the decline of their power, that they again opened their ports, and resumed any communication with foreigners.

The character and situation of the Phenicians were as favourable to the spirit of commerce and discovery as those of the Egyptians were averse to it. They had no distinguishing peculiarity in their manners and institutions; they were not addicted to any singular and unsocial form of superstition; they could mingle with other nations without scruple or reluctance. The territory which they possessed was neither large nor fertile. Commerce was the only source from which they could derive opulence or power. Accordingly, the trade carried on by the Phenicians of Sidon and Tyre, was more extensive and enterprising than that of any state in the ancient world. The genius of the Phenicians, as well as the object of their policy and the spirit of their laws, were entirely commercial. They were a people of merchants, who aimed at the empire of the sea, and actually possessed it. Their ships not only frequented all the ports in the Mediterranean, but they were the first who ventured beyond the ancient boundaries of navigation, and, passing the Straits of Gades, visited the western coasts of Spain and Africa.

In many of the places to which they resorted they planted colonies, and communicated to the rude inhabitants some knowledge of their arts and improvements. While they extended their discoveries towards the north and the west, they did not neglect to penetrate into the more opulent and fertile regions of the south and east. Having rendered themselves masters of several commodious harbours towards the bottom of the Arabian Gulf, they, after the example of the Egyptians, established a regular intercourse with Arabia and the continent of India on the one hand, and with the eastern coast of Africa on the other. From these countries they imported many valuable commodities unknown to the rest of the world, and, during a long period, engrossed that lucrative branch of commerce without a rival.

## LESSON CLXVII.

*The first Landing of Columbus in America.—IBID.*

THE presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising, that Columbus deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and, during the night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that, on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch, lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after mid-night the joyful sound of *Land! land!* was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited, in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience, for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned,\* all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island† was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to

\* Friday, October 12, 1492.

† Called afterwards by Columbus San Salvador. It is one of the Bahama Isles

God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation.

This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe, in acts of this kind, in their new discoveries.

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### LESSON CLXVIII.

#### *Anecdote of King Alfred.*—HUME.

ALFRED had reduced his enemies, the Danes, to the utmost extremity. He hearkened, however, to new proposals of peace; and was satisfied to stipulate with them, that they would settle somewhere in England, and would not permit the entrance of more ravagers into the kingdom. But, while he was expecting the execution of this treaty, which it seemed the interest of the Danes themselves to fulfil, he heard that another body had landed, and, having collected all the

scattered troops of their countrymen, had surprised Chippenham, then a considerable town, and were exercising their usual ravages all around them.

This last incident quite broke the spirit of the Saxons, and reduced them to despair. Finding that, after all the miserable havoc which they had undergone in their persons and in their property; after all the vigorous actions which they had exerted in their own defence, a new band, equally greedy of spoil and slaughter, had disembarked among them; they believed themselves abandoned by Heaven to destruction, and delivered over to those swarms of robbers, which the fertile north thus incessantly poured forth against them. Some left their country, and retired into Wales, or fled beyond sea: others submitted to the conquerors, in hopes of appeasing their fury by a servile obedience. And, every man's attention being now engrossed in concern for his own preservation, no one would hearken to the exhortations of the king, who summoned them to make, under his conduct, one effort more in defence of their prince, their country, and their liberties.

Alfred himself was obliged to relinquish the ensigns of his dignity, to dismiss his servants, and to seek shelter, in the meanest disguises, from the pursuit and fury of his enemies. He concealed himself under a peasant's habit, and lived some time in the house of a neat-herd, who had been intrusted with the care of some of his cows. There passed here an incident, which has been recorded by all the historians, and was long preserved by popular tradition; though it contains nothing memorable in itself, except so far as every circumstance is interesting, which attends so much virtue and dignity reduced to such distress. The wife of the neat-herd was ignorant of the condition of her royal guest; and, observing him one day busy, by the fireside, in trimming his bow and arrows, she desired him to take care of some cakes which were toasting, while she was employed elsewhere in other domestic affairs. But Alfred, whose thoughts were otherwise engaged, neglected this injunction; and the good woman, on her return, finding her cakes all burnt, rated the king very severely, and upbraided him, that he always seemed very well pleased to eat her warm cakes, though he was thus negligent in toasting them.

By degrees, Alfred, as he found the search of the enemy become more remiss, collected some of his retainers, and retired into the centre of a bog, formed by the stagnating waters of the Thone and Parret, in Somersetshire. He here found two acres of firm ground; and, building a habitation on them, rendered himself secure by its fortifications,



and still more by the unknown and inaccessible roads which led to it, and by the forests and morasses with which it was every way environed. This place he called Ethelingay, or the Isle of Nobles; and it now bears the name of Athelney.

Alfred lay here concealed, but not inactive, during a twelvemonth; when the news of a prosperous event reached his ears, and called him to the field. He left his retreat; but, before he would assemble his subjects in arms, or urge them to any attempt, which, if unfortunate, might, in their present despondency, prove fatal, he resolved to inspect himself the situation of the enemy, and to judge of the probability of success. For this purpose he entered their camp under the disguise of a harper, and passed, unsuspected, through every quarter. He so entertained them with his music and facetious humours, that he met with a welcome reception; and was even introduced to the tent of Guthrum, their prince, where he remained some days. He remarked the supine security of the Danes, their contempt of the English, their negligence in foraging and plundering, and their dissolute wasting of what they gained by rapine and violence. Encouraged by these favourable appearances, he secretly sent emissaries to the most considerable of his subjects, and summoned them to a rendezvous, attended by their warlike followers, at Brixton, on the borders of Selwood forest.

At the appointed day, the English joyfully resorted to their prince. On his appearance, they received him with shouts of applause; and could not satiate their eyes with the sight of this beloved monarch, whom they had long regarded as dead, and who now, with voice and looks expressing his confidence of success, called them to liberty and to vengeance. He instantly conducted them to Eddington, where the Danes were encamped; and, taking advantage of his previous knowledge of the place, he directed his attack against the most unguarded quarter of the enemy. The Danes, surprised to see an army of English, whom they considered as totally subdued, and still more astonished to hear that Alfred was at their head, made but a faint resistance, notwithstanding their superiority of number, and were soon put to flight with great slaughter. The remainder of the routed army, with their prince, was besieged by Alfred in a fortified camp to which they fled; but, being reduced to extremity by want and hunger, they had recourse to the clemency of the victor, and offered to submit on any conditions. The king, no less generous than brave, gave them their lives; and even formed a scheme for converting them, from mortal enemies, into faithful subjects and confederates.

## LESSON CLXIX.

*Friendship.*—ROBERT BLAIR.

FRIENDSHIP ! mysterious cement of the soul,  
 Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society,  
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me  
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.  
 Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,  
 And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,  
 Anxious to please.—Oh ! when my friend and I  
 In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,  
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down  
 Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,  
 Where the pure, limpid stream has slid along  
 In grateful errors through the underwood,  
 Sweet murmuring ; methought the shrill-tongued thrush  
 Mended his song of love ; the sooty blackbird  
 Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note :  
 The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose  
 Assumed a die more deep ; whilst ev'ry flower  
 Vied with its fellow plant in luxury  
 Of dress.—Oh ! then, the longest summer's day  
 Seemed too, too much in haste : still the full heart  
 Had not imparted half : 'twas happiness  
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,  
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance !



## LESSON CLXX.

*The Garden of Hope.*—JOHNSON.

I WAS musing on the strange inclination which every man feels to deceive himself, and considering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay prospect of futurity, when, falling asleep, on a sudden I found myself placed in a garden, of which my sight could descry no limits. Every scene about me was gay and gladsome, light with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes ; the ground was painted with all the variety of spring, and all the choir of nature was singing in the groves.

When I had recovered from the first raptures, with which the confusion of pleasure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifica-

tions to expect, and that, at a small distance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all their power of melody. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure, and fragrant with blossoms; but I was tempted to leave them by the sight of ripe fruits, which seemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked hastily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it, the birds flew still singing before me, and, though I pressed onward with great celerity, I was still in sight of pleasures of which I could not yet gain the possession, and which seemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

Though I was confounded with so many alternations of joy and grief, I yet persisted to go forward, in hopes that these fugitive delights would, in time, be overtaken. At length I saw an innumerable multitude of every age and sex, who seemed all to partake of some general felicity; for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with eagerness; yet each appeared to have some particular and secret pleasure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themselves. Most of them seemed, by the rapidity of their motion, too busy to gratify the curiosity of a stranger, and, therefore, I was content for a while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troublesome inquiries.

But seeing a young man, gay and thoughtless, I resolved to accost him, and was informed that I was in the garden of HOPE, the daughter of DESIRE, and that all those, whom I saw thus tumultuously bustling round me, were incited by the promises of Hope, and hastening to seize the gifts which she held in her hand.

I turned my sight upward, and saw a goddess in the bloom of youth sitting on a throne: around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the blessings of life were spread abroad to view; she had a perpetual gayety of aspect, and every one imagined that her smile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himself, and triumphed in his own superiority to others, who had conceived the same confidence from the same mistake.

I then mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extensive view of the whole place, and could with less perplexity consider the different conduct of the crowds that filled it. From this station I observed that the entrance into the garden of Hope was by two gates, one of which

was kept by REASON, and the other by FANCY. Reason was surly and scrupulous, and seldom turned the key without many interrogatories and long hesitation : but Fancy was a kind and gentle portress ; she held her gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the district under her superintendency ; so that the passage was crowded by all those who either feared the examination of Reason, or had been rejected by her.

From the gate of Reason there was a way to the throne of Hope, by a craggy, slippery, and winding path, called the *Strait of Difficulty*, which those who entered with permission of the guard endeavoured to climb. But, though they surveyed the way very carefully before they began to rise, and marked out the several stages of their progress, they commonly found unexpected obstacles, and were obliged frequently to stop on the sudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thousand intricacies embarrassed them, a thousand slips threw them back, and a thousand pitfalls impeded their advance. So formidable were the dangers, and so frequent the miscarriages, that many returned from the first attempt, and many fainted in the midst of the way, and only a very small number were led up to the summit of Hope, by the hand of Fortitude. Of these few, the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which Hope had promised them, regretted the labour which it cost, and felt in their success the regret of disappointment ; the rest retired with their prize, and were led by Wisdom to the bowers of Content.

Turning then towards the gate of Fancy, I could find no way to the seat of Hope ; but though she sat full in view, and held out her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that side, inaccessibly steep, but so channelled and shaded, that none perceived the impossibility of ascending it, but each imagined himself to have discovered a way to which the rest were strangers. Many expedients were indeed tried by this industrious tribe, of whom some were making themselves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But with all their labour, and all their artifices, they never rose above the ground, or quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of Hope, but continued still to gaze at a distance, and laughed at the slow progress of those whom they saw toiling in the *Strait of Difficulty*.

Part of the favourites of Fancy, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the rest, an attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the Vale of Idleness, a



calm and undisturbed retirement, from whence they could always have Hope in prospect, and to which they pleased themselves with believing that she intended speedily to descend. These were indeed scorned by all the rest; but they seemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were resolved to expect at ease the favour of the goddess.

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to answer all my questions, and willing to communicate their mirth: but, turning round, I saw two dreadful monsters entering the vale: one of them I knew to be Age, and the other Want. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and a universal shriek of affright and distress burst out and awaked me.

### LESSON CLXXI.

#### *The Character of Pope as a Poet.—IBID.*

Of the intellectual character of Pope, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He saw immediately, of his own conceptions, what was to be chosen, and what to be rejected; and, in the works of others, what was to be shunned, and what was to be copied.

But good sense alone is a sedate and quiescent quality, which manages its possessions well, but does not increase them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preserves safety, but never gains supremacy. Pope had likewise genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring; in its widest searches still longing to go forward, in its highest flights still wishing to be higher; always imagining something greater than it knows, always endeavouring more than it can do.

To assist these powers, he is said to have had great strength and exactness of memory. That which he had heard or read was not easily lost; and he had before him not only what his own meditations suggested, but what he had found in other writers that might be accommodated to his present purpose.

These benefits of nature he improved by incessant and unwearied diligence; he had recourse to every source of intelligence, and lost no opportunity of information; he consulted the living as well as the dead; he read his compositions to his friends; and was never content with mediocrity, when excellence could be attained. He considered poetry as the business of his life; and, however he might seem to lament

his occupation, he followed it with constancy ; to make verses was his first labour, and to mend them was his last.

From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered any thing that could be improved, he committed it to paper ; if a thought, or perhaps an expression, more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it ; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion ; and some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time.

He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure : he was never elevated to negligence, nor wearied to impatience ; he never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair. He laboured his works first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it.

Of composition there are different methods. Some employ at once memory and invention, and, with little intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses by continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them. It is related of Virgil, that his custom was to pour out a great number of verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching exuberances, and correcting inaccuracies. The method of Pope, as may be collected from his translations, was to write his first thoughts in his first words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them.

With such faculties, and such dispositions, he excelled every other writer in poetical prudence : he wrote in such a manner as might expose him to few hazards. He used almost always the same fabric of verse ; and, indeed, by those few essays which he made of any other, he did not enlarge his reputation. Of this uniformity the certain consequence was readiness and dexterity. By perpetual practice, language had, in his mind, a systematical arrangement ; having always the same use for words, he had words so selected and combined as to be ready at his call.

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## LESSON CLXXII.

*The Dependence of God's Creatures on each other.*—POPE

HERE then we rest ; " the Universal Cause  
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."  
In all the madness of superfluous health,  
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,

Let this great truth be present night and day ;  
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world ; behold the chain of love  
Combining all below and all above.  
See plastic nature working to this end,  
The single atoms each to other tend,  
Attract, attracted to, the next in place  
Formed and impelled its neighbour to embrace.  
See matter next, with various life endued,  
Press to one centre still, the general good.  
See dying vegetables life sustain ;  
See life, dissolving, vegetate again :  
All forms that perish other forms supply,  
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,)  
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,  
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.  
Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;  
One all-extending, all-preserving soul  
Connects each being, greatest with the least ;  
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;  
All served, all serving ; nothing stands alone ;  
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! worked solely for thy good,  
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?  
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,  
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn :  
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?  
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.  
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?  
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.  
The bounding steed you pompously bestride  
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.  
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?  
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.  
Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?  
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :  
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,  
Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;  
The fur that warms a monarch warmed a bear.  
While man exclaims, " See all things for my use !"  
" See man for mine !" replies a pampered goose :  
And just as short of reason he must fall,  
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

## LESSON CLXXIII.

*Villa of a tasteless rich Man.—IBID.*

AT Timon's villa let us pass a day,  
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"  
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,  
Soft and agreeable come never there.  
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught  
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.  
To compass this, his building is a town,  
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:  
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,  
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!  
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!  
The whole a laboured quarry above ground.  
Two Cupids squirt before; a lake behind  
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.  
His gardens next your admiration call;  
On every side you look, behold the wall!  
No pleasing intricacies intervene,  
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;  
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,  
And half the platform just reflects the other.  
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,  
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;  
With here a fountain, never to be played,  
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;  
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers:  
There gladiators fight, or die in flowers:  
Unwatered see the drooping sea-horse mourn,  
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.



## LESSON CLXXIV.

*Virtue alone is the Foundation of Happiness.—IBID.*

SEE the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!  
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:  
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,  
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;  
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
But looks through nature up to nature's God;  
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,  
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;



Sees, that no being any bliss can know,  
 But touches some above and some below ;  
 Learns from this union of the rising whole  
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;  
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,  
 All end in love of God, and love of man.  
 For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,  
 And opens still, and opens on his soul :  
 Till, lengthened on to Faith, and unconfined,  
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.  
 He sees why nature plants in man alone  
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :  
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind  
 Are given in vain, but what they seek they find :)  
 Wise is her present ; she connects in this  
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ;  
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest ;  
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love, thus pushed to social, to divine,  
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.  
 Is this too little for the boundless heart ?  
 Extend it ; let thy enemies have part.  
 Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,  
 In one close system of benevolence :  
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,  
 And height of bliss but height of charity.

### LESSON CLXXV.

*The Weakness of indulging a Belief in Apparitions.*—ADDISON.

AT a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that, when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms,\* feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted ; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that

\* Psal. cxlvii. 9.

one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head; to which he added, that, about a month ago, one of the maids, coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder-bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that, if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance. "The ideas of goblins and sprights have really no more to do with darkness than light: yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without a head: and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend, Sir Roger, has often told me, with a great deal of mirth, that, at his first coming to his estate, he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in

it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The knight, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother, ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room, one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

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## LESSON CLXXVI.

*On the Immortality of the Soul.—IBID.*

THE course of my last speculation led me insensibly into a subject upon which I always meditate with great delight—I mean the immortality of the soul. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn,

First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality, which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom and veracity are all concerned in this great point.

But, among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry

a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and, were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the beginning of her inquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

—————Heir crowds on heir, as in a rolling flood  
Wave urges wave.

CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs, and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?



There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is; nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines, that may draw nearer to another, for all eternity, without a possibility of touching it:\* and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness!

\* Those lines are what the geometricians call the asymptotes of the hyperbola, and the allusion to them here is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful that has ever been made.

## LESSON CLXXVII.

*London, after the great Fire of 1666.*—DRYDEN.

METHINKS already from this chymic flame,  
I see a city of more precious mould ;  
Rich as the town which gives the Indias name,  
With silver paved, and all divine with gold.  
Already, labouring with a mighty fate,  
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,  
And seems to have renewed her charter's date,  
Which Heaven will to the death of Time allow.  
More great than human now, and more august,  
Now deified she from her fires does rise :  
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,  
And opening into larger parts she flies.  
Before, she like some shepherdess did show,  
Who sat to bathe her by a river's side ;  
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,  
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.  
Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold,  
From her high turrets, hourly suitors come ;  
The East with incense, and the West with gold,  
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.  
The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,  
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train ;  
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,  
With longing eyes to meet her face again.  
The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,  
The glory of their towns no more shall boast,  
And Seyne, that would with Belgian rivers join,  
Shall find her lustre stained, and traffic lost.  
The venturous merchant, who designed more far,  
And touches on our hospitable shore,  
Charmed with the splendour of this northern star,  
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

## LESSON CLXXVIII.

*Need of the Christian Revelation.*—LOCKE.

NEXT to the knowledge of one God, Maker of all things,  
“a clear knowledge of their duty was wanting to mankind.”

This part of knowledge, though cultivated with some care by some of the heathen philosophers, yet got little footing among the people. All men, indeed, under pain of displeasing the gods, were to frequent the temples : every one went to their sacrifices and services : but the priests made it not their business to teach them virtue. If they were diligent in their observations and ceremonies ; punctual in their feasts and solemnities, and the tricks of religion ; the holy tribe assured them the gods were pleased, and they looked no farther. Few went to the schools of the philosophers to be instructed in their duties, and to know what was good and evil in their actions. Lustrations and processions were much easier than a clean conscience, and a steady course of virtue ; and an expiatory sacrifice, that atoned for the want of it, was much more convenient than a strict and holy life.

No wonder, then, that religion was every where distinguished from, and preferred to virtue ; and that it was dangerous heresy and profaneness to think the contrary. So much virtue as was necessary to hold societies together, and to contribute to the quiet of governments, the civil laws of commonwealths taught, and forced upon men that lived under magistrates. But these laws being, for the most part, made by such, who had no other aims but their own power, reached no farther than those things that would serve to tie men together in subjection ; or, at most, were directly to conduce to the prosperity and temporal happiness of any people.

But natural religion, in its full extent, was no where, that I know, taken care of by the force of natural reason. It should seem, by the little that has hitherto been done in it, that it is too hard a task for unassisted reason to establish morality in all its parts, upon its true foundation, with a clear and convincing light. And it is at least a surer and shorter way, to the apprehensions of the vulgar, and mass of mankind, that one manifestly sent from God, and coming with visible authority from him, should, as a king and law-maker, tell them their duties, and require their obedience, than leave it to the long, and sometimes intricate deductions of reason, to be made out to them.

Such trains of reasoning the greatest part of mankind have neither leisure to weigh, nor, for want of education and use, skill to judge of. We see how unsuccessful in this the attempts of philosophers were before our Saviour's time. How short their several systems came of the perfection of a true and complete morality, is very visible. And if, since

that, the Christian philosophers have much outdone them, yet we may observe, that the first knowledge of the truths they have added is owing to revelation ; though, as soon as they are heard and considered, they are found to be agreeable to reason, and such as can by no means be contradicted. Every one may observe a great many truths, which he receives at first from others, and readily assents to, as consonant to reason, which he would have found it hard, and perhaps beyond his strength, to have discovered himself.

Native and original truth is not so easily wrought out of the mine, as we, who have it delivered already dug and fashioned into our hands, are apt to imagine. And how often at fifty or threescore years old are thinking men told what they wonder how they could miss thinking of ; which yet their own contemplations did not, and possibly never would have helped them to.

Experience shows, that the knowledge of morality, by mere natural light, (how agreeable soever it be to it,) makes but a slow progress, and little advance in the world. And the reason of it is not hard to be found in men's necessities, passions, vices, and mistaken interests, which turn their thoughts another way : and the designing leaders, as well as following herd, find it not to their purpose to employ much of their meditations this way. Or, whatever else was the cause, it is plain, in fact, that human reason, unassisted, failed men in its great and proper business of morality. It never, from unquestionable principles, by clear deductions, made out an entire body of the "law of nature." And he that shall collect all the moral rules of the philosophers, and compare them with those contained in the New Testament, will find them to come short of the morality delivered by our Saviour, and taught by his apostles ; a college made up, for the most part, of ignorant, but inspired fishermen.

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## LESSON CLXXIX.

*Truth better than Dissimulation.*—TILLOTSON.

TRUTH and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better ; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to ? for to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he



would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for, where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out, and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it; and, because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and, whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business ; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over ; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted, perhaps, when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast ; and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds, the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs : these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect : they cannot see so far as to the remotest consequence of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance, more effectually, their own interests ; and, therefore, the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concerns of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw : but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions ; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end : all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

## LESSON CLXXX.

*The Lady's Looking-Glass.*—PRIOR.

CELIA and I the other day  
Walked o'er the sand-hills to the sea ;  
The setting sun adorned the coast,  
His beams entire, his fierceness lost :  
And, on the surface of the deep,  
The winds lay only not asleep :  
The nymph did, like the scene, appear  
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair :  
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.  
With secret joy I heard her say,  
That she would never miss one day  
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change ! the winds grow high ;  
Impending tempests charge the sky ;  
The lightning flies, the thunder roars,  
And big waves lash the frightened shores.  
Struck with the horror of the sight,  
She turns her head, and wings her flight ;  
And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again  
Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more, at least, look back, said I,  
Thyself in that large glass descry :  
When thou art in good humour dressed ;  
When gentle reason rules thy breast ;  
The sun upon the calmest sea  
Appears not half so bright as thee :  
'Tis then that with delight I rove  
Upon the boundless depth of love :  
I bless my chain, I hand my oar,  
Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubt and groundless fear  
Do that dear, foolish bosom tear ;  
When the big lip and watery eye  
Tell me the rising storm is nigh ;  
'Tis then thou art yon angry main,  
Deformed by winds, and dashed by rain ,  
And the poor sailor, that must try  
Its fury, labours less than I.

## LESSON CLXXXI.

*The Learning of Sir Hudibras.*—SAMUEL BUTLER.

He was in logic a great critic,  
 Profoundly skilled in analytic :  
 He could distinguish, and divide  
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;  
 On either which he would dispute,  
 Confute, change hands, and still confute :  
 He'd undertake to prove, by force  
 Of argument, a man's no horse ;  
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
 And that a lord may be an owl,  
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,  
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.  
 He'd run in debt by disputation,  
 And pay with ratiocination :  
 All this by syllogism true,  
 In mood and figure he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope  
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope :  
 And when he happened to break off  
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,  
 H' had hard words ready to show why,  
 And tell what rules he did it by ;  
 Else when with greatest art he spoke,  
 You'd think he talked like other folk ;  
 For all a rhetorician's rules  
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.

But, when he pleased to show't, his speech,  
 In loftiness of sound was rich ;  
 A Babylonish dialect,  
 Which learned pedants much affect ;  
 It was a party-coloured dress  
 Of patched and piebald languages ;  
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,  
 Like fustian, heretofore, on satin ;  
 It had an odd, promiscuous tone,  
 As if h' had talked three parts in one ;  
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,  
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,  
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce  
 A leash of languages at once.

This he as volubly would vent,  
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent :



And, truly, to support that charge,  
 He had supplies as vast and large ;  
 For he could coin or counterfeit  
 New words, with little or no wit ;  
 Words so debased and hard, no stone  
 Was hard enough to touch them on ;  
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,  
 The ignorant for current took 'em ;  
 That, had the orator, who once  
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones  
 When he harangued, but known his phrase,  
 He would have used no other ways.

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## LESSON CLXXXII.

*On Peace.*—CLARENDON.

IT was a very proper answer to him who asked, why any man should be delighted with beauty, that it was a question that none but a blind man could ask ; since any beautiful object doth so much attract the sight of all men, that it is in no man's power not to be pleased with it. Nor can any aversion or malignity towards the object irreconcile the eyes from looking upon it : as a man who hath an envenomed and mortal hatred against another, who hath a most graceful and beautiful person, cannot hinder his eye from being delighted to behold that person ; though that delight is far from going to the heart ; as no man's malice towards an excellent musician can keep his ear from being pleased with his music.

Peace is that harmony in the state, that health is in the body. No honour, no profit, no plenty can make him happy, who is sick with a fever in his blood, and with defluctions and aches in his joints and bones ; but health restored gives a relish to the other blessings, and is very merry without them : no kingdom can flourish or be at ease, in which there is no peace ; which only makes men dwell at home, and enjoy the labour of their own hands, and improve all the advantages which the air, and the climate, and the soil, administer to them ; and all which yield no comfort, where there is no peace.

God himself reckons health the greatest blessing he can bestow upon mankind, and peace the greatest comfort and ornament he can confer upon states ; which are a multitude of men gathered together. It was the highest aggravation that the prophet could find out in the description of the great-

est wickedness, that "the way of peace they knew not;" and the greatest punishment of all their crookedness and perverseness was, that "they should not know peace." A greater curse cannot befall the most wicked nation, than to be deprived of peace. There is nothing of real and substantial comfort in this world, but what is the product of peace; and whatsoever we may lawfully and innocently take delight in, is the fruit and effect of peace. The solemn service of God, and performing our duty to him in the exercise of regular devotion, which is the greatest business of our life, and in which we ought to take most delight, is the issue of peace.

War breaks all that order, interrupts all that devotion, and even extinguisheth all that zeal, which peace had kindled in us; lays waste the dwelling-place of God as well as of man; and introduces and propagates opinions and practice, as much against heaven as against earth, and erects a deity that delights in nothing but cruelty and blood.

Are we pleased with the enlarged commerce and society of large and opulent cities, or with the retired pleasures of the country? do we love stately palaces, and noble houses, or take delight in pleasant groves and woods, or fruitful gardens, which teach and instruct Nature to produce and bring forth more fruits, and flowers, and plants, than her own store can supply her with? All this we owe to peace; and the dissolution of this peace disfigures all this beauty, and in a short time covers and buries all this order and delight in ruin and rubbish.

Finally, have we any content, satisfaction, and joy, in the conversation of each other, in the knowledge and understanding of those arts and sciences, which more adorn mankind than all those buildings and plantations do the fields and grounds on which they stand? Even this is the blessed effect and legacy of peace; and war lays our natures and manners as waste as our gardens and our habitations; and we can as easily preserve the beauty of the one, as the integrity of the other, under the jurisdiction of drums and trumpets.

"If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men," was one of the primitive injunctions of Christianity, and comprehends not only particular and private men, (though no doubt all gentle and peaceable natures are most capable of Christian precepts, and most affected with them,) but kings and princes themselves. St. Paul knew well, that the peaceable inclinations and dispositions of subjects could do little good, if the sovereign princes were disposed to war;

but if they desire to live peaceably with their neighbours, their subjects cannot but be happy.

And the pleasure that God himself takes in that temper, needs no other manifestation than the promise our Saviour makes to those who contribute towards it, in his sermon upon the mount: "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Peace must needs be very acceptable to him, when the instruments towards it are crowned with such a full measure of blessing; and it is no hard matter to guess whose children they are, who take all the pains they can to deprive the world of peace, and to subject it to the rage, and fury, and desolation of war.

If we had not the woful experience of so many hundred years, we should hardly think it possible, that men, who pretend to embrace the gospel of peace, should be so unconcerned in the obligation and effects of it; and, when God looks upon it as the greatest blessing he can pour down upon the heads of those who please him best, and observe his commands, "I will give peace in the land, and ye shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid," that men study nothing more than how to throw off and deprive themselves and others of this his precious bounty; as if we were void of natural reason, as well as without the elements of religion: for nature itself disposes us to a love of society, which cannot be preserved without peace.

A whole city on fire is a spectacle full of horror, but a whole kingdom on fire must be a prospect much more terrible; and such is every kingdom in war, where nothing flourishes but rapine, blood, and murder, and the faces of all men are pale and ghastly, out of the sense of what they have done, or of what they have suffered, or are to endure. The reverse of all this is peace, which in a moment extinguishes all that fire, binds up all the wounds, and restores to all faces their natural vivacity and beauty.



### LESSON CLXXXIII.

*The Reformation.*—MILTON.

To dwell no longer in characterizing the depravities of the church, and how they sprung, and how they took increase; when I recall to mind at last, after so many dark ages, wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the church; how the bright and blissful reformation (by divine power)

struck through the black and settled night of ignorance and antichristian tyranny,—methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears ; and the sweet odour of the returning gospel imbathes his soul with the fragrant of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it, the schools opened, divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues, the princes and cities trooping apace to the new-erected banner of salvation ; the martyrs, with the irresistible might of weakness, shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon.

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#### LESSON CLXXXIV.

*Interesting Notice of our Forefathers.—IBID.*

AMONGST many secondary and accessory causes that support monarchy, these are not of least reckoning, though common to all other states ; the love of the subjects, the multitude and valour of the people, and store of treasure. In all these things hath the kingdom been of late sore weakened, and chiefly by the prelates. First, let any man consider, that if any prince shall suffer under him a commission of authority to be exercised till all the land groan and cry out, as against a whip of scorpions, whether this be not likely to lessen and keel the affections of the subject. Next, what numbers of faithful and freeborn Englishmen, and good Christians, have been constrained to forsake their dearest home, their friends and kindred, whom nothing but the wide ocean, and the savage deserts of America, could hide and shelter from the fury of the bishops !

O, sir, if we could but see the shape of our dear mother England, as poets are wont to give a personal form to what they please, how would she appear, think ye, but in a mourning weed, with ashes upon her head, and tears abundantly flowing from her eyes, to behold so many of her children exposed at once, and thrust from things of dearest necessity, because their conscience could not assent to things which the bishops thought indifferent ! What more binding than conscience ? What more free than indifferency ? Cruel, then, must that indifferency needs be, that shall violate the strict necessity of conscience ; merciless and inhuman that free choice and liberty that shall break asunder the bonds of religion !



Let the astrologer be dismayed at the portentous blaze of comets, and impressions in the air, as foretelling troubles and changes to states: I shall believe there cannot be a more ill-boding sign to a nation (God turn the omen from us!) than when the inhabitants, to avoid insufferable grievances at home, are enforced by heaps to forsake their native country.

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### LESSON CLXXXV.

*Truth and Falsehood disguised by the Passions.*—IBID.

TRUTH, I know not how, hath this unhappiness fatal to her, ere she can come to the trial and inspection of the Understanding: being to pass through many little wards and limits of the several Affections and Desires, she cannot shift it, but must put on such colours and attire as those pathetic handmaids of the Soul please to lead her in to their queen: and, if she find so much favour with them, they let her pass in her own likeness; if not, they bring her into the presence habited and coloured like a notorious Falsehood.

And, contrary, when any Falsehood comes that way, if they like the errand she brings, they are so artful to counterfeit the very shape and visage of Truth, that the Understanding, not being able to discern the colouring which these enchantresses with such cunning have laid upon the feature, sometimes of Truth, sometimes of Falsehood, interchangeably, sentences, for the most part, one for the other at the first blush, according to the subtle imposture of these sensual mistresses, that keep the ports and passages between her and the object.

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### LESSON CLXXXVI.

*Milton's Account of his Blindness, in a Letter to Leonard Philara, the Athenian; dated, Westminster, September 28, 1654.\**—IBID.

I HAVE always been devotedly attached to the literature of Greece, and particularly to that of your Athens; and have never ceased to cherish the persuasion that that city would one day make me ample recompense for the warmth of my regard. The ancient genius of your renowned country has

\* This letter is translated from the Latin, in Symmons' edition of Milton's Prose Works.

favoured the completion of my prophecy in presenting me with your friendship and esteem. Though I was known to you only by my writings, and we were removed to such a distance from each other, you most courteously addressed me by letter; and when you unexpectedly came to London, and saw me, who could no longer see, my affliction, which causes none to regard me with greater admiration, and perhaps many even with feelings of contempt, excited your tenderest sympathy and concern. You would not suffer me to abandon the hope of recovering my sight, and informed me that you had an intimate friend at Paris, Doctor Thevenot, who was particularly celebrated in disorders of the eyes, whom you would consult about mine, if I would enable you to lay before him the causes and the symptoms of the complaint. I will do what you desire, lest I should seem to reject that aid which, perhaps, may be offered me by Heaven.

It is now, I think, about ten years since I perceived my vision to grow weak and dull. In the morning, if I began to read, as was my custom, my eyes instantly ached intensely, but were refreshed after a little corporeal exercise. The candle which I looked at seemed as it were encircled with a rainbow. Not long after, the sight in the left part of the left eye (which I lost some years before the other) became quite obscured, and prevented me from discerning any object on that side. The sight in my other eye has now been gradually and sensibly vanishing away for about three years; some months before it had entirely perished, though I stood motionless, every thing which I looked at seemed in motion to and fro. A stiff, cloudy vapour seemed to have settled on my forehead and temples, which usually occasions a sort of somnolent pressure upon my eyes, and particularly from dinner till the evening; so that I often recollect what is said of the poet Phineas in the *Argonautics* :—

A stupor deep his cloudy temples bound,  
And when he walked he seemed as whirling round,  
Or in a feeble trance he speechless lay.

I ought not to omit that, while I had any sight left, as soon as I lay down on my bed, and turned on either side, a flood of light used to gush from my closed eyelids. Then, as my sight became daily more impaired, the colours became more faint, and were emitted with a certain inward, crackling sound; but at present every species of illumination being, as it were, extinguished, there is diffused around me nothing but darkness, or darkness mingled and streaked with an ashy brown. Yet the darkness, in which I am perpetually immersed, seems always, both by night and day, to approach

nearer to white than black, and, when the eye is rolling in its socket, it admits a little particle of light as through a chink.

And, though your physician may kindle a small ray of hope, yet I make up my mind to the malady as quite incurable : and I often reflect, that, as the wise man admonishes, days of darkness are destined to each of us ; the darkness which I experience, less oppressive than that of the tomb, is, owing to the singular goodness of the Deity, passed amid the pursuits of literature and the cheering salutations of friendship. But if, as is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God, why may not any one acquiesce in the privation of his sight, when God has so amply furnished his mind and his conscience with eyes. While he so tenderly provides for me, while he so graciously leads me by the hand, and conducts me on the way, I will, since it is his pleasure, rather rejoice than repine at being blind. And, my dear Philara, whatever may be the event, I wish you adieu, with no less courage and composure than if I had the eyes of a lynx.



## LESSON CLXXXVII.

*Sonnet on his Blindness.*—IBID.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,  
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide ;  
 And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide ;  
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?"  
 I fondly ask : But Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need  
 Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state  
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;  
 They also serve, who only stand and wait."

## LESSON CLXXXVI.

*Adam and Eve commanded by the Archangel Michael to leave Paradise.—IBID.*

HE ended; and the archangel soon drew nigh,  
Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms  
A military vest of purple flowed,  
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain  
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof;  
His starry helm, unbuckled, showed him prime  
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,  
As in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,  
Satan's dire dread; and in his hand the spear.  
Adam bowed low; he, kingly, from his state  
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared:

"Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs:  
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard; and Death,  
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
Defeated of his seizure many days  
Given thee of grace; wherein thou may'st repent,  
And one bad act with many deeds well done  
May'st cover: well may then thy Lord, appeased,  
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;  
But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
Permits not: to remove thee I am come,  
And send thee from the garden forth to till  
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil."

He added not; for Adam, at the news  
Heart-struck, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen  
Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
Discovered soon the place of her retire:

"O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!  
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native soil? these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,  
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!  
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank



Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?  
 Thee, lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorned  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world; to this obscure  
 And wild? How shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?"

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild:  
 "Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
 What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,  
 Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:  
 Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes  
 Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;  
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

Adam, by this from the cold, sudden damp  
 Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,  
 To Michael thus his humble words addressed:

"Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named  
 Of them the highest; for such of shape may seem  
 Prince above princes! gently hast thou told  
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
 And in performing end us; what besides  
 Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,  
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
 Recess, and only consolation left  
 Familiar to our eyes! all places else  
 Inhospitable appear, and desolate;  
 Nor knowing us, nor known: and if, by prayer  
 Incessant, I could hope to change the will  
 Of Him who all things can, I would not cease  
 To weary him with my assiduous cries:  
 But prayer against his absolute decree  
 No more avails than breath against the wind,  
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:  
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
 This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,  
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived  
 His blessed countenance: here I could frequent  
 With worship place by place where he vouchsafed  
 Presence Divine; and to my sons relate,  
 'On this mount he appeared; under this tree  
 Stood visible; among these pines his voice  
 I heard; here with him at this fountain talked:'  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone

Of lustre from the brook, in memory  
 Or monument to ages ; and thereon  
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers :  
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or foot-step trace ?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet, recalled  
 To life prolonged and promised race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory ; and far off his steps adore."

To whom thus Michael with regard benign :  
 " Adam, thou know'st heaven his, and all the earth ;  
 Not this rock only ; his Omnipresence fills  
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,  
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmed :  
 All the earth he gave thee to possess and rule—  
 No despicable gift ; surmise not then  
 His presence to these narrow bounds confined  
 Of Paradise, or Eden : this had been  
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread  
 All generations ; and had hither come  
 From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate  
 And reverence thee, their great progenitor.  
 But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down  
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons :  
 Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain,  
 God is, as here ; and will be found alike  
 Present ; and of his presence many a sign  
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
 With goodness and paternal love, his face  
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.

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### LESSON CLXXXIX.

*Death of Samson. From " Samson Agonistes."—IBID.*

Scene : in Gaza. MANOAH, the father of Samson, and CHORUS are conversing  
 To them enter a MESSENGER.

*Mess.* O WHITHER shall I run, or which way fly  
 The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
 Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold,  
 For dire imagination still pursues me !  
 But providence or instinct of nature seems,  
 Or reason, though disturbed, and scarce consulted,  
 To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
 To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these  
 My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,

As at some distance from the place of horror,  
So in the sad event too much concerned.

*Man.* The accident was loud, and here before thee  
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not ;  
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

*Mess.* It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

*Man.* Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

*Mess.* Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen,  
All in a moment overwhelmed and fallen.

*Man.* Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest  
The desolation of a hostile city.

*Mess.* Feed on that first : there may in grief be surfeit.

*Man.* Relate by whom.

*Mess.* By Samson.

*Man.* That still lessens  
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

*Mess.* Ah ! Mancah, I refrain too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon ;  
Lest evil tidings, with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

*Man.* Suspense in news is torture ; speak them out.

*Mess.* Take then the worst in brief—Samson is dead.

*Man.* The worst indeed ! O, all my hopes defeated  
To free him hence ! but death, who sets all free,  
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.

What windy joy this day had I conceived  
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves  
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring  
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost !

Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first,  
How died he : death to life is crown or shame.

All by him fell, thou say'st : by whom fell he ?  
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound ?

*Mess.* Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

*Man.* Wearied with slaughter then, or how ? explain.

*Mess.* By his own hands.

*Man.* Self-violence ? what cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes ?

*Mess.* Inevitable cause,  
At once both to destroy, and be destroyed ;  
The edifice, where all were met to see him,  
Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.

*Man.* O lastly over-strong against thyself !  
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.

More than enough we know : but while things yet  
Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct.

*Mess.* Occasions drew me early to this city ;  
And, as the gates I entered with sunrise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed  
Through each high street : little I had despatched,  
When all abroad was rumoured that this day  
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games ;  
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre  
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,  
With seats, where all the lords, and each degree  
Of sort, might sit in order to behold ;  
The other side was open, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand ;  
I among these, aloof, obscurely stood.

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,  
When to their sports they turned. Immediately  
Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad ; before him pipes  
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
Both horse and foot, before him and behind  
Archers and slingers, cataphracts\* and spears.  
At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamouring their God with praise,  
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him,  
Came to the place ; and what was set before him,  
Which without help of eye might be assayed,  
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed  
All with incredible, stupendous force ;  
None daring to appear antagonist.

At length, for intermission's sake, they led him  
Between the pillars ; he his guide requested,  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard,)  
As over-tired, to let him lean awhile  
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
That to the arched roof gave main support.  
He, unsuspecting, led him ; which when Samson

\* Men and horses both in armour.



Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,  
 And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who prayed,  
 Or some great matter in his mind revolved :  
 At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud ;  
 " Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed  
 I have performed, as reason was, obeying,  
 Not without wonder or delight beheld :  
 Now, of my own accord, such other trial  
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,  
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold."

This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed ;  
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,  
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
 With horrible convulsion to and fro  
 He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew  
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,  
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,  
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
 Of this but each Philistian city round,  
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
 Samson, with these immixed, inevitably  
 Pulled down the same destruction on himself ;  
 The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

*Chor.* O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious !  
 Living or dying thou hast fulfilled  
 The work for which thou wast foretold  
 To Israel, and now li'st victorious  
 Among thy slain, self-killed,  
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoined  
 Thee with thy slaughtered foes, in number more  
 Than all thy life hath slain before.

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### LESSON CXC.

*Death active at all Seasons.*—JEREMY TAYLOR.

NATURE hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two : and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses ; and all the summer long men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog-days come, and then the Syrian star makes the summer deadly ; and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up

for eternity ; and he that escapes till winter only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety.

Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death ; and you can go no whither but you tread upon a dead man's bones.

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### LESSON CXCI.

*Life long enough for the Attainment of Virtue.—IBID.*

IF we would have our life lengthened, let us begin betimes to live in the accounts of reason and sober counsels, of religion and the spirit, and then we shall have no reason to complain that our abode on earth is so short : many men find it long enough, and indeed it is so to all senses. But when we spend in waste what God hath given us in plenty ; when we sacrifice our youth to folly, our manhood to base desire and rage, our old age to covetousness and irreligion, not beginning to live till we are to die, designing that time to virtue which, indeed, is infirm to every thing and profitable to nothing ; then we make our lives short, and appetite runs away with all the vigorous and healthful part of it, and pride and animosity steal the manly portion, and craftiness and interest possess old age. We spend as if we had too much time, and knew not what to do with it ; we fear every thing, like weak and silly mortals ; and desire strangely, and greedily, as if we were immortal : we complain our life is short, and yet we throw away much of it, and are weary of many of its parts : we complain the day is long, and the night is long, and we want company, and seek out arts to drive the time away ; and then weep because it is gone too soon.

But so the treasure of the capitol is but a small estate when Cæsar comes to finger it, and to pay with it all his legions ; and the revenue of all Egypt and the eastern provinces was but a little sum, when they were to support the luxury of Mark Antony, and feed the riot of Cleopatra. But a thousand crowns is a vast proportion to be spent in the cottage of a frugal person, or to feed a hermit. Just so is our life : it is too short to serve the ambition of a haughty

prince, or an usurping rebel; too little time to purchase great wealth, to satisfy the pride of a vain-glorious fool, to trample upon all the enemies of our just or unjust interest: but for the obtaining virtue, for the purchase of sobriety and modesty, for the actions of religion, God gave us time sufficient.

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## LESSON CXCH.

### *On Prayer.—IBID.*

PRAYER is the peace of the spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest. Prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the outer quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and, therefore, is contrary to that attention, which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more, at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighings of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministeries here below.

So is the prayer of a good man; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline; and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer; and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit

is becalmed ; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

### LESSON CXCIH.

*Scene from "As you like it."*—SHAKSPEARE.

The Forest of Arden. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and other Lords in the dress of Foresters.

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp ? are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court ?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference ; as the icy fang,  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;  
Which when it bites, and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—  
This is no flattery : these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

*Ami.* I would not change it. Happy is your grace  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?  
And yet it urks me, the poor, dappled fools—  
Being native burghers of this desert city—  
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads  
Have their round haunches gored.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.  
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself  
Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :  
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,  
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,



The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting; and the big, round tears  
Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;  
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much." Then, being alone,  
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;  
"'Tis right," quoth he; "this misery doth part  
The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
And never stays to greet him. "Ay," quoth Jaques,  
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;  
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"  
Thus most invectively he pierced through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,  
In their assigned and native dwelling place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place;  
I love to cope\* him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight.

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## LESSON CXCIV.

*Orlando and Jaques; from the same Play.—IBID.*

*Jaq.* I THANK you for your company; but, good faith, I  
had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orla.* And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank  
you, too, for your society.

\* Encounter.

*Jaq.* God be with you ; let's meet as little as we can.

*Orla.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orla.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name ?

*Orla.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orla.* There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of ?

*Orla.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers : have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings ?

*Orla.* Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit ; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

*Orla.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself ; against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is to be in love.

*Orla.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

*Orla.* He is drowned in the brook ; look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There shall I see mine own figure.

*Orla.* Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you ; farewell, good Signior\* Love. [Exit *Jaq.*

*Orla.* I am glaḡ of your departure ; adieu, good Monsieur† Melancholy.

## LESSON CXCV.

*Meditation of Henry VI. at the Battle of Towton.—IBID.*

*K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing light ;

\* *Pron.* Senior.

† *Pron.* Mo-cieu, as near as it can be expressed by English letters.

What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,  
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;  
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea  
Forced to retire, by fury of the wind:  
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;  
Now, one the better; then, another best;  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:  
So is the equal poise of this fell war.

Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down.  
To whom God will, there be the victory!  
For Margaret, my queen, and Clifford too,  
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,  
They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:  
For what is in this world but grief and wo?

O God! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials, quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run;  
How many make the hour full complete;  
How many hours bring about the day;  
How many days will finish up the year;  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the times:  
So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;  
So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;  
So many days my ewes have been with young,  
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;  
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:  
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,  
Passed over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!  
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich, embroidered canopy  
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?  
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.  
And, to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,  
His cold, thin drink, out of his leather bottle,

His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched in a curious bed,  
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

LESSON CXCVI.

*Reflections of Cardinal Wolsey, after his Fall from the Favour  
 of Henry VIII.—IBID.*

*Wol.* FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
 This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
 And—when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely,  
 His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
 Like little, wanton boys, that swim on bladders,  
 These many summers in a sea of glory ;  
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !  
 I feel my heart new opened : O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.—

*Enter Cromwell amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.* What, amazed

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,  
 A great man should decline ? Nay, an\* you weep,  
 I am fallen indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace ?

*Wol.* Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
 I know myself now, and I feel within me



A peace above all earthly dignities,—  
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,  
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,  
 These ruined pillars, out of pity taken  
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour;  
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,  
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have; I am able now, methinks,  
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)

T' endure more miseries, and greater far,  
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,  
 Is your displeasure\* with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him!

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
 lord chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue  
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
 For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,  
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!  
 What more?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is returned with welcome,  
 Installed lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed!

*Crom.* Last, that the lady Anne,  
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
 This day was viewed in open,† as his queen,  
 Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
 Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pulled me down. O  
 Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories  
 In that one woman I have lost for ever:  
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
 Or guild again the noble troops that waited  
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;  
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;  
 That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him  
 What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;

\* Used here in the signification of disgrace.

† In public.

Some little memory of me will stir him  
 (I know his noble nature) not to let  
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
 Neglect him not; make use now, and provide  
 For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O, my lord,  
 Must I then leave you? must I needs forego  
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?  
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—  
 The king shall have my service; but my prayers  
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee;  
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;  
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?  
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee,  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;—  
 And,—pr'ythee, lead me in:  
 There, take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,  
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
 I served my king, he would not, in mine age,  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewell!  
 The hopes of court? my hopes in heaven do dwell.

## LESSON CXCVII.

*Death and Character of Cardinal Wolsey.—IBID.*

Queen KATHARINE and GRIFFITH.

*Kath.* DIDST thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,  
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead?

*Grif.* Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to't.

*Kath.* Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died.  
If well, he stepped before me, happily,  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam :  
For after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward  
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,  
He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.* Alas ! poor man !

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,  
Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,  
With all his convent, honourably received him ;  
To whom he gave these words,—“O, father abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
Give him a little earth for charity !”  
So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness  
Pursued him still ; and, three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight, (which he himself  
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

*Kath.* So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !  
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity.—He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion  
Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair play ;  
His own opinion was his law : I' the presence  
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,  
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;

But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now ?

*Kath.* Yes, good Griffith ;  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashioned to much honour. From his cradle  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :  
Lofty, and sour, to them that loved him not ;  
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer ;  
And, though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
(Which was a sin,) yet, in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely. Ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,  
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;  
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him ;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little ;  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him !

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## LESSON CXCVIII.

### *Of Discourse.*—LORD BACON.

SOME, in their discourse, desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true ; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought.



Some have certain common-places and themes, wherein they are good, and want variety ; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and, when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion ; and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else, for then a man leads the dance.

It is good in discourse, and speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest : for it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say now, to jade any thing too far.

As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it ; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity ; yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick : that is a vein which would be bridled. And, generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory.

He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much ; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh ; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge ; but let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser ; and let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak ; nay, if there be any that would reign, and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and bring others on ; as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards.

If you dissemble, sometimes, your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought, another time, to know that you know not.

Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, "He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself:" and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth.

Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used ; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen, of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house ; the other would ask of those that

had been at the other's table, "Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given?" to which the guest would answer, "Such and such a thing passed." The lord would say, "I thought he would mar a good dinner." Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words, or in good order.

A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocation, shows slowness; and a good reply, or second speech, without a good settled speech, sheweth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course, are yet the nimblest in the turn; as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare.

To use too many circumstances, ere one come to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all is blunt.

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## LESSON CXCIX.

### *Of Studies.*—IBID.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one: but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much, for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar: they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in

the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

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### LESSON CC.

*The Happy Man.*—SIR HENRY WOTTON.

How happy is he born or taught,  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Not tied unto the world with care  
Of princes' ear, or vulgar breath:

Who hath his life from rumours freed;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,  
Or vice: who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given with praise;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

## LESSON CCI.

*Description of the Bower of Bliss.*—SPENSER.

THUS being entered, they behold around,  
 A large and spacious plain, on every side  
 Strewed with pleasancess;\* whose fair, grassy ground,  
 Mantled with green, and goodly beautified  
 With all the ornaments of Flora's pride,  
 Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn  
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride,  
 Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,  
 When forth from virgin bower she comes in th' early morn.

There to the heavens, always jovial,  
 Looked on them lovely still, in steadfast state,  
 Nor suffered storm nor frost on them to fall,  
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate :  
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,  
 T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell ;  
 But the mild air, with season moderate,  
 Gently attempered, and disposed so well,  
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholesome smell.

Much wondered Guyon at the fair aspect  
 Of that sweet place, yet suffered no delight  
 To sink into his sense, nor mind affect ;  
 But passed forth, and looked still forward right,  
 Bridling his will, and mastering his might,  
 Till that he came unto another gate ;  
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight†  
 With boughs and branches, which did broad dilate  
 Their clasping arms, in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a porch with rare device,  
 Arched overhead with an embracing vine,  
 Whose bunches hanging down seemed to entice  
 All passers by to taste their luscious wine,  
 And did themselves into their hands incline,  
 As freely offering to be gathered ;  
 Some deep empurpled as the hyacine,  
 Some as the rubies, laughing sweetly red,  
 Some like fair emeralds not yet well ripened.

There the most dainty paradise on ground  
 Itself doth offer to his sober eye,  
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,  
 And none does others' happiness envy ;

\* Delights.

† Decked.



The painted flowers, the trees upshooting high ;  
 The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space ;  
 The trembling groves, the crystal running by ;  
 And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,  
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude  
 And scorned parts were mingled with the fine,)  
 That Nature had for wantonness ensued  
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;  
 So, striving each th' other to undermine,  
 Each did the other's work more beautify,  
 So differing both in wills agreed in fine :  
 So all agreed, through sweet diversity,  
 This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood,  
 Of richest substance that on earth might be,  
 So pure and shiny, that the silver flood  
 Through every channel running one might see :  
 Most goodly it with curious imagery  
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of laughing boys,  
 Of which some seemed, with lively jollity,  
 To fly about, playing their wanton toys,  
 Whilst others did themselves embay in liquid joys.

Infinite streams continually did well  
 Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,  
 The which into an ample laver fell,  
 And shortly grew to so great quantity,  
 That like a little lake it seemed to be,  
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,  
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,  
 All paved beneath with jasper, shining bright,  
 That seemed the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

Eftsoons\* they heard a most melodious sound,  
 Of all that might delight a dainty ear,  
 Such as at once might not on living ground,  
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :  
 Right hard it was for wight which did it hear  
 To read what manner music\* that might be ;  
 For all that pleasing is to living ear,  
 Was there consorted in one harmony ;  
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

\* Soon.

† To tell what kind of music.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,  
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet ;  
Th' angelical, soft, trembling voices made  
To th' instruments divine response meet ;  
The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
With the base murmur of the water's fall ;  
The water's fall, with difference discreet,  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;  
The gently-warbling wind low answered to all.

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## LESSON CCII.

### *On Duelling.*—WATTS.

THE wicked pride of duelling, when men stab and shoot each other by contract and consent, has much of the guilt of self-murder belonging to it.

Is it not a strange madness for men to challenge one another to give or receive present death for a little common affront, and to resolve to kill or be killed for a trifling pique of honour ? If professed gamesters will quarrel about the cast of a die, and resolve to decide their quarrel by the sword or pistol, let them go on to die like atheists as they live ; let them be convinced of their madness at the great tribunal of God, who would hearken to no conviction from men ; they deserve to feel the terrors of that awful Being in the other world, whom they renounced in this.

How is it possible these combatants can excuse themselves from the guilt of wilful murder in the sight of God ? Do they not go into the field to meet a wilful death, or to give it ? Do they not freely expose their breasts to each other's murdering weapons, and mutually yield up their lives either to the more happy or the more skilful push of the sword ? Doth not one of them frequently fall ? And sometimes both of them are wounded mortally. And, whichever of them is slain, it is evident that each of them, in the sight of God, is guilty, at least intentionally, of a double murder. Each duellist offers up his own life to the other's weapon of destruction, and invites his neighbour to slay him, while each endeavours to slay his neighbour. Here is intended murder on both sides ; and the *Lord will bring upon them both the day of vengeance, and destroy them with a double destruction.* "Their own and their brother's blood should be dreadfully required at the hand of both of them, by that God who is the avenger of murder."

"It is a great pity," saith Mr. Collier, "that men who have such opportunities for sense, should be entangled in so monstrous an absurdity! that those who might be the ornament of their age, and defence of their country, should make themselves a misfortune to both. Perhaps the danger of the adventure may make them think it honourable; but to risk the main, that is, the concerns of life and eternity, without reason or warrant, is mere rashness; it is to be more stupid than brave. If a man should leap from a garret, or vault down a monument, do you imagine he would leave the memory of a hero behind him? Religion will not endure the duelling principle, any more than all the heresies since Simon Magus. It is a principle so full of pride, and passion, and revenge; so tempestuous and absurd; so absolutely unallied to reason and good nature, that polished heathenism would be ashamed of it. In a word, it is as contrary to the tendency and temper of Christianity, as Hobbes' creed is to the apostles', as light is to darkness."

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### LESSON CCIII.

*Diogenes at the Isthmian Games.*—WAKEFIELD'S DIO CHRYSOSTOM.\*

THE cynic philosopher, Diogenes, observing a person stalking from the Stadium, in the midst of so immense a multitude, as sometimes not even to touch the ground, but to be borne aloft by the concourse round him; some following close upon him with loud exclamations; others leaping with exultation, and raising their hands to heaven; others again throwing garlands and fillets at the man—as soon as he was able to approach, inquired, what this tumultuous assemblage of people was doing, and what had happened. The man replied, I have gained the victory, Diogenes, over the runners in the Stadium!

What is the nature of this victory? said he. Your understanding, I presume, has acquired not even the slenderest improvements from your superiority of speed over your competitors; nor are you become more temperate and continent than before, nor less timorous, nor less a prey to melancholy; nor, peradventure, will you live henceforward with more moderate desires, or under greater freedom from uneasiness and vexation of spirit.

\* Chrys'-os-tom. This is not the Christian preacher, but a heathen writer, who flourished in the first century of the Christian era.

Be that as it may, the man rejoins, I excel all the other Greeks in the swiftness of my feet.—But, said Diogenes, you are not swifter than the hares, nor the stags, and yet these creatures, though the swiftest of all others, are, at the same time, the most timorous, afraid both of men, and birds of prey, and of dogs; so as to lead a life of uninterrupted misery. Indeed, you must be aware, are you not? that speed is, in reality, a symptom of timidity; for the most timid animals are also invariably the swiftest. In conformity with this dispensation of nature, Hercules was slower of foot than most men; and, from his consequent inability of laying hold on his antagonist by speed, was accustomed to carry a bow and arrows, and thus arrest a flying adversary with his weapons.

Yes, said the man; but the poet tells us how Achilles, the swift-footed, was a warrior likewise of incomparable fortitude. And whence, replied Diogenes, can we infer the celerity of Achilles? for we find him incapable of overtaking Hector, after a pursuit of an entire day. However, are you not ashamed of priding yourself on that property, in which you must acknowledge your inferiority to the meanest animals? Nay, I suppose that you would not be able to outstrip even a fox in speed. But, after all, at what a distance did you leave your competitors behind?

A very small distance, Diogenes; and this very circumstance makes my victory so admirably glorious. It seems, then, said Diogenes, that your triumph and felicity depended on a single step.—No wonder: we were all the fleetest runners imaginable.—By how great an interval do you think a lark would have gone over the Stadium before you all?—But they have wings, and fly. Well, replies Diogenes, if swiftness then be a proof of excellence, it were better to be a lark than a man; so that our commiseration for larks and lapwings, because they were metamorphosed from men into birds, as mythologists inform us, is unseasonable and unnecessary.

But I, said the victorious racer, who am a man myself, am the swiftest of mankind. Yes, replied Diogenes; and is it not probable, that, among ants also, one is swifter than another? Yet, are the ants objects of admiration to their fellows on that account? or would you not think it a laughable absurdity in any man to admire an ant for his speed? Suppose, again, that all your competitors had been lame, would you have prided yourself, as on some masterly achievement, for outstripping the lame, when you were not lame like the rest?



By such conversation as this, he produced in many of his hearers a supreme contempt for the boasted accomplishment in question : and the man, too, departed, under no little mortification and humiliation, from this interview with Diogenes. Nor was the philosopher of little service to society in this respect, by reducing to a smaller compass, and assuaging the tumours of a senseless infatuation, as swellings on the body subside from scarification and puncture, whenever he saw any man inflated with a frivolous conceit of unsubstantial excellence, and carried beyond the limits of sober sentiment by qualities utterly destitute of intrinsic worth.

## LESSON CCIV.

### *Hypocrisy and true Religion.*—BOYLE.

As we continued our walk, we began to traverse certain ploughed lands, that lay in the way betwixt us and the river. But we had scarce entered those fields, when our ears were saluted with the melodious music of a good number of larks, whereof some mounted by degrees out of sight, and others, hovering and singing awhile over our heads, soon after lighted on the ground not far from our feet.

After we had enjoyed awhile this costless, yet excellent music, both Eusebius and I, chancing to cast our eyes towards Eugenius, observed that his did very attentively wait upon the motions of a lark, that, singing all the way upwards, and mounting by degrees out of sight, not long after descended, and lighted among some clods of earth, which, being of the colour of her body, made us quickly lose sight of her. Whereupon Eusebius, who was full as willing to hear as to speak, and, in the occasional reflections that he made, was wont at least as much to aim at the exciting others' thoughts as the venting of his own, begged Eugenius to tell us what it might be, which his attentiveness to the motions of the lark made us presume he was thinking on.

Eugenius, after a little backwardness, which he thought modesty exacted of him, soon answered us in these terms : " Among all birds that we know, there is not any that seems of so elevated, and, I had almost said, heavenly a nature, as the lark ; scarce any give so early and so sweet a welcome to the springing day ; and that which I was just now gazing on, seemed so pleased with the unclouded light, that she sang as if she came from the place she seemed going to ; and, during this charming song, she mounted so high, as if she meant not to stop till she had reached that sun, whose beams

so cherished and transported her : and in this aspiring flight she raised herself so high, that, though I will not say she left the earth beneath her very sight, yet I may say, that she soared quite out of ours. Yet, when, from this towering height, she stooped to repose or solace herself upon the ground, or else, when, to seize upon some worthless worm, or other wretched prey, she lighted on the ground, she seemed so like the earth that was about her, that I believe you could scarce discern her from its clods ; whereas other birds, that fly not half so high, nor seem any thing near so fond of the sun, do yet build their nests upon trees ; the lark does as well build hers on the ground, as look like a part of it.

Thus I have known, in these last and worst times, many a hypocrite, that, when he was conversant about sublimer objects, appeared, as well as he called himself, a saint ; nothing seemed so welcome to him as new light ; one might think his lips had been touched with a coal from the altar, his mouth did so sweetly show forth God's praise and sacred dispensations. In sum, take this hypocrite in his fit of devotion, and to hear him talk, you would think that, if he had not already been in heaven, at least he would never leave mounting till he should get thither.

But, when the opportunities of advantaging his lower interests called him down to deal about his secular affairs here below, none appeared more of a piece with the earth than he ; and he seemed, in providing for his family, to be of a meaner and a lower spirit than those very men whom in discourse he was wont to undervalue, as being far more earthly than himself."

"Since we know," rejoined Eusebius, "that the best things corrupted prove the worst, it can be no disparagement to piety, to acknowledge that hypocrisy is a vice which you cannot too much condemn ; and, when the pretending to religion grows to be a thing in request, many betake themselves to a form of religion, who deny the power of it ; and some, perchance, have been preferred less for their Jacob's voice than for their Esau's hands.

But, Eugenius, let us not, to shun one extreme, fondly run into the other, and be afraid or ashamed to profess religion, because some hypocrites did *but* profess it ! His course is ignoble and preposterous, that treads in the paths of piety, rather because they lead to preferment than to heaven ; but yet it is more excusable to live free from scandal, for an inferior end, than not to live so at all ; and hypocrites can as little justify the profane as themselves.

It may be, that all who own religion are not pious : but it is certain that he who scorns to own it must be still less so. If scoffers at piety should succeed the pretenders to it, they cannot be said, as sometimes they would be thought, to be an innocent sort of hypocrites, that are better than they seem ; for scandal is a thing so criminal and contagious, that whoever desires and endeavours to appear evil, is so.

To refuse to be religious because some have but professed themselves to be so, is to injure God because he has already been injured. A skilful jeweller will not forbear giving great rates for necklaces of true pearl, though there may be many counterfeits for one that is not so. Nor are the right pearls a whit the less cordial to those that take them, because the artificial pearls, made at Venice, consisting of mercury and glass, for all their fair show, are rather noxious than medicinal.

Indeed, our knowledge that there are hypocrites, ought rather to commend piety to us, than discredit it ; since as none would take the pains to counterfeit pearls, if true ones were not of value, so men would not put themselves to the constraint of personating piety, if that itself were not a noble quality. Let us then, Eugenius, fly as far as you please from what we detest in hypocrites ; but then let us consider what it is that we detest ; which being a base, and, therefore, false pretence to religion, let us only shun such a pretence, which will be best done by becoming real possessors of the thing pretended to."



## LESSON CCV.

*The inestimable Value of the Sacred Scriptures.*—WAYLAND.

As to the powerful, I had almost said miraculous effect of the sacred Scriptures, there can no longer be a doubt in the mind of any one on whom fact can make an impression. That the truths of the Bible have the power of awakening an intense moral feeling in man under every variety of character, learned or ignorant, civilized or savage ; that they make bad men good, and send a pulse of healthful feeling through all the domestic, civil, and social relations ; that they teach men to love right, to hate wrong, and to seek each other's welfare, as the children of one common parent ; that they control the baleful passions of the human heart, and thus make men proficient in the science of self-government ; and, finally, that they teach him to aspire after conformity to

a Being of infinite holiness, and fill him with hopes infinitely more purifying, more exalting, more suited to his nature, than any other, which this world has ever known,—are facts incontrovertible as the laws of philosophy, or the demonstrations of mathematics. Evidence in support of all this can be brought from every age in the history of man, since there has been a revelation from God on earth. We see the proof of it every where around us. There is scarcely a neighbourhood in our country, where the Bible is circulated, in which we cannot point you to a very considerable portion of its population, whom its truths have reclaimed from the practice of vice, and taught the practice of whatsoever things are pure, and honest, and just, and of good report.

That this distinctive and peculiar effect is produced upon every man to whom the gospel is announced, we pretend not to affirm. But we do affirm, that, besides producing this special renovation, to which we have alluded, upon a part, it in a most remarkable degree elevates the tone of moral feeling throughout the whole of a community. Wherever the Bible is freely circulated, and its doctrines carried home to the understandings of men, the aspect of society is altered; the frequency of crime is diminished; men begin to love justice, and to administer it by law; and a virtuous public opinion, that strongest safeguard of right, spreads over a nation the shield of its invisible protection. Wherever it has faithfully been brought to bear upon the human heart, even under most unpromising circumstances, it has, within a single generation, revolutionized the whole structure of society; and thus, within a few years, done more for man, than all other means have for ages accomplished without it.

But, before we leave this subject, it may be well to pause for a moment, and inquire whether, in addition to its moral efficacy, the Bible may not exert a powerful influence on the intellectual character of man.

And here it is scarcely necessary to remark, that of all the books with which, since the invention of writing, this world has been deluged, the number of those is very small which have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. By far the greater part have been, even by their cotemporaries, unnoticed and unknown. Not many a one has made its little mark upon the generation that produced it, though it sunk with that generation to utter forgetfulness. But, after the ceaseless toil of six thousand years, how few have been the works, the adamant basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt amid the fluctuations of time, and whose



impression can be traced through successive centuries on the history of our species.

When, however, such a work appears, its effects are absolutely incalculable; and such a work, you are aware, is the *ILIAD OF HOMER*. Who can estimate the results produced by this incomparable effort of a single mind! Who can tell what Greece owes to this first-born of song! Her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivalled eloquence, and her matchless verse, all point us to that transcendent genius, who, by the very splendour of his own effulgence, woke the human intellect from the slumber of ages. It was Homer who gave laws to the artist; it was Homer who inspired the poet; it was Homer who thundered in the senate; and, more than all, it was Homer who was sung by the people; and hence a nation was cast into the mould of one mighty mind, and the land of the *Iliad* became the region of taste, the birth-place of the arts.

Nor was this influence confined within the limits of Greece. Long after the sceptre of empire had passed westward, Genius still held her court on the banks of the *Ilyssus*, and from the country of Homer gave laws to the world. The light, which the blind old man of *Scio* had kindled in Greece, shed its radiance over Italy; and thus did he awaken a second nation to intellectual existence. And we may form some idea of the power which this one work has to the present day exerted over the mind of man, by remarking, that "nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new-name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments."

But, considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of Homer with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament? Where in the *Iliad* shall we find simplicity and pathos which shall vie with the narrative of *Moses*, or maxims of conduct to equal in wisdom the Proverbs of *Solomon*, or sublimity which does not fade away before the conceptions of *Job* or *David*, of *Isaiah* or *St. John*? But I cannot pursue this comparison. I feel that it is doing wrong to the mind which dictated the *Iliad*, and to those other mighty intellects on whom the light of the holy oracles never shined.

If, notwithstanding, so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined effort of several, at least his equals in power over the human heart? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his countrymen, what may we

not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings, on whose authors was poured the full splendour of eternal truth? If unassisted human nature, spell-bound by a childish mythology, have done so much, what may we not hope for from the supernatural efforts of pre-eminent genius, which spake as it was moved by the Holy Ghost?

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### LESSON CCVI.

*The Righteous and the Wicked.*—FIRST PSALM OF DAVID.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful: but his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

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### LESSON CCVII.

*The Man who is accepted of God.*—FIFTEENTH PSALM.

LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth of his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour. In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

## LESSON CCVIII.

*Instructions to the Young.*—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

HEAR, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding. For I give you good doctrine, forsake you not my law. For I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother. He taught me also, and said unto me, Let thine heart retain my words: keep my commandments, and live.

Get wisdom, get understanding; forget it not: neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her, and she shall keep thee.

Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace; a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many.

I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths.

When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened; and when thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble.

Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life.

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall. For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence.

But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble.

My son, attend to my words; incline thine ear unto my sayings: let them not depart from thine eyes; keep them in the midst of thine heart: for they are life unto those that find them, and health to all their flesh.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee.

Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee.

Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.

Turn not to the right hand nor to the left : remove thy foot from evil.

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## LESSON CCIX.

*The Beatitudes.*—GOSPEL OF MATTHEW.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called the children of God.



# INDEX OF AUTHORS,

WITH THE TIME IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED, AND THE TITLE  
OF SOME ONE OF THEIR MOST DISTINGUISHED WORKS.

*In regard to living authors, the title of those works only is usually given, from which the extracts are made. The names of American authors are printed in small capitals.*

| <i>Lesson.</i> | <i>Names of Authors.</i> | <i>Born.</i> | <i>Died.</i> | <i>Works.</i>                                                                           |
|----------------|--------------------------|--------------|--------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 121.           | ADAMS, JOHN              | 1735.        | 1826.        | { Defence of the American<br>Constitutions.                                             |
| 80.            | ADAMS, J. Q.             |              |              | { Address to Lafayette on his<br>Departure from the U. S.                               |
| 175. }         | Addison, Joseph          | 1672.        | 1729.        | Spectator; Cato.                                                                        |
| 176. }         | Aikin, Lucy              |              |              | Court of Queen Elizabeth.                                                               |
| 112. }         | Akenside, Mark           | 1711.        | 1770.        | Pleasures of the Imagination.                                                           |
| 74. }          | Alison, Archibald        |              |              | Sermons; Essay on Taste.                                                                |
| 10. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 11. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 86. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 97. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 114. }         | Anonymous                |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 116. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 141. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 147. }         | Armstrong, John          | 1709.        | 1779.        | Art of Preserving Health.                                                               |
| 148. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 198. }         | Bacon, Francis           | 1561.        | 1626.        | Essays; Novum Organum.                                                                  |
| 199. }         | Baillie, Joanna          |              |              | Plays; Poems.                                                                           |
| 94. }          | BANCROFT, GEORGE         |              |              | Oration at Northampton.                                                                 |
| 92. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 108. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 109. }         | Barbauld, Mrs. A. L.     | 1743.        | 1825.        | Essays; Poems, &c.                                                                      |
| 110. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 111. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 115. }         | Barton, Bernard          |              |              | Poems.                                                                                  |
| 153. }         | Beattie, James           | 1735.        | 1803.        | Minstrel, &c.                                                                           |
| 169. }         | Blair, Robert            | 1700.        | 1746.        | The Grave.                                                                              |
| 99. }          | Blair, Hugh              | 1718.        | 1800.        | Lectures on Rhetoric.                                                                   |
| 55. }          | Bowring, John            |              |              | Poems.                                                                                  |
| 204. }         | Boyle, Robert            | 1627.        | 1691.        | Philosophical Works.                                                                    |
| 82. }          | BRAINARD, J. G. C.       |              |              | Poems.                                                                                  |
| 95. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 96. }          | Bruce, James             | 1730.        | 1794.        | Travels in Abyssinia.                                                                   |
| 3. }           |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 4. }           | BRYANT, W. C.            |              |              | Poems.                                                                                  |
| 5. }           |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 71. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 72. }          | BUCKMINSTER, J. S.       | 1784.        | 1812.        | Sermons.                                                                                |
| 73. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 142. }         | Burke, Edmund            | 1730.        | 1797.        | Speeches; Works.                                                                        |
| 143. }         | Butler, Samuel           | 1612.        | 1680.        | Hudibras.                                                                               |
| 181. }         | Byron, (George Gordon)   | 1788.        | 1824.        | Childe Harold.                                                                          |
| 67. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 68. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 12. }          | Campbell, Thomas         |              |              | { Specimens of the British<br>Poets; Poems.                                             |
| 13. }          | Cappe, Newcombe          | 1733.        | 1800.        | { Discourses and Sermons.<br>Sermons.                                                   |
| 51. }          | Chalmers, Thomas         |              |              | { Sermon on Religion a So-<br>cial Principle; Review of<br>Milton's Christian Doctrine. |
| 98. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 69. }          | CHANNING, W. E.          |              |              |                                                                                         |
| 76. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                                         |

| <i>Lesson.</i> | <i>Names of Authors.</i> | <i>Born.</i> | <i>Died.</i> | <i>Works.</i>                                                   |
|----------------|--------------------------|--------------|--------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
| 132.           | Chapone, Mrs. Hester     | 1727.        | 1801.        | Letters.                                                        |
| 182.           | Clarendon, (Edwd. Hyde)  | 1608.        | 1673.        | History of the Rebellion.                                       |
| 88.            | Coleridge, S. T.         |              |              | Poems.                                                          |
| 124.           | Collins, William         | 1720.        | 1756.        | Odes, &c.                                                       |
| 100. }         | Cowper, William          | 1731.        | 1800.        | The Task, &c.                                                   |
| 101. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 102. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 140.           | Crabbe, George           |              |              | { The Borough; Tales of the Hall, &c.                           |
| 29.            | Croly, George            |              |              | Catiline; Poems.                                                |
| 41.            | DEWEY, ORVILLE           |              |              | Sermons.                                                        |
| 177.           | Dryden, John             | 1631.        | 1701.        | Poems, Plays, &c.                                               |
| 91.            | DWIGHT, TIMOTHY          | 1752.        | 1817.        | Sermons, Travels, &c.                                           |
| 107.           | Edgeworth, Miss Maria    |              |              | { Practical Education and other Works.                          |
| 10.            | EVERETT, EDWARD          |              |              | { Orations at Plymouth, at Charlestown, and at Cambridge.       |
| 52. }          | Fawcett, Joseph          |              |              | Sermons.                                                        |
| 53. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 58. }          | FLINT, TIMOTHY           |              |              | { Travels and Residence in the Vale of the Mississippi          |
| 59. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 22.            | Foster, John             |              |              | Essays.                                                         |
| 157.           | FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN       | 1706.        | 1790.        | Essays, &c.                                                     |
| 56. }          | FREEMAN, JAMES           |              |              | Sermons.                                                        |
| 57. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 37.            | FRIEND OF PEACE          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 61. }          | FRISBIE, LEVI            | 1784.        | 1822.        | Miscellaneous Writings.                                         |
| 62. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 30.            | FROTHINGHAM, N. L.       |              |              | Sermons.                                                        |
| 125.           | Gay, John                | 1688.        | 1732.        | Poems.                                                          |
| 138. }         | Gibbon, Edward           | 1737.        | 1794.        | { Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.                         |
| 139. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 128. }         | Goldsmith, Oliver        | 1731.        | 1774.        | { Poems; Vicar of Wakefield, &c.                                |
| 129. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 130. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 131. }         | Grattan, Henry           | 1750.        | 1820.        | Speeches.                                                       |
| 134. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 144. }         | Gray, Thomas             | 1716.        | 1771.        | Poems and Letters.                                              |
| 145. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 103.           | HALLECK,                 |              |              | Poems.                                                          |
| 162.           | Hawkesworth, John        | 1715.        | 1773.        | Essays; Adventurer.                                             |
| 63. }          | Hemans, Mrs. Felicia     |              |              | Poems.                                                          |
| 64. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 78. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 156.           | Henderson,               |              |              |                                                                 |
| 158.           | HENRY, PATRICK           | 1736.        | 1799.        | Speeches.                                                       |
| 42.            | HILLHOUSE, J. A.         |              |              | Hadad, a dramatic Poem.                                         |
| 70.            | Hess, J. G.              |              |              | Life of Zwingli.                                                |
| 168.           | Hume, David              | 1711.        | 1776.        | History of England, &c.                                         |
| 14. }          | IRVING, WASHINGTON       |              |              | Sketch Book, &c.                                                |
| 15. }          |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 119. }         | JEFFERSON, THOMAS        | 1743.        | 1826.        | { Notes on Virginia; State Papers; Declaration of Independence. |
| 120. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 170. }         | Johnson, Samuel          | 1709.        | 1784.        | Rambler, &c.                                                    |
| 171. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                 |
| 159. }         | Jones, Sir William       | 1748.        | 1794.        | { Works on Hindoo Antiquities, &c.                              |
| 160. }         |                          |              |              |                                                                 |

| <i>Lesson.</i> | <i>Names of Authors</i> | <i>Born.</i> | <i>Died.</i> | <i>Works.</i>                                      |
|----------------|-------------------------|--------------|--------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| 87.            | Keate,                  |              |              |                                                    |
| 146.           | KIRKLAND, JOHN T.       |              |              | Sermons; Life of Ames.                             |
| 84.            | Knowles, Herbert        |              |              |                                                    |
| 154.           | Knox, Vicesimus         |              |              | Essays, &c.                                        |
| 81.            | Lafayette,              |              |              |                                                    |
| 28.            | Lamb, Charles           |              |              | Elia; Poems.                                       |
| 178.           | Locke, John             | 1632.        | 1704.        | { Reasonableness of Christian-<br>ity; Essay.      |
| 20. }          | LONGFELLOW, H. W.       |              |              | { Poems from the U. S. Lite-<br>rary Gazette.      |
| 21. }          |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 150.           | Lyttleton, George, Lord | 1709.        | 1773.        | { Dialogues of the Dead, and<br>other Works.       |
| 161.           | Mackenzie, Henry        | 1745.        |              | Man of Feeling.                                    |
| 118.           | MARSHALL, JOHN          |              |              | Life of Washington.                                |
| 209.           | Matthew, Saint          |              |              | Gospel.                                            |
| 183.           | Milton, John            | 1608.        | 1674.        | { Paradise Lost, &c.; Prose<br>Works.              |
| 184.           |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 185.           |                         |              |              |                                                    |
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| 188.           |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 189.           | Montgomery, James       |              |              | Prose by a Poet; Poems, &c                         |
| 38.            |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 39.            | Moore, Thomas           |              |              | Poems.                                             |
| 89.            |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 90.            | More, Hannah            |              |              | Practical Piety, &c.                               |
| 113.           |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 60.            | NORTON, ANDREWS         |              |              | Address on Frisbie, &c.                            |
| 155.           | Ogden, Samuel           |              |              |                                                    |
| 151. }         | Paley, William          | 1743.        | 1805.        | Natural Theology, &c.                              |
| 152. }         |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 33.            | PEABODY, W. B. O.       |              |              |                                                    |
| 16. }          | PERCIVAL, J. G.         |              |              | Poems.                                             |
| 17. }          |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 23.            | Phillips, Charles       |              |              | Oration; Speeches.                                 |
| 31.            | PIERPONT, JOHN          |              |              | Poems.                                             |
| 77.            | Polehampton, Edward     |              |              | Gallery of Nature and Art.                         |
| 172. }         | Pope, Alexander         | 1688.        | 1744.        | Essay on Man; Epistles, &c.                        |
| 173. }         |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 174. }         | Priestley, Joseph       | 1733.        | 1804.        | { Sermons; Histories; Philoso-<br>phical Works.    |
| 106.           |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 180.           | Prior, Matthew          | 1664.        | 1721.        | Poems.                                             |
| 206. }         | Psalms.                 |              |              | { Oration at Boston; Life of<br>Josiah Quincy, Jr. |
| 207. }         |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 83.            | QUINCY, JOSIAH          |              |              |                                                    |
| 65. }          | Review, Edinburgh       |              |              |                                                    |
| 66. }          |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 117.           | Robertson, William      | 1721.        | 1793.        | { Histories of America, and of<br>Charles V.       |
| 166.           |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 167.           | Rogers, Samuel          |              |              | Pleasures of Memory.                               |
| 54.            | Roscoe, William         |              |              | { Life of Leo X., and of Lo-<br>renzo de Medici.   |
| 34.            |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 35.            | Roscoe, Miss            |              |              | Poems.                                             |
| 36.            |                         |              |              |                                                    |
| 85.            | Russell, J.             |              |              | Travels in Germany.                                |

| <i>Lesson.</i>                                           | <i>Names of Authors.</i>                             | <i>Born.</i>   | <i>Died.</i>   | <i>Works.</i>                                                                                                   |
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| 44. }<br>45. }<br>46. }<br>47. }<br>48. }                | Scott, Sir Walter                                    |                |                | { Romances ; Lives of the Nov-<br>elists ; Poems ; Life of Na-<br>poleon.                                       |
| 163. }<br>193. }<br>194. }<br>195. }<br>196. }<br>197. } | Shaftesbury, (Anthony }<br>Ashley Cooper)            | 1671.          | 1713.          | Characteristics.                                                                                                |
| 193. }<br>194. }<br>195. }<br>196. }<br>197. }           | Shakspeare, William                                  | 1564.          | 1616.          | Plays.                                                                                                          |
| 149. }<br>208. }                                         | SIGOURNEY, MRS.<br>Solomon,                          |                |                | Poems.<br>Proverbs.                                                                                             |
| 24. }<br>25. }<br>26. }<br>27. }                         | Southey, Robert                                      |                |                | { Thalaba ; Poems ; Life of<br>Nelson ; Life of Wesley                                                          |
| 105. }<br>201. }<br>164. }                               | SPARKS, JARED<br>Spenser, Edmund<br>SPRAGUE, C.      | 1553.          | 1598.          | N. A. Review.<br>Fairy Queen, &c.<br>Address on Intemperance.                                                   |
| 133. }<br>6. }<br>7. }                                   | Talbot, Miss<br>Taylor, Jane                         |                |                | Reflections and Essays.<br>Display ; Poems, &c.                                                                 |
| 190. }<br>191. }<br>192. }                               | Taylor, Jeremy                                       | 1613.          | 1667.          | Sermons, &c.                                                                                                    |
| 1. }<br>2. }                                             | THACHER, S. C.                                       | 1785.          | 1818.          | Sermons.                                                                                                        |
| 126. }<br>127. }                                         | Thomson, James                                       | 1700.          | 1748.          | Seasons, &c.                                                                                                    |
| 79. }<br>179. }<br>32. }                                 | TICKNOR, GEORGE<br>Tillotson, John<br>TUDOR, WILLIAM | 1630.          | 1694.          | Life of Lafayette.<br>Sermons, &c.<br>Life of James Otis.                                                       |
| 203. }                                                   | Wakefield, Gilbert                                   | 1756.          | 1801.          | { Dio Chrysostom ; Inquiry into<br>the Opinions of early Wri-<br>ters concerning the Person<br>of Jesus Christ. |
| 93. }<br>104. }                                          | WARE, HENRY, JR.                                     |                |                | { Extemporaneous Speaking ;<br>Sermons.                                                                         |
| 135. }<br>202. }                                         | Warton, Joseph<br>Watts, Isaac                       | 1722.<br>1674. | 1800.<br>1748. | Poems.<br>Sermons ; Psalms and Hymns.                                                                           |
| 43. }<br>205. }                                          | WAYLAND, FRANCIS, JR.                                |                |                | { Sermon on the Duties of an<br>American Citizen ; on the<br>Dignity of the Missionary<br>Enterprise.           |
| 18. }<br>19. }<br>122. }<br>123. }                       | WEBSTER, DANIEL                                      |                |                | { Discourse at Plymouth ; in<br>Commemoration of Adams<br>and Jefferson ; Address on<br>Bunker Hill.            |
| 75. }<br>49. }<br>50. }                                  | White, H. K.<br>Wilson, John                         | 1785.          | 1806.          | Remains.<br>Poems ; Lights and Shadows<br>of Scottish Life.                                                     |
| 165. }<br>8. }<br>9. }                                   | WILLIS, N. P.<br>Wordsworth, William                 |                |                | Poems.<br>Excursion, and other Poems.                                                                           |
| 200. }                                                   | Wotton, Sir Henry                                    | 1568.          | 1639.          | Poems.                                                                                                          |
| 136. }<br>137. }                                         | Young, Edward                                        | 1681.          | 1765.          | Night Thoughts, &c.                                                                                             |



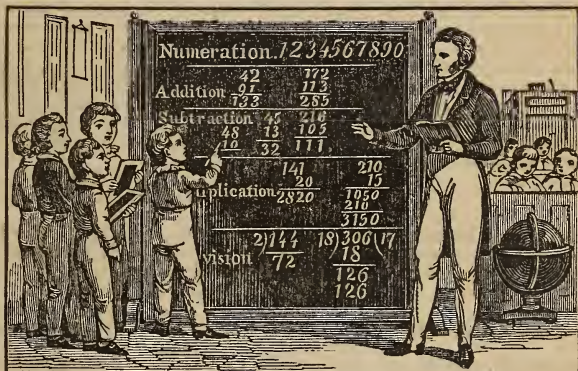
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(Signed,)

EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, } *Superintending*  
A. S. TRAIN, } *School Committee.*

*Bradford, May 5, 1843.*

Benjamin Greenleaf, Esq. Dear Sir : The School Committee of this town, having given the Introduction to your National Arithmetic a pretty thorough examination, very soon after its publication, voted unanimously to introduce it into our schools, and are now, after a year's experiment, happy to say, that our best anticipations have been met, in the manifest advantages which have resulted from its use, and we feel great confidence in recommending it to the attention of an enlightened public, as a work well calculated to aid youth in acquiring a theoretical and practical knowledge of that important part of education.

With much respect, I am, dear Sir, yours,

G. B. PERRY,  
*In behalf of the Committee.*

Having used Greenleaf's Arithmetic in the schools with which I have been connected for three years past, I am prepared to give it the preference over any other work of the kind with which I am acquainted.

Very respectfully yours,

*Andover, June 6, 1843.*

A. FARWELL,  
*Principal of Abbott Female Academy.*

*From Rev. Mr. Shailer, formerly Principal of the Connecticut Literary Institution, Suffield, Ct.*

I have somewhat carefully examined the National Arithmetic, by Benjamin Greenleaf, Esq., and though having had considerable acquaintance with other works upon this science, in several years' experience as a teacher, I hesitate not to pronounce this treatise superior to any I have ever seen. It is in my opinion, impossible for a scholar to go through with this work, and understand its rules, without being qualified, so far as Arithmetic is concerned, to engage in any ordinary business, and having a foundation laid for acquiring with rapidity the higher branches of mathematics needed in professional life.

It is sufficient to say, the School Committee of this town have adopted it in all our Public Schools, which is the highest praise that we can give to any school book.

*Brookline, June 6, 1843.*

WILLIAM H. SHAILER,  
*Secretary of the School Committee.*

*Portland, (Me.) May 22, 1843.*

I have thoroughly examined, and used in my School, Greenleaf's National Arithmetic ; and gladly do I embrace a favoring opportunity of rendering this too tardy justice to its merits, and of paying a willing tribute to its superior excellence as a *system*, and as a *text-book*.

(Signed,)

B. CUSHMAN,  
*Late Principal of Portland Academy.*

*Brookline, (Mass.) June 1, 1843.*

Mr. R. S. Davis. Dear Sir : I am glad to have an opportunity to express to you the high opinion, which I entertain of the merits of the National Arithmetic by Mr. Benj. Greenleaf. I have used it nearly two years, part of the time, however, only to obtain examples for practice by my classes, as an Arithmetic by another author was required by the Committee, but lately my classes have used no other, the School Committee, much to my satisfaction, having required this in preference to all others.

The clearness of the Rules, the simplicity of the arrangement, the interesting character of the examples, the addition of the problems in Natural Philosophy and in Geometry, and the beauty of the typography, make this treatise the most complete in all its parts of any which I have ever examined.

BENJAMIN H. RHOADES,  
*Principal of Brookline Public High School.*

*Boston, May 26, 1843.*

I have examined Greenleaf's Introductory Arithmetic, and consider it well adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. I have also used it in my School for a short time, and like it much ; it has but recently been introduced, but thus far it has verified all that it promised. The *larger* work I have also introduced to my School, and find the operation to be good. I can cheerfully recommend it as an excellent work for higher classes.

CHARLES E. ABBOTT,  
*Principal of Temple School.*

*Medford, (Mass.) May 15, 1843.*

I have used Mr. Greenleaf's Arithmetic in my School for the last year, and consider it preferable to any other work treating upon the same science, with which I am acquainted.

STACY BAXTER,  
*Teacher of East Grammar School, Medford.*

I fully subscribe to Mr. Baxter's opinion.

THOMAS S. KING,  
*Teacher of West Grammar School.*

*Portland, May 23, 1843.*

I have long considered Greenleaf's Arithmetic to be a superior work, and, for the last two years, I have recommended it to my pupils in preference to every other.

The Introduction to the same book, I have just examined with the most favorable impression of its merits.

D. GREENE HASKINS,  
*Preceptor of Portland Academy.*

*From W. R. Ellis, Esq., Principal of Sandwich Academy.*

Mr. R. S. Davis. Dear Sir : Before introducing Greenleaf's Introduction to the National Arithmetic into my school, I gave it a careful and thorough examination, and was at that time much pleased with it. And since its introduction, I have become convinced, from comparing the improvement of my pupils in this branch, with that of previous terms, that, as an introduction to the study of arithmetic, teachers cannot place in the hands of their pupils a better book.

Very respectfully, yours,  
(Signed,)

W. R. ELLIS.

*Sandwich, (Mass.) March 8, 1843.*



Portland, (Me.) July 14, 1843.

Greenleaf's Arithmetic has been so long known, and its superior merits so fully attested by all who have used it in their schools, that were I to say that for clearness and conciseness, and for a general adaptedness to the wants of pupils of both sexes, it stands *unrivalled*, I should only reiterate the opinions expressed by every teacher I have met with, who has had an opportunity of making trial of it. I shall introduce it to my school another term.

EBEN S. STEARNS,  
Principal of Free Street Seminary.

*Extract from a Letter from A. Mackie, Esq., of Grove School, New Bedford.*

"Teachers will find in this book precisely that which they would desire placed in the hands of a scholar, who attends school but for three or four months in the year; they will find that it goes into the subject as far as is necessary to prepare the young for the common avocations of life. They will find it no less practical than the author's larger work, — while the several questions and rules succeed each other in such a manner, as will not perplex and embarrass the student, but, on the contrary, in that inductive and progressive manner, which cannot fail to encourage and stimulate him onward; and, above all, they will find it is calculated to unfold to the scholar the powers of his own mind, which he only needs to know and feel, in order to bring into action. The work is printed with a beautiful type, on good paper, and is indeed got up in a style which reflects great credit on the publisher." (Signed,)

"New Bedford, Dec. 6, 1842."

"ADAM MACKIE."

*From James K. Bullough, Esq., Teacher, Savannah, Ga.*

I have with care and much satisfaction, examined Greenleaf's Arithmetic, and deem it a work of peculiar merit. It is in every respect well calculated to facilitate the improvement of pupils in that highly useful and important science, the science of numbers. It is a book much needed in our elementary schools. I shall most cordially recommend it to others of my profession, and shall also use my utmost endeavours to introduce it into my own School.

(Signed,)

JAMES K. BULLOUGH.

Savannah, Feb. 1, 1843.

*From O. M. Randall, Esq., Teacher, Lynn, Mass.*

I have examined the Introduction to the National Arithmetic, and think it admirably adapted to the use of common schools. I have long felt the need of something different from what we have had in our town schools, to give the scholar a practical knowledge of arithmetic, without retarding his proficiency by a multiplicity of questions so arranged as to confuse the mind, rather than unfold to it the principles of the science. I think the Introduction meets the exigency of the case, and cannot fail to secure that patronage which it so richly merits.

(Signed,)

O. M. RANDALL.

Lynn, (Mass.) Jan. 9, 1843.

Plymouth, (Mass.) March 19, 1843.

Dear Sir: I received, some weeks since, a copy of the introductory, and second part of Greenleaf's Arithmetic.

With the merits of the latter, I long since became acquainted, and have no hesitation in saying, that it is the best work of the kind I have ever seen.

I think, from what little attention I have given to the introductory, that it compares very well with the second part, and shall take great pleasure in seeing them introduced into all our schools. Very respectfully,

PHILIP C. KNAPP,  
Principal of the High School, Plymouth.

R. S. Davis, Esq., Boston.



Benjamin Greenleaf, Esq. Dear Sir : I regard your National Arithmetic as one of the best I have ever seen. Perhaps the best proof of the estimation in which I hold its merits, is the fact, that I use it in the school under my care.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, yours,

ROGER S. HOWARD,

*Principal of the Latin High School.*

*Newburyport, May 5, 1843.*

I have used Mr. Greenleaf's National Arithmetic in my School for nearly two years ; and, having thus tested its good qualities, I can cheerfully recommend it, as a system of arithmetic well adapted for giving an individual a thorough knowledge of the science.

A. H. MERRIAM,

*Preceptor of Westminster Academy.*

*Westminster, (Mass.) June 6, 1843.*

I have made use of Mr. Greenleaf's National Arithmetic in my school, and am of the opinion, that it possesses superior excellences as an Arithmetic, and well adapted to our common and higher Schools.

F. G. PRATT,

*Bridgewater, (Mass.) June 14, 1843. Preceptor of Bridgewater Academy.*

The undersigned, having examined the National Arithmetic on the Inductive System, by Benjamin Greenleaf, Esq., do not hesitate to pronounce it a work of high merit. The various subjects treated of in it are arranged in a manner at once philosophical and practical ; and, in the opinion of the undersigned, it contains a greater amount of useful and valuable matter, some of which must otherwise be sought for in rare books, than any other similar work with which they are acquainted. And they cheerfully recommend it to teachers and learners, as a work of high and undoubted worth,

THOMAS C. BAKER,

JOHN P. PENDLETON,

JOHN P. ADAM,

A. T. C. DODGE,

} *Superintending  
School Committee.*

*Prospect, (Me.) March 1, 1843.*

*Extract from a Letter from Hiram Orcutt, Esq., Teacher.*

*Hebron, N. H., Feb. 27, 1843.*

"Your Arithmetic I have had opportunity thoroughly to examine, having introduced it into my School, and conducted two large classes of teachers entirely through it. And I can freely say, Sir, that in my opinion, no book of the kind now extant, is so well calculated to lead the student to a thorough practical knowledge of figures as this."

*New Bedford, Mass., Dec. 26, 1842.*

Benjamin Greenleaf, Esq. Dear Sir : We have examined your Introductory Arithmetic, and are much pleased with the plan and execution. The examples are practical ; the rules clear and concise ; the principles of the science are unfolded, and its practical uses explained with great perspicuity and simplicity. We deem it eminently calculated to answer the object for which it is designed.

BENJAMIN EVANS, *Principal of the Charles-St. School.*

EBENEZER HERVEY, *do. Sixth-St. do.*

A. L. GLEASON, *do. Bush-St. do.*

WILLIAM F. DOW, *do. William-St. do.*

ALBERT CONANT, *do. Maxfield-St. do.*

FRED. F. DEWEY, *do. Hill do.*

ADAM MACKIE, *do. Grove do.*

I have carefully examined the National Arithmetic you were so good as to send me, and am happy in being able to say, that, in my opinion, it is preferable to any other that I am acquainted with. I recollect that so highly was it esteemed, both by the Committee and myself, that it was immediately after examination introduced into my School as the text-book in that science.

Yours, very respectfully,

D. WORCESTER,

*Principal of the High School for boys, Bangor.*

*Bradford, (Mass.) January 1, 1842.*

Gentlemen: The National Arithmetic, by Benjamin Greenleaf, Esq., after having been pretty thoroughly examined by those entrusted with the superintendence of the Public Schools, was introduced into them very soon after its first publication, and has been constantly used from that time; and, after so long and extended experiment, I have no hesitancy in saying, the best expectations of the committee have been fully met. A new and increased interest was thereby given to that part of education, which has been constantly increasing in most or all our Schools,—a spirit of perseverance excited, which has carried a considerable number of our youth through the whole book, and there are now a still greater number, who are going on with a determination to perform every question. Having formerly recommended the work, as, in my opinion, possessing great merit, from the lucid and scientific manner in which its parts are arranged, and the rules of operation expressed, I have thought the above statement would afford the best testimony that I could now give of its practical worth, and of the benefits likely to result from its introduction into other places.

Very respectfully,

(Signed,)

GARDNER B. PERRY.

*From H. Morrison, Esq., Professor of Mathematics and President of the University of Maryland; Baltimore.*

This is one of the most complete books of its kind, both in the extent and arrangement of its matter, that has yet appeared. Combining, as it does, the Analytic and Synthetic methods, and abounding in familiar examples, it is admirably calculated to interest the pupil, and lead him, by easy and progressive steps, through the difficulties of the science, to its complete mastery, and full comprehension. To make the work more perfect than a treatise on arithmetic merely could be, the author has added many geometrical, mechanical, philosophical, and astronomical problems, and a concise system of book-keeping, so that without the aid of any other book, it is calculated to make the perfect business man, in all his various departments.

H. MORRISON.

I cheerfully join with Prof. Morrison in recommending the National Arithmetic to the favorable notice of teachers.

H. COLBURN.

*Extract from a Letter from Mr. D. H. Armstrong, Teacher, St. Louis.*

I am gratified to be able to give it my unqualified approbation, as a work justly meriting high commendation for its simplicity of arrangement, its clearness of illustration, its fullness of important matter to the mercantile student, recently deemed wholly useless, or at best irrelevant to the subject of arithmetic, and for the variety and copiousness of its examples.

D. H. ARMSTRONG.

*From D. F. Merrill, Esq., Teacher of a Classical School in Mobile.*

I have carefully examined Greenleaf's National Arithmetic, and am much pleased with it. The arrangement is good, the rules and explanations are clear and concise, and the numerous questions are well selected. It is, in my opinion, superior to any arithmetic with which I am acquainted, and I shall use it to the exclusion of all others.

D. F. MERRILL.

Norfolk, (Va.) January 12, 1842.

A careful examination of Greenleaf's National Arithmetic, will show, that its author has compiled it, as all books ought to be, from the results of actual experiment, and observation in the school-room. It is entirely a practical work, and appears to me the most complete system of mercantile arithmetic, with which I am acquainted. The brief system of book-keeping attached to it, will be a valuable aid to more complete instruction in Common Schools, to which the work is, in other respects, so peculiarly adapted. Being so much pleased with it, I will introduce it into my Academy.

JOHN P. SCOTT,  
*Principal of Norfolk Academy.*

I fully concur in the opinion above expressed.

ROBERT WELLS,  
*Professor of Mathematics in Norfolk Academy.*

Dear Sir : I thank you kindly for the copy of Greenleaf's Arithmetic which you presented to me a few days since. I have examined it with great care, and am convinced that it is decidedly the best work within my knowledge. As the highest proof I can give of my approbation of the work, I have adopted it, and have given orders for a supply sufficient for the use of this school.

Yours, &c. J. WORTHINGTON SMITH.

Kalorama Seminary, Staunton, (Va.) April 28, 1842.

Having been adopted recently in many select schools in New York city and vicinity, the following testimonials from teachers, will show the estimation formed of the work, by those who are best qualified to judge of its value.

After a careful and critical examination of Greenleaf's Arithmetic, being highly impressed with its merits, I determined to introduce it into my School, and, accordingly, since last fall, have used it, with entire satisfaction, as a text-book, considering it the best treatise on figures with which I am acquainted.

(Signed,)

JAMES LAWSON,  
101, Grand Street.

I have examined Greenleaf's National Arithmetic with much minuteness, and without hesitation, give it the preference to any work of the kind with which I am acquainted. I should be pleased to see it generally used in our schools. I have already placed it in the hands of my pupils.

(Signed,)

E. H. JENNY, A. M.,  
*Principal of Seventh Ward Grammar School.*

Communications fully agreeing with the foregoing, have been received from the following Teachers, who now use this Arithmetic in their respective schools.

G. A. Rogers, }  
J. Yeamans, Jr. } St. Luke's School.

Henry Swords, 38 Avenue Sixth.

M. Beardsley, Corner of Houston and Thompson Streets.

John Mulligan, Principal of St. Mathew's Academy.

Dr. Edward Kupperbery, Teacher of Mathematics in do.

John Walsh, Professor of Languages, &c.

Nath. H. Arey, Grand Street.

A. Bassett, Principal of the Classical and Mathematical Ins., 472½ Broad.

Charles Wm. Nichols, Allen Street.

Robinson and Finch, Grand Street.

S. R. Martin, D. Lyme, R. Lockwood.

*Petersburg, (Va.) Jan. 25, 1842.*

In the cursory examination that I have been enabled to give to the National Arithmetic, I have discovered excellences possessed by no other arithmetic with which I am acquainted.

The logic of the system is as commendable for what it omits as for what it retains, being such as to furnish healthy exercise to the mind, without embarrassing it with subtleties, or enervating it by secure indolence.

It is the very book that I have long felt the want of, and I shall not fail to recommend its introduction into the Seminary over which I have the honor to preside.

J. D. KEILY, A. M.,

*Principal of the Anderson Seminary.*

The subscriber has examined with attention the National Arithmetic, compiled by Benjamin Greenleaf, Esq., and has introduced it into his School, being confident in the opinion, that the judicious arrangement of the rules, and the manner of its execution, justly entitle it to general patronage.

(Signed,)

JOSHUA HEALY,

*Teacher, Brooklyn.*

I fully concur with Mr. J. Healy respecting Greenleaf's Arithmetic.

WM. M. MARTIN,

*66 Cranbury Street, do.*

Also adopted and recommended by Alfred Greenleaf, Esq., Principal of the Young Ladies' School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I most cheerfully concur in the preceding opinions expressed of this Arithmetic, and cordially recommend it to teachers and others, as a work of great utility.

(Signed,)

ALBERT T. SMITH,

*Principal of Jersey City Public School, No. 1.*

*From Rev. D. Leach, Principal of Roxbury High School.*

I have examined with care and attention Greenleaf's National Arithmetic, and am happy in having an opportunity of expressing my opinion of its excellence. It is truly a very complete and practical work, — one of the best, if not the very best I have ever seen. I have also examined the Introduction, but with less attention, and am highly pleased with its judicious arrangement, concise rules, and practical character. The National Arithmetic has lately been adopted in my School.

Very respectfully, yours,

*Roxbury (Mass.) High School, June 12, 1843.*

DANIEL LEACH.

Having used Mr. Greenleaf's National Arithmetic for several years in my School, I am decidedly of the opinion it is the best work of the kind now extant.

JOHN T. TASKER,

*Principal of the Male High School, Portsmouth, N. H.*

After a careful and candid examination of Mr. Greenleaf's National Arithmetic, I think I can truly say, that, in regard to variety and amount of useful matter, skill in arrangement, and clearness of illustration, it excels all other works of the kind with which I am conversant. It happily unites the inductive with the synthetic methods of instruction, and embraces several rules and tables commonly omitted in similar treatises. It is enriched with an excellent article upon the subject of exchange, and it also contains a new and concise system of book-keeping, which, together with a short treatise on geometry, greatly enhances its value. Indeed, I am acquainted with no system of arithmetic so complete and practical as this, and I shall therefore introduce it immediately into my School.

ELIAS NASON,

*Principal of the Young Ladies' High School, Newburyport.*



Having made constant use of the National Arithmetic for five years past, I gladly embrace an opportunity of expressing the high opinion which I entertain of its merits. In my view, it is decidedly preferable to any other work of the kind with which I am acquainted.

(Signed,)

Salem, (Mass.) July 7, 1843.

OLIVER A. WOODBURY,  
Teacher.

*From Mr. R. S. Harlan, Teacher, Baltimore.*

After an examination of Mr. Greenleaf's Arithmetic, which you politely sent me, I have no hesitation in pronouncing it superior to most works of the kind ; and by its concise and plain rules, well adapted to the purposes for which it was designed. This Arithmetic has very many things to recommend it to the careful consideration of teachers, and trustees of schools generally.

Yours, respectfully, R. S. HARLAN.

Having examined Greenleaf's National Arithmetic, I do not hesitate to say, that for its simplicity and systematic arrangement, I think it excels every other publication on the subject with which I am acquainted. I intend to introduce it into my School soon. The key is also a valuable work.

P. M. NEAL,  
Teacher of Select School, Portland, Me.

From a careful examination of Greenleaf's National Arithmetic, my impressions are, that it possesses more merit as a school book for general and practical use, than any other before the public. I shall use it next term in my School.

AHIRA JONES,  
Principal of the High School, Saco, Me., and Superintending School  
Committee of the Town.

*From A. B. Converse, Esq., Bangor.*

A copy of Greenleaf's National Arithmetic was handed me a few days since, which I have perused with some care. It is already introduced into some of our schools, and I do not hesitate to say, I think it the best we have in use.

Respectfully, yours, A. B. CONVERSE.

My Dear Sir : I have examined the National Arithmetic, by Mr. Greenleaf, with care, and have used it two or three years in my School. I consider it decidedly the best system of arithmetic with which I am acquainted.

It is a *complete system*, and admirably adapted to facilitate the progress even of the youngest pupil, and to make thorough scholars in the science it teaches.

The Key is a valuable aid to the teacher, and, as the author intended, should be in his hands alone.

ALFRED W. PIKE,  
Principal of the High School, Hallowell, Me.

*From Isaac Candler, Esq., Teacher, Baltimore.*

Having examined Greenleaf's Arithmetic, I am able to inform you, that it combines what is termed Mental Arithmetic, with the more complete branches of the science, thus leading youths to be ready, as well as exact, in the various operations. But lest they should perform them merely mechanically, as the generality of persons do, the principles of the rules are given, by which means they will be better grounded, than by doing double the work, without understanding the reasons for the mode of procedure. The compendiums of book-keeping and geometry appended to the treatise, render the whole particularly eligible for schools.

I shall take pleasure in recommending the work, it being as superior to some of the Arithmetics now in use, as Adams's Latin Grammar to the Eton, or as Webster's Dictionary to Bailey's.

ISAAC CANDLER.

*Robert S. Davis' Publications.*

GREENLEAF'S NATIONAL ARITHMETIC.

*From Mr. J. P. Engles, A. M., Principal of the Classical Institute, Philadelphia.*

I have examined, with considerable interest, Greenleaf's National Arithmetic, and have no hesitation in recommending it as an admirable system of Arithmetic, which contains all that is essential to a knowledge of the science, and nothing that is useless. The arrangement, too, is such as to make the contents easily available to the teacher and the pupil. Should it succeed in displacing the host of so called "Assistants," with which our schools are flooded, I conceive it would be equally to the comfort of teachers, and the profit of students. I shall cheerfully introduce it into my Academy. J. P. ENGLÉS.

*Philadelphia, Nov. 14, 1838.*

I cheerfully concur in sentiment with Mr. Engles, respecting Mr. Greenleaf's Arithmetic; it is the best work of the kind I have ever seen. With a great deal of pleasure, I shall introduce the same into my Seminary.

W. ALEXANDER, *Classical Teacher, Philadelphia.*

I have examined Greenleaf's National Arithmetic with a great deal of satisfaction, and have no hesitation in saying, that it is the most complete system of Mercantile Arithmetic with which I am acquainted; and will cheerfully recommend it as occasion may require.

E. GRIFFITHS, *Teacher of Mathematics, Philadelphia.*

*Philadelphia, Nov. 12, 1838.*

The undersigned entirely concur in the opinions expressed by Messrs. Engles, Alexander, and Griffiths, respecting Mr. Greenleaf's Arithmetic.

JOHN W. FAIRES,  
B. P. HUNT,  
JAMES P. ESPY, } *Teachers in Philadelphia.*

I have examined Mr. Greenleaf's National Arithmetic with some care, and am much pleased with its arrangement; his examples, under each rule, are numerous and appropriate: I am so well satisfied, that I intend to introduce it into my Seminary.

THOMAS McADAM.

*Philadelphia, Nov. 14, 1838.*

We fully concur with the gentlemen, who have already given recommendations of the National Arithmetic, considering the work well calculated to give youth a correct knowledge of the principles of Arithmetic.

WM. VOGDES,  
E. O. KENDALL, } *Philadelphia Centre High School.*

*Copy of a letter from G. W. Harby, Esq., Principal of Harby's Academy, New Orleans, addressed to the Publishers.*

Gentlemen: Viewing the publication of School Books of the first importance, it was with much pleasure that I received Greenleaf's National Arithmetic. For fifteen years, and upwards, I have devoted my life to the instruction of youth, during which time many Arithmetics have fallen under my inspection. I take a strong interest in every work that pertains to mathematical learning, and unhesitatingly pronounce Greenleaf's Arithmetic an important treasure to Academies; it is fraught with a great deal of care, and in an easy, plain, and uniform style. His Geometrical, Mechanical, and Astronomical Problems are concise and clear: they lead the youthful mind to the exercise of a little patience,—not so arduous as to fatigue, but sufficiently laborious to call the mental faculties into exercise, and to create a taste for mathematical knowledge, and for scientific discovery and invention,—which has lately so conspicuously crowned some of our countrymen with brilliant success. I shall make it the standard book in my Institution, and recommend it to others of my profession.

I remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

*New Orleans, August 22, 1839.*

GEORGE W. HARBY.

*Robert S. Davis' Publications.*

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GREENLEAF'S NATIONAL ARITHMETIC.

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*Portsmouth, Aug. 5, 1838.*

Benjamin Greenleaf, Esq. Dear Sir : Having examined, and, to some extent, introduced into our Schools the National Arithmetic, of which you are the author, we deem it a duty we owe to the public, no less than to yourself, to express our decided approbation of its merits. The method, arrangement, and quantum of matter it contains, the clear and lucid manner in which its rules are demonstrated, together with its adaptation to the wants of the community, entitle it, in our humble belief, to the patronage of every lover of scientific investigation

Signed,

HAZEN PICKERING,

A. M. HOYT,

JAMES HOYT,

C. E. POTTER,

JOHN T. TASKER,

JOHN J. LANE,

EDWARD J. LAIGHTON.

*School Teachers of Portsmouth, N. H.*

*From Rev. Dr. Hopkins, President of William's College.*

My opinion of Greenleaf's Arithmetic is, that it is adapted to give a more thorough knowledge of that science, than any other that I have seen.

Respectfully, yours,

M. HOPKINS.

*Williamstown, Dec. 30, 1837.*

*Poughkeepsie Institute, Jan. 9, 1839.*

We have carefully examined the National Arithmetic, and do not hesitate in pronouncing it the best work of the kind which has come under our notice. The deduction of the rule from the operations is, in our opinion, the proper method ; and the copious examples, under the various rules, are well selected and arranged. We hope it may meet with its merited success. We shall endeavour to extend and establish its use.

Yours, respectfully,

J. L. DUSINBERY, } *Principals.*  
A. H. TOBEY, }

I have examined Greenleaf's Arithmetic, and consider it, in many respects, preferable to any work of the kind with which I am acquainted. I am particularly pleased with his illustration of the Square and Cube Roots, and the Rule of Proportion, and with the introduction of practical instruction on the subject of Banking, Custom-House Duties, Assessment of Taxes, &c. I think its introduction into Schools and Academies will prove of general interest to all who wish to acquire a knowledge of Arithmetic.

A. B. BULLOCK.

*Hudson, Dec. 7, 1838.*

I fully concur in the above, and shall use my influence to introduce it into my school.

C. GREENE.

*From the Principal of the Dutchess County Academy.*

After a careful and comparative examination of Greenleaf's Arithmetic, I unhesitatingly say, I think it superior to any other Arithmetic within my knowledge. I shall with pleasure use my influence to give it a circulation in the Schools of this vicinity.

WM. JENNOY.

*Poughkeepsie, Jan. 9, 1839.*

I fully accord with Mr. Jennoy in his opinion of Mr. Greenleaf's Arithmetic, and shall esteem it a privilege to recommend its use whenever an opportunity presents.

O. M. SMITH,

*Newburgh, January, 1839.*

*Principal of Newburgh High School*

Robert S. Davis' Publications.

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GREENLEAF'S NATIONAL ARITHMETIC.

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I have examined Mr. Greenleaf's Arithmetic, and think it the best that has come under my notice. We shall introduce it into our School.

Newburgh, (N. Y.) Jan., 1839.

SAMUEL PHINNEY,

Principal of the Orange County Institution.

I have examined Mr. Greenleaf's Arithmetic, and find it an excellent work ; the Rules are very plain and distinctly in order, and the Examples are most excellent, and ought to be patronized in all Schools. I shall use all my endeavours to have it used in my School.

JOHN B. CLUTE.

Schenectady, Nov. 29, 1838.

I fully subscribe to the above opinion.

R. M. BROWN

Schenectady Lyceum, Dec. 3, 1838.

From Rev. Wm. Cogswell, D. D., Cor. Sec. of the American Education Society.

Boston, March 16, 1838.

B. Greenleaf, Esq. Dear Sir : I take this early opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of your National Arithmetic, and to thank you for it. I have cast my eye over it as my time would permit, and am very happy to say, I have been much gratified in its perusal. The inductive plan, combining the Analytic and Synthetic methods of instruction, which you have adopted, is undoubtedly the best. The work contains a very great amount and variety of matter for its size, and is judiciously arranged. Its Rules, Explanations, and Examples are perspicuous, copious, and apposite, and some of them are ingenious and original. It is a treatise of much merit, exhibiting indefatigable labor, and great practical skill in the science and in the art of teaching this branch of an education. The type and execution of the book are good, and do honor to the publishers. As it becomes known to the public, its excellence, I trust, will be fully appreciated, and your unwearied application of mind to this department of instruction, for thirty years past, in the results here given, be duly rewarded.

Yours, with much respect.

WILLIAM COGSWELL.

Troy, (N. Y.) Nov. 28, 1838.

Dear Sir : I have given the National Arithmetic a second examination, am much pleased with its system and arrangement, am inclined to believe, that, if its merits can be generally known, it will supersede the use of about all others now in use.

I have now in my School eight different kinds of Arithmetics, have frequently regretted, that it should take so many to make one, and that one not complete.

The National, I consider, possesses all the good qualities of these eight, with some additions that are entitled to patronage, and all in one book.

I do sincerely hope, your labors in this valuable work will be generously rewarded, for the benefit of its author and the public good.

Yours, respectfully,

L. E. GIBBS, Teacher.

I have examined, with much pleasure, a text-book, entitled Greenleaf's National Arithmetic. In many respects, I think it superior to the Arithmetics in common use. The Explanations are very lucid, and the Examples of such a character as to lead the pupil to make a practical application of every thing he learns. The articles on Exchange, Roots, the System of Book-Keeping, &c., are calculated to be eminently useful to the business man. As a whole, the National Arithmetic is equal, if not superior, to any work of the kind that I have ever seen.

C. H. ANTHONY,

Troy, Dec. 31, 1838.

Principal of Troy Academy.



I have recently examined Greenleaf's National Arithmetic, and am well pleased with the work. It contains much important information in reference to mercantile pursuits, and, in my judgment, is well adapted to the wants of our increasing number of Schools and Academies. I regard the systems of Book-Keeping, contained in it, as very important.

Troy, N. Y. Nov. 28, 1833.

EDWARD WILSON, Jr.  
Teacher, Troy Monitorial School.

I have examined Mr. Greenleaf's National Arithmetic, and do not hesitate to say, that it is not only a practical and valuable work, but an admirable one ; one that is every way calculated to produce an interest in the student, and to facilitate his advancement in the science of numbers. I shall use my influence in introducing it into my School.

Troy, Nov. 1838.

JOSEPH CHILDS, Jr.  
Teacher, 5th St. School, Troy.

I have examined Greenleaf's National Arithmetic, and cheerfully concur in the above recommendations ; and shall use my influence in introducing it into my School.

Troy, Nov. 28, 1838.

JAMES PARK,  
Teacher, 4th St. Academy.

*Poughkeepsie, (N. Y.) Jan. 1, 1839.*

After a cursory examination of Greenleaf's Arithmetic, I have no hesitation in awarding to it a large amount of arithmetical knowledge, more, indeed, than almost any work within my acquaintance. The youth, who should go through this work carefully and thoroughly, could not fail of obtaining a familiar acquaintance with the properties and powers, and various applications, of numbers.

A. LATHROP,  
Teacher of Mathematics in the Poughkeepsie Collegiate School.

The following is the *conclusion* of a critical notice of the work, from Thomas M. Brewer, Esq., Principal of an Academy, Poughkeepsie.

Upon the whole, considering the judicious arrangement, the adaptation of the Examples to the business requirements of our country, the perspicuity of illustration, and the extensive range of Arithmetical Science embraced, I am happy to say, I think the book worthy of its title. And I shall take an early opportunity to introduce it into my Institution as the text-book best adapted to our use of any I have seen.

Poughkeepsie, Dec. 14, 1838.

THOMAS M. BREWER.

I have examined Greenleaf's National Arithmetic with much care, and hesitate not to pronounce it a very valuable work, superior in many respects to any Arithmetic, now in use, with which I am acquainted. I shall immediately introduce it into my School, and most cheerfully recommend it to the public, believing it well adapted to the wants of our Schools and Academies.

Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES H. HOWE,  
Principal of the Lancasterian School, Poughkeepsie.

Poughkeepsie, Dec. 17, 1838.

Benjamin Greenleaf, Esq. Sir : I have had the pleasure of examining your Arithmetic, and, among the many I have used in teaching, have never found one without some deficiency until yours came into my hands. I think it preferable to any other in its arrangement, the lucid illustration of its principles, and the great amount of matter it contains. I shall feel in duty bound to introduce and recommend it when an opportunity offers.

Yours, with respect,

Poughkeepsie, Jan. 1, 1839.

A. KIDDER,  
Teacher of a Select School.

I have examined, with considerable care and entire satisfaction, the System of Arithmetic by B. Greenleaf. I can say, without hesitation, I think it the most complete and well-arranged School System, in this branch of science, extant, and better calculated than any other to prepare our youth for active usefulness in all those pursuits where a knowledge of Arithmetic is requisite. I might speak of the happy combination of the Analytic and Synthetic methods of operation, and the still happier union of clearness with brevity in all the Rules and Definitions; but all this will be seen and pleasingly felt by those who peruse or study this truly valuable book. I shall do what I may, in my limited sphere of influence, to promote its introduction into the Schools of our State.

Albany, Dec. 1838.

S. STEELE, Teacher.

I have examined Greenleaf's National Arithmetic, and am of opinion, from its practical character and the order of the arrangement, that it is well calculated to induct the inquiring pupil into the useful business operations of the community, for which the study of Arithmetic is designed. I shall not hesitate to recommend it to my own pupils and to the teachers of other Schools.

EDWARD SMALL,

Albany, Dec. 1, 1838.

Teacher of the Lancaster School, Albany.

Mr. Greenleaf. Sir: I have examined your National Arithmetic and am glad to say, it meets my approbation; and I think I shall introduce it into my School, to the exclusion of all others.

A. P. SMITH,

Albany, Nov. 28, 1838.

Teacher of the Second Public School, Albany.

Mr. Greenleaf. Dear Sir: I have examined your System of Arithmetic, and am happy to state, that it meets with my unqualified approbation, and that I shall immediately introduce it into my School. Yours, respectfully,

Albany, Nov. 27, 1838.

THOMAS MCKEE.

We fully concur in the above.

NEWMAN & WALLACE, Teachers, Mechanics Academy, Albany.

D. E. BASSETT, Principal of an Academy, Do.

JOEL MARBLE, Principal of District School, State Street, Do.

J. W. BULKLEY, Principal of an Academy, Do.

From Dr. Fox, Principal of the Boylston School, Boston.

B. Greenleaf, Esq. Dear Sir: I have just been examining your new Arithmetic, and think it an excellent work. I like the plan of it much. Among its many excellences I perceive the following, viz. — The Tables of Money, Weights, and Measures carried out to the lowest denomination; the great variety of examples under each Rule, and likewise your method of treating several parts of the science, as Fractions, Proportion, Evolution, and Exchange, — every thing concerning them must appear clear, I think, to the student. The Geometry, Philosophical Problems, Mechanical Powers, and Book-keeping, seem also to be handled in a perspicuous manner. The Rules of Cross Multiplication and Position, I am happy to see have place in the work; for, after all, they are too useful, the latter especially, to be omitted in our arithmetical treatises. On the whole, the work appears to me well calculated to lead youth to a clear and thorough knowledge of the various branches of this Science, and I doubt not it will be sought after, as an improvement on former works of the kind, and obtain an extensive circulation.

Yours, respectfully,

CHARLES FOX.

A thorough examination of Mr. Greenleaf's Arithmetic has induced me to introduce it into the Academy with which I am connected. The arrangement is excellent, and much valuable matter is found in the National Arithmetic, not contained in others now in use.

Very respectfully, yours,

Barnstable, Dec. 9, 1837.

F. A. CHOATE.

From Professor E. A. Andrews, Author of the Series of Latin School Books.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1837.

Mr. R. S. Davis. Dear Sir: The stereotype edition of Mr. Greenleaf's National Arithmetic, is, in my opinion, a work of great excellence, and well adapted to the use of Schools and Academies. It unites, in an eminent degree, the practical advantages of both the Analytic and Synthetic methods. By a judicious use of the former, the student is prepared to comprehend the nature and design of the process to be performed, and the rule, when thus introduced and explained, is easily understood and retained in memory. I have seen no work of the kind, which surpassed this in the beauty of its typographical execution.

Yours, respectfully,

E. A. ANDREWS.

At the Annual Meeting of the Essex County Teachers' Association, in 1838, a Committee, composed of Rev. G. B. Perry, D. D., Hon. Wm. B. Banister, and D. P. Page, Esq., (Principal of the English High School, Newburyport,) was chosen to examine the principal Arithmetical works before the public, with a view of selecting for use the *best text-book* in this department of Science. After attending to the duty assigned, the Committee presented an elaborate Report, of which the following summary only can here be given.

Extract from "Report of Committee on Arithmetics, submitted to, and accepted by, the *Essex County Teachers' Association*, at their Annual Meeting, holden at Topsfield, Mass., Nov. 30, and Dec. 1, 1838."

"Fully aware of the delicacy which must attend the freedom of speech concerning almost any class of school-books, since authors are nearly as numerous as teachers, your Committee have supposed, that in praising one book they should be considered as condemning others; yet they have endeavored to divest themselves of any partialities in favor of any particular works or their authors, any further than the works themselves have seemed to possess distinguishing merit, and have endeavored fearlessly to discharge the duty assigned them.

"The Committee have felt, moreover, the importance of the subject placed in their hands. Arithmetic is, and ever must be, a very important branch of study pursued in all our schools. Probably no subject receives so much attention, or consumes so much of the time, of the pupil, as this. It is of consequence a question of no secondary importance, 'What is the *best text-book* in this branch of study?' With a full and deep consciousness of its importance, your Committee think they have met this question; and, in order to bring the whole business into as narrow a compass as possible, they have taken the *Five Arithmetics* out of the thousand-and-one before the community, which they have supposed to be of the *first class*, and out of which a suitable selection might be made for the wants of the public." [After enumerating the distinctive characteristics of each, "*the question of preference is instituted*" by the Committee, wherein they arrive at the following conclusion.] "We believe it (Greenleaf's) to contain more exercise for the mind than any other book which has been published on the subject. . . . The Committee venture to express their preference, on the whole, in favor of Mr. GREENLEAF'S, on the following grounds. — 1st. It abounds with varieties in its questions, so that the scholar (and often the teacher too) *must think* at every step. 2d. Its answers are inserted in the work, though by *some* this may not be considered an argument in its favor. 3d. It is but *one* volume, yet it contains matter simple enough for the tyro, and intricate enough for the sophomore. It goes over the whole ground.

"All which is respectfully submitted."

(Signed)

G. B. PERRY,  
W. B. BANISTER, } Committee.  
DAVID P. PAGE, }

*From D. P. Page, Esq., Principal of the English High School, Newburyport.*

Benjamin Greenleaf, Esq. Dear Sir : I have with much care examined the National Arithmetic, of which you are the author, and, after having compared it, *article by article*, with the various other publications that have come to my hands, I hesitate not to say, that I think it contains a greater amount of matter, and a better arrangement of subjects, than any other book I have seen. Your rules and explanations are clear and definite, and your examples are well calculated to fix them in the mind. I congratulate the community on this valuable accession to our list of school books ; and shall take pleasure in seeing your Arithmetic extensively introduced into all our schools, as also into that under my own care.

Yours, with just respect,

DAVID P. PAGE.

*From the late Principal of the Young Ladies' High School, Boston.*

Dear Sir : I have examined with great care Mr. Greenleaf's National Arithmetic, and have used it as a text-book for my pupils. In my view, the plan and execution of the work are quite perfect, the rules being deduced analytically from examples, and followed by copious questions for practice. The pupil can hardly fail to *understand* as he advances ; nor can he go through the book, without being a master of the science of Arithmetic. This is not an old book with a new name, but the work of one who thoroughly understands the subject, and who has learned, from a long and successful experience in teaching, how to prepare one of the very best school books which has ever been issued from the American press.

Very respectfully,

E. BAILEY.

Having for two or three years past, made constant use of Greenleaf's National Arithmetic in my School, I am prepared to say, that it is far superior to any work I have ever used.

It appears to me to be a *complete system*, and well calculated, not only to interest the pupil, but also to give him a thorough knowledge of the science. I think it richly deserves the high commendation and liberal patronage which it generally receives.

ALFRED M. HOYT,

*Inst. Male School, Portsmouth, N. H.*

I have had the National Arithmetic, by Benjamin Greenleaf, in use in my Seminary for several months past, and take pleasure in recommending it as an excellent work.

I have no hesitation in saying, that I not only think it the best single volume on the science of arithmetic extant, but that I consider its value to be equal, if not superior, to that of any *series of arithmetics* now before the American public.

D. RING,

*Principal of the East Baltimore Female Institute.*

*From J. Peckham, Esq., Teacher, Westminster, N. H.*

B. Greenleaf, Esq. Sir : I take great pleasure in recommending your National Arithmetic. A number of classes went through with the book in the course of my teaching, and I feel satisfied that they obtained a more thorough and practical knowledge of the science, than they would have done by any other text-book with which I am acquainted. While the work is sufficiently compendious and cheap for general use, it at the same time, fully illustrates every principle in common business. I think the appendix on book-keeping a very valuable addition to the Arithmetic.

Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH PECKHAM.

On reference to the "*Abstract of the Massachusetts School Returns*," for 1840, it will be perceived, that Greenleaf's National Arithmetic is used in many of the best Schools and Academies in the State. And wherever teachers have given this system a fair trial, the result has been highly satisfactory.



**ALGER'S MURRAY'S GRAMMAR**; being an abridgment of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix, containing exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation; designed for the younger classes of learners. By Lindley Murray. To which Questions are added, Punctuation, and the notes under Rules in Syntax copiously supplied from the author's large Grammar, being his own abridgment entire. Revised, prepared, and adapted to the use of the "English Exercises," by Israel Alger, Jr., A. M., formerly a teacher in Hawkins Street School, Boston. Improved stereotype edition.

As a cheap and compendious elementary work for general use, this is probably the best Grammar extant, which is indicated by its introduction into many Schools and Academies, in various sections of the United States. Though furnished at a moderate price, it is so copious, as, in most cases, to supersede the necessity of a larger work.

By a vote of the School Committee, this work was introduced into all the Public Schools of the city of Boston.

**ALGER'S MURRAY'S ENGLISH EXERCISES**: consisting of Exercises in Parsing, instances of false Orthography, violations of the rules in Syntax, defects in Punctuation, and violation of the rules respecting perspicuous and accurate writing, with which the corresponding rules, notes, and observations, in Murray's Grammar are incorporated; also, References in Promiscuous Exercises to the Rules by which the errors are to be corrected. Revised, prepared and particularly adapted to the use of Schools, by Israel Alger, Jr., A. M. Improved stereotype edition.

*Extract from the Preface.*

It is believed that both teachers and pupils have labored under numerous and serious inconveniences, in relation to certain parts of these Exercises, for the want of those facilities which this volume is designed to supply. Those rules in Mr. Murray's Grammar which relate to the correction of each part of the Exercises in Orthography, Syntax, Punctuation and Rhetorical construction, have been introduced into this manual immediately preceding the Exercises to which they relate. The pupil being thus furnished with the principles by which he is to be governed in his corrections, may pursue his task with profit and pleasure. In this edition, more than forty 18mo. pages of matter have been added from Mr. Murray's Grammar.

**ALGER'S PRONOUNCING INTRODUCTION TO MURRAY'S ENGLISH READER**, in which accents are placed on the principal words, to give Walker's pronunciation. Handsomely printed, from stereotype plates.

**ALGER'S PRONOUNCING ENGLISH READER**: being Murray's Reader, accented by Israel Alger, Jr. Printed from handsome stereotype plates, on good paper, and neatly bound.

These editions of Murray's books are in the highest repute of any other published in the United States, and are sold at a cheap price.

**PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION.** By R. G. Parker, A. M., Principal of the Franklin Grammar School, Boston. Thirty-ninth Stereotype Edition.

¶ The reputation of this little Manual is now so well established as to render it unnecessary to present many of the numerous testimonials in its favor, received from teachers and others of the first respectability.

The School Committee of Boston authorized its introduction into the Public Schools of the city, soon after the first edition was issued, and it is now the only work on Composition used in them. It has also been adopted as a textbook in a large number of the best schools and higher seminaries in various sections of the United States, having been highly commended by all intelligent teachers, who have used it, and the demand is constantly increasing.

To show the high estimate of the work in England, the fact may be stated, that it has been republished and stereotyped in London, and nine large editions have been sold there; which, together with its favorable reception throughout the United States, furnishes sufficient evidence of its practical utility.

Among the public notices of the work in England, are the two following :

The design of this work is unexceptionably good. By a series of progressive exercises the scholar is conducted from the formation of easy sentences to the more difficult and complex arrangement of words and ideas. He is, step by step, initiated into the rhetorical propriety of the language, and furnished with directions and models for analyzing, classifying, and writing down his thoughts in a distinct and comprehensive manner. — *London Jour. of Education.*

Of the Exercises in Composition, by Parker, we can speak with unmingled praise. It is not enough to say, that they are the best that we have, for we have none worth mention. The book is fully effective both in suggesting ideas or pointing out the method of thinking, and also in teaching the mode of expressing ideas with propriety and elegance. — *English Monthly Magazine.*

*From Mr. Walker, Principal of the Eliot School, Boston.*

This work is evidently the production of a thorough and practical teacher, and in my opinion it does the author much credit. By such a work all the difficulties and discouragements which the pupil has to encounter, in his first attempts to write, are in a great measure removed, and he is led on, progressively, in a methodical and philosophical manner, till he can express his ideas on any subject which circumstances or occasion may require, not only with sufficient distinctness and accuracy, but even with elegance and propriety. An elementary treatise on composition, like the one before me, is certainly much wanted at the present day. I think this work will have an extensive circulation, and I hope the time is not distant, when this branch of education, hitherto much neglected, will receive that attention which in some degree its importance demands.

*From J. W. Bulkley, Esq., Principal of an Academy, Albany.*

I have examined "Parker's Exercises in Composition," and am delighted with the work; I have often felt the want of just that kind of aid, that is here afforded: the use of this book will diminish the labor of the teacher, and greatly facilitate the progress of the pupil in a study that has hitherto been attended with many trials to the teacher, and perplexities to the learner.

If Mr. Parker has not strewed the path of the student with flowers, he has "removed many stumbling-blocks out of the way, made crooked things straight, and rough places smooth." It is certainly one of the happiest efforts that I have ever seen in this department of letters, — affording to the student a beautiful introduction to the most important principles and rules of rhetoric; and I would add, that if carefully studied, it will afford a "sure guide" to written composition. I shall use my influence to secure its introduction to all our schools.

*From Rev. Mr. Burroughs, of Portsmouth, N. H.*

I was much gratified by the receipt of your book, entitled *Progressive Exercises in English Composition*; and, if possible, still more so by its original, judicious and excellent plan. It is a valuable and successful attempt to give instruction in relation to one of the most difficult, though important departments of education; and I should conceive it would afford great pleasure, as well as benefit, to the minds of the young. I sincerely hope that it will be introduced into our schools, where such a work has been long wanted.

*From Mr. Andrews, Professor of Mt. Vernon School, Boston.*

Parker's *Progressive Exercises in English Composition* will, in my opinion, aid the teacher, and encourage the pupil, in this important branch of education. I feel confident that the work will be highly acceptable to those who have experienced the difficulties to be surmounted in bringing forward a class to compose with any degree of accuracy.

*From Samuel P. Newman, Professor of Rhetoric in Bowdoin College.*

I have examined "*Progressive Exercises in English Composition*," by R. G. Parker, with some care, and hesitate not to express an opinion that it is well adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. It is well fitted to call into exercise the ingenuity of the pupil, to acquaint him with the more important principles and rules of Rhetoric, and to guide and aid his first attempts in the difficult work of composition.

*From Mr. Pike, late Preceptor of Framingham Academy.*

*From Walter R. Johnson, Esq., Franklin Institute, Philadelphia.*

Having often felt the necessity of reducing to its simple elements the art of composition, and having been compelled, from the want of regular treatises, to employ graduated exercises expressly prepared for the purpose, and similar in many respects to those contained in this treatise, I can speak with confidence of their utility, and do not hesitate to recommend them to the attention of teachers.

*From Dr. Fox, Principal of the Boylston School, Boston.*

This little manual, by the simplicity of its arrangement, is calculated to destroy the repugnance, and to remove the obstacles which exist in the minds of young scholars to performing the task of composition. I think this work will be found a valuable auxiliary to facilitate the progress of the scholar, and lighten the labor of the teacher.

*From Mr. Dillaway, Principal of the Latin School, Boston.*

Their clearness and simplicity strongly recommend them to the instructors in this important branch of education.

*From Mr. Oliver, Principal of the Salem Classical School.*

I have introduced the work into this Institution, and heartily recommend it to the notice of the profession.

*From Mr. Joseph Healy, of Pawtucket.*

I think it a very valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

*From the R't Rev. G. W. Doane, Bishop of New Jersey, formerly Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Washington College.*

Your little book on composition is excellent. It is the best help to that difficult exercise for the young that I have ever seen.

✂ The same author has in course of preparation a *Second Part*, or Sequel to the above popular school book, which will be published soon.

THE CLASS BOOK OF ANATOMY, explanatory of the first principles of Human Organization, as the basis of Physical Education; with numerous Illustrations, a full Glossary, or explanation of technical terms, and practical Questions at the bottom of the page. By J. V. C. Smith, M. D., formerly Professor of General Anatomy and Physiology in the Berkshire Medical Institution. Sixth, Improved Stereotype Edition.

☞ This work has received the highest testimonials of approbation from the most respectable sources, and has already been adopted as a text book in many schools and colleges in various sections of the United States.

The estimation in which it is held in other countries may be inferred from the fact, that a translation of it has recently been made into the Italian language, at Palermo, under the supervision of the celebrated Dr. Placido Portel. It is also in the progress of translation into the Hawaiian language, by the American missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, to be used in the higher schools, among the natives; and the plates are soon to be forwarded, with reference to that object, by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; which furnishes conclusive evidence of its value and utility.

*From Rev. Hubbard Winslow, Pastor of Bowdoin St. Church, Boston.*

*Boston, Nov. 7, 1836.*

I have examined the Class Book of Anatomy, by Dr. Smith, with very great satisfaction. For comprehensiveness, precision, and philosophical arrangement, it is surpassed by no book of the kind which I have ever seen. The study of Anatomy and Physiology, to some extent, is exceedingly interesting and useful as a branch of common education; and it is to be desired that it should be more extensively adopted in all our higher schools. To secure this end, there is no other book before the public so well prepared as the one under remark. It is also a convenient compend to lie upon the table of the scientific anatomist and physician, and a very valuable family book for reference, and for explanation of terms which often occur in reading.

H. WINSLOW.

We are gratified to see the attempt to introduce a new subject to ordinary students. It is wonderful that civilized man has been so long willing to remain ignorant of the residence of his mind, and the instruments by which it operates. The book before us abounds in information in which every adult reader will feel a deep interest, and from which all may derive valuable lessons of a practical kind. We are gratified to see frequent references to the Great First Cause of life and motion. We cordially wish success to his enterprise in a path almost untrodden.—*American Annals of Education.*

*Copy of a Communication from Mr. C. H. Allen, of the Franklin Academy, Andover, Mass.*

*North Andover, Dec. 10, 1836.*

Mr. R. S. Davis. Dear Sir: During my vacation, I have had time to examine Smith's Class Book of Anatomy, the second edition of which you have recently published. I do not hesitate to speak of it as the very work which the public have long demanded. It contains knowledge which should be widely diffused. The author is remarkably clear in his explanations and descriptions, and very systematic in his arrangement. So that he has rendered this neglected branch of useful knowledge highly interesting to all classes.

Yours, respectfully,

CHAS. H. ALLEN.



*Robert S. Davis' Publications.*

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SMITH'S CLASS BOOK OF ANATOMY.

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*From Rev. Charles Brooks, of Hingham, who alluded to this work, in very commendable terms, in a popular lecture on Education, delivered in the Massachusetts House of Representatives.*

Mr. R. S. Davis. Dear Sir: Dr. Smith's "Class Book of Anatomy," which you was so kind as to send me, I have examined with pleasure and profit. It is the best book of the kind which I have seen. I wish every child in the United States could be made to see its uses. Did parents fully understand *physical education*, how much pain and illness would be prevented, and, moreover, how would intellectual and moral culture be advanced! Our community cannot come to its growth—we cannot have *whole* men, until ALL the physical, intellectual, and moral powers are developed in their natural order, proper time, and due proportion. In the hands of a competent teacher, this book will be one step's advance towards such a result.

Yours, respectfully,

CHARLES BROOKS.

*Hingham, Feb. 20, 1837.*

*Extract from a notice in the Boston Christian Watchman.*

We think many of your readers will be pleased to know that a book on Anatomy is prepared for popular use, on such a plan. Why should a subject of such common interest be excluded from the great mass of general readers, and confined to the medical profession? The author, a professed anatomist, has conferred a great favor on this class, by presenting, in a form as simple as the nature of the subject would allow, a popular outline of an intricate science, and by preparing for his work plates and descriptions which are otherwise to be obtained only at great expense.

*From Rev. George W. Blagden, Pastor of the Old South Church, Boston.*

I have read with much pleasure and profit part of Dr. Smith's "Class Book of Anatomy,"—sufficient, I think, to warrant me in saying, that it will be highly useful in promoting the end for which it was designed, wherever it is used. Without, of course, being able to speak of it as an anatomist, I take pleasure in recommending it as highly adapted to impart instruction on that subject.

Very truly, yours,

G. W. BLAGDEN.

*From the Boston Christian Review (for March, 1837.)*

The title of this book explains its object. It contains a minute, and, we presume, an accurate, account of the structure of the human body, illustrated by numerous plates. A general knowledge of the organization of the body, and of its physiology, ought to form a part of the education of every individual. It would have a favorable influence on the health, and it ought to awaken devout reverence towards the Author and Preserver of this wonderful mechanism.

Dr. Smith's book has been introduced into many academies and some of the higher class of seminaries, and it has passed to a second edition. These facts indicate that it has been found to be adapted to the purposes of education.

*Extract from "Remarks on the Classical Education of Boys, by a Teacher," (Professor Cleaveland.)*

If the pupil has leisure, as he undoubtedly will in the course of an education of seven or eight years, there are still other branches suited to his age, and which will be interesting to him;—and first I should recommend that he gain some knowledge of Anatomy. This will be highly interesting, and will be available knowledge as long as he lives. I observe with great pleasure that a text book on this subject has just been prepared by Dr. J. V. C. Smith, which ought to be adopted into all our schools.

It is a very valuable production, and in all things pre-eminently calculated to gain the confidence and respect of the public.—*Providence Journal.*

BOSTON SCHOOL ATLAS. Embracing a Compendium of Geography. Containing seventeen Maps and Charts. Embellished with instructive Engravings. Twelfth edition, handsomely printed, from new plates. One volume, quarto.

The Maps are all beautifully engraved and painted; and that of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, contains the boundaries of every town in those states.

Although this book was designed for the younger classes in schools, for which it is admirably calculated, yet its maps are so complete, its questions so full, and its summary of the science so happily executed, that, in the opinion of many, it contains all that is necessary for the pupil in our common schools.

*From the Preface to the Sixth Edition.*

The universal approbation and extensive patronage bestowed upon the former editions of the Boston School Atlas, has induced the publishers to present this edition with numerous improvements. The maps of the World, North America, United States, Europe, England, and Asia, have been more perfectly drawn, and re-engraved on steel; and the maps of Maine, of New Hampshire and Vermont, and of the Western States, also, on steel, have been added; and some improvements have been made in the elemental part.

It has been an object, in the revision of this edition, to keep the work, as much as possible, free from subjects liable to changes, and to make it a *permanent Geography*, which may hereafter continue to be used in classes without the inconvenience of essential variations in different editions.

*From R. G. Parker, author of "Progressive Exercises in English Composition," and other popular works.*

I have examined a copy of the Boston School Atlas, and have no hesitation in recommending it as the best introduction to the study of Geography that I have seen. The compiler has displayed much judgment in what he has omitted, as well as what he has selected; and has thereby presented to the public a neat manual of the elements of the science, unencumbered with useless matter and uninteresting detail. The mechanical execution of the work is neat and creditable, and I doubt not that its merits will shortly introduce it to general use.

Respectfully yours,

R. G. PARKER.

*From E. Bailey, Principal of the Young Ladies' School, Boston.*

I was so well pleased with the plan and execution of the Boston School Atlas, that I introduced it into my school, soon after the first edition was published. I regard it as the best work for beginners in the study of Geography which has yet fallen under my observation; as such I would recommend it to the notice of parents and teachers.

*From the Principal of one of the High Schools in Portland.*

I have examined the Boston School Atlas, Elements of Geography, &c., and think it admirably adapted to beginners in the study of the several subjects treated on. It is what is wanted in all books for learners—*simple, philosophical, and practical*. I hope it will be used extensively.

Yours, respectfully,

JAS. FURBISH.

I have perused your Boston School Atlas with much satisfaction. It seems to me to be what has been needed as an introduction to the study of Geography, and admirably adapted to that purpose.

Very respectfully, yours, &c. B. D. EMERSON.

ADAMS'S SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY, new edition, improved; being a Description of the World, in three parts. To which is added a brief Sketch of Ancient Geography; a plain Method of constructing Maps; and an Introduction to the use of the Globes. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. Accompanied by an IMPROVED ATLAS. Designed for Schools and Academies in the United States. By DANIEL ADAMS, A. M., author of the "New School Arithmetic." Seventeenth edition, revised.

*Advertisement to the Seventeenth Edition.*

The present edition of this work has undergone an entire revision, without a change in its original and generally approved plan, with a design better to adapt it to the present state of Geographical Science.

In that portion relating to the United States, particularly, much useful information, touching Internal Improvements, State Governments, Education, &c. has been incorporated; together with the addition of many new and useful pictorial illustrations, which, with the improvement in its mechanical execution, it is believed, will render this edition more worthy of public patronage than the preceding ones.

The work is systematically arranged in three parts;—the First Part, or Grammar, contains the elements of the science, concisely arranged to be committed to memory; with practical questions on the maps.

Instead of interspersing the whole book with statistics and exercises on the Maps, Dr. Adams has comprised this department in the First Part, occupying about one third of the Book. This part, particularly intended to be studied, simplifies the labor of the pupil and teacher, by presenting the lesson to be learned, without the necessity of marking off particular portions.

A distinguishing feature of this work is the *Second Part*, or Descriptive Geography, so eminently fitted for a reading book in classes. It is a kind of narrative read with great interest and attention by children who have made, or who at the time may be making geography a study.

The Third Part, entitled Geographical Orthography, comprises a Pronouncing Vocabulary of Geographical Names.

The ATLAS accompanying the revised edition of this Geography, has received various corrections and improvements, which recent changes in different sections of the United States, and other countries described in the Geography, render necessary. It contains twelve maps, including an additional map of the *Southern States*, all of which are handsomely engraved on steel, and beautifully painted in full colors.

Although numerous School Geographies have been issued since this work appeared, yet Adams's Geography retains all its popularity, and is constantly increasing in circulation. Indeed the excellence of its plan needs only to be examined to be admired: and, being furnished at a cheap price, it is well suited to the public Schools in the United States.

FOWLE'S GEOGRAPHY, with an ATLAS. This Geography is used with great success in the Monitorial School in Boston, and meets with universal approbation among instructors. The Atlas (which is furnished separately) is considered to be the most correct and beautiful ever presented to our schools.

*Extract of a letter from an accomplished Instructor in Philadelphia.*

I hope to see Fowle's Geography introduced into several schools here. It is certainly an excellent work.

**WALKER'S BOSTON SCHOOL DICTIONARY.** Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, and Expositor of the English Language. Abridged for the use of Schools throughout the United States. To which is annexed, an Abridgment of WALKER'S KEY to the pronunciation of Greek, Latin and Scripture Proper Names. Boston stereotype edition.

✚ This handsome and correct edition, prepared for the Boston schools, with great care, has so long been used, that it is only necessary for the publisher to keep it in a respectable dress, to ensure it a general circulation.

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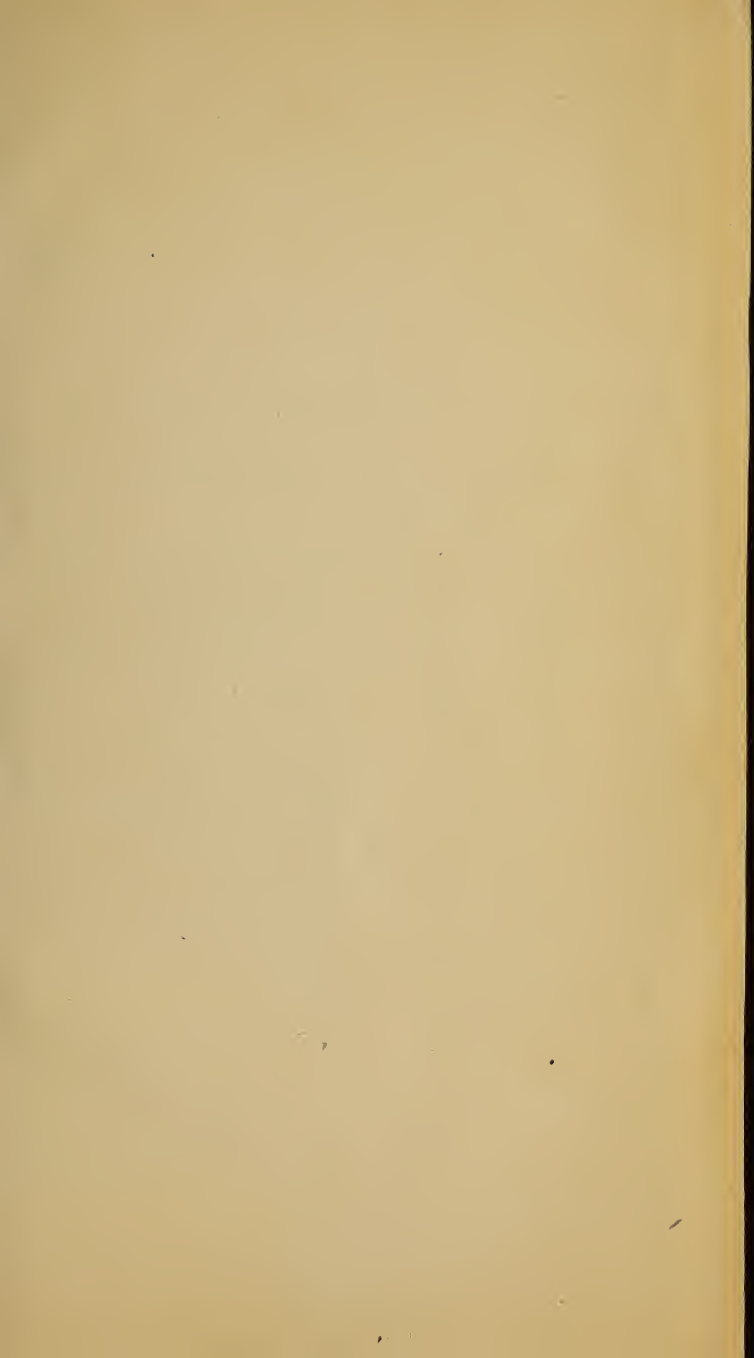
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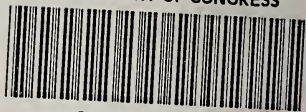
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